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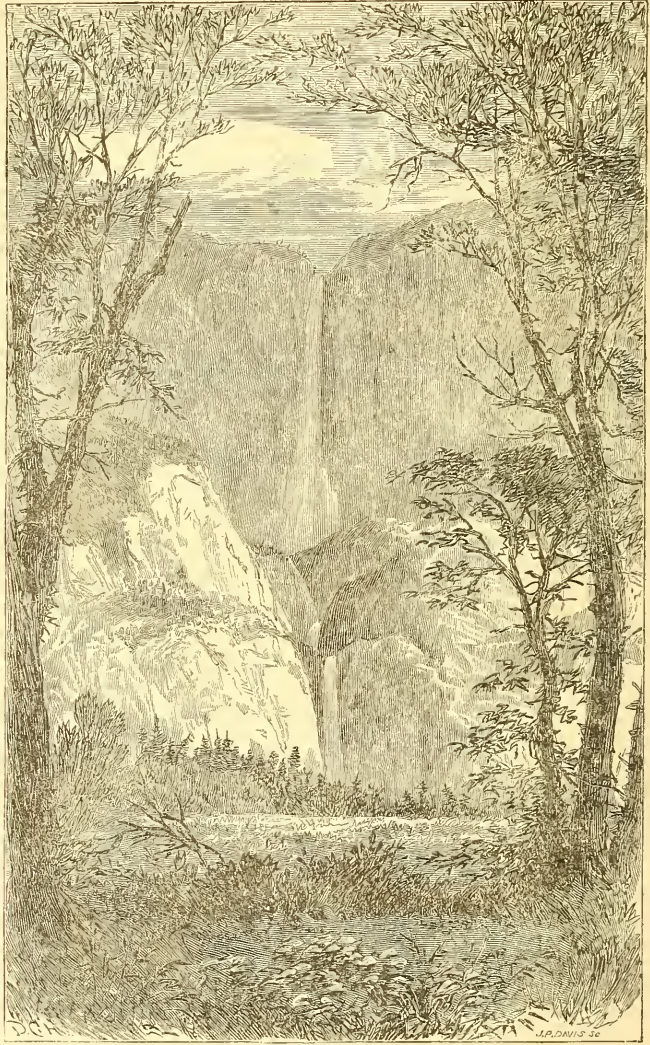
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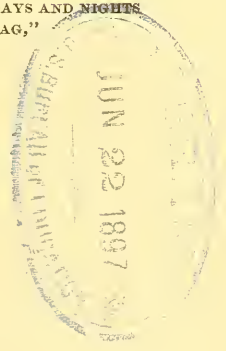
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OUR NEW WAY  
ROUND THE WORLD.

BY

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN,

AUTHOR OF "STORY OF LIBERTY," "BOYS OF '76," "MY DAYS AND NIGHTS  
ON THE BATTLEFIELD," "FOLLOWING THE FLAG,"  
"WINNING HIS WAY," ETC.



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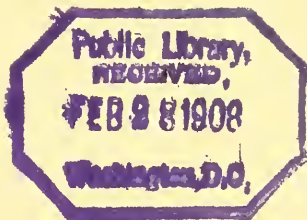
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TO MY WIFE,  
WHO MADE WITH ME THE TOUR OF THE WORLD,  
*THIS VOLUME*  
IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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# OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD.

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## CHAPTER I.

### FROM NEW YORK TO MARSEILLES.

IT was a hot, sweltering day, the 25th of July, 1866, when, accompanied by my wife, I sailed down the harbor of New York on the steamer *Persia* of the Cunard line, bound for Europe, not then anticipating that our journey would extend around the globe.

The war between Austria, on the one side, and Prussia allied with Italy, on the other, had come on almost as suddenly as a cyclone of the Indian Ocean. The battle of Sadowa had been fought, and it was feared that, instead of its leading to a cessation of hostilities, it was but the beginning of a struggle which might involve all Europe.

It was apparent, however, when we arrived at Liverpool, that the strife was at an end; but there were other important events transpiring abroad interesting to an American journalist.

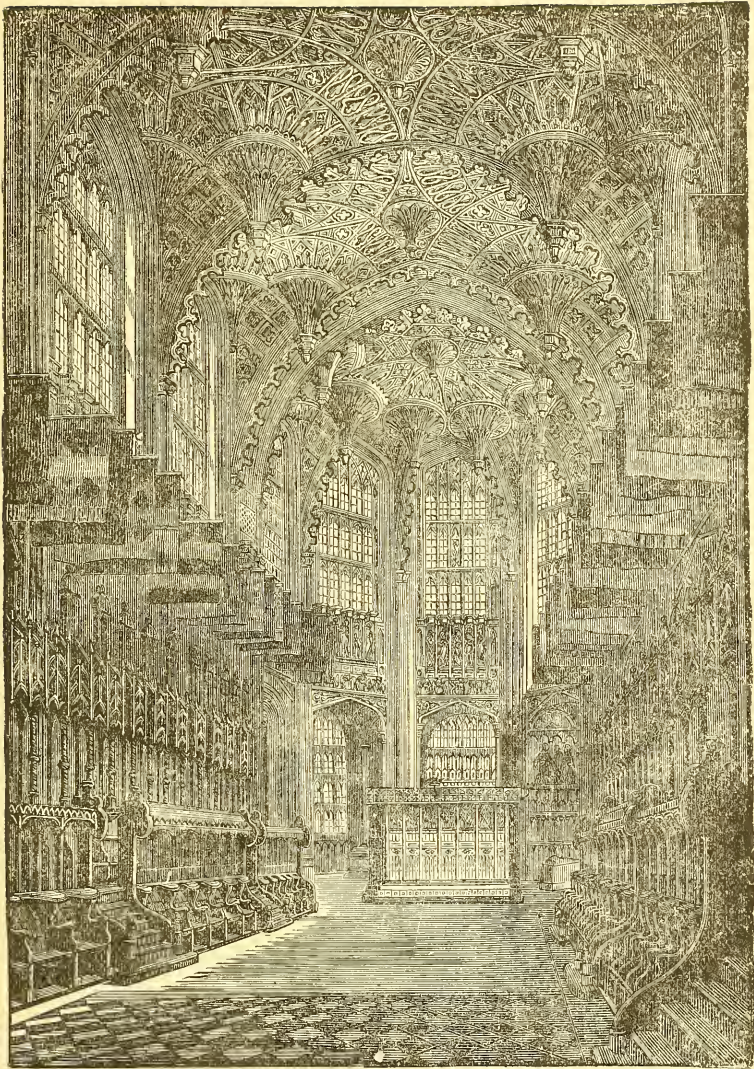
In England the reform movement, which has since resulted in the extension of the franchise throughout the United Kingdom, was just beginning. Mr. Gladstone, in Parliament, had brought forward a bill that had been defeated, and which defeat had swept Earl Russell's ministry out of office. Lord Derby was appointed Premier, and Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer. The people were greatly excited over the arbitrary act of the govern-

ment in preventing them by an armed force from holding a public meeting in Hyde Park.

Blood had been shed. The temper of the people was rising. Reform clubs were parading the streets of London at night with lanterns and torches. Placards and handbills, distributed to the crowd, called upon them to remember that they were Britons, that the time had come when they must assert their rights or lose the liberties then enjoyed.

The night after our arrival in London a great meeting was held in the Guild Hall, presided over by the Lord Mayor. There was a dense crowd in the dusty old hall, at one end of which were two huge wooden figures of Gog and Magog, more hideous than the Hindoo Juggernaut. There was a mightier crowd outside the doors,—workmen from Southwark and Clerkenwell, fishwomen from Billingsgate and St. Giles,—shouting for Gladstone and Bright, and joining in the chorus of “John Brown” and “Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.”

The people were in earnest for an enlargement of the franchise, but they were in thralldom to rank, title, and privilege. The moneyed power of the realm was against them, as also Church and State and the precedents of English history. Westminster Abbey, with its tattered banners of the Order of the Bath hanging from the lofty roof, covered with the dust of centuries; the tombs of the kings in the Confessor’s Chapel; the buff breeches of the West End footmen; the Lord Chancellor’s wig; the golden bawbles in the jewel-room of the Tower; Oxford; the mighty enginery of an Established Church,—all were drags and blocks retarding and impeding the movement. It was an interesting moment in the life of a great nation, big with results as yet unmeasured. But from that hour the march has been towards democ-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.





racy. Carlyle sees in the distance only the plunge of Niagara, while the friends of the measure believe that it will be a crown of glory to the nation.

Upon the Continent Prussia was commencing the consolidation of the German Empire, while Austria, although she had won Custoza, was preparing to accept the situation into which she had been forced by her defeat at Sadowa, yielding her former supremacy in German affairs on the one hand, and on the other retiring from Venetia.

After visiting Paris, and spending a few weeks in Switzerland, we reach Venice in season to witness its evacuation by the Austrians,—to see their last parade on the Grand Piazza, and hear the parting salute resounding along the water-ways of that wonderful old city. Then upon the heel of their departure we behold the entrance of the troops of Italy, received with exultant shouts and the wildest demonstrations of gladness,—with clanging bells, booming cannon, the decoration of old palaces by day and their illumination by night,—avenues and arches blooming with banners, while the people, crazy with joy, embrace each other, dance, shout, weep, and bless the Holy Virgin for hearing their supplications and granting deliverance from their oppressors!

Victor Emanuel comes, and there is a revival of the gorgeous pageantry of former days, when Venice was mistress of the seas, when to her bazaars came the merchandise of all climes, and her merchants were princely senators.

But it is not our intention to dwell upon events transpiring in Europe during the years 1866–67. The object of this volume is rather to note what is to be seen along the new highway of the world. We pass over the



evacuation of Rome by the French troops, and the feverish excitement in Italy during that winter. We cannot linger in the aisles and courts of the Great Exposition, nor speak of the pageantries which attended the visit of the Czar, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Sultan to the exhibition of the products of all countries, the arts and industries of all lands. We cannot speak in detail of the advance of the reform movement in England, the speeches of Disraeli, Bright, Gladstone, and Lowe — the four great debaters of Parliament — on that eventful night in March when the heir of England's throne, and the nobility of the realm, sat in the galleries, and listened with profound attention to the debate. Nor can we go down to Hungary again to witness the gorgeous ceremonies at Buda-Pesth, when Count Andrassy placed the iron crown of Charlemagne upon the brow of Francis Joseph, and completed the reconciliation between Austria and Hungary.

These were the memorable events of the year, demanding the attention and presence of a journalist. Scenes so remote required hasty journeys from London to Venice, from Paris to Pesth, from Rome to Berlin.

It was in November, 1867, that we took our departure from England for a tour round the world by the new way, in advance of its opening, across the American continent. Paris, however, may be considered as our starting-point. There are three main routes eastward from that city, — one by way of Marseilles, another over the Alps and through Italy, and the third through Bavaria, Austria, and down the Danube to Constantinople. Egypt may be reached by either of these.

The traveller who goes by Munich and Vienna will pass north of the Alps, through Central Europe. The railway is completed to the western boundary of the Turkish Empire, and is under construction from Belgrade to Con-

stantinople. The work is in the hands of a Belgian company, and the time is not far distant when the city of the Sultan will be in unbroken railway communication with Paris. The present route is from Belgrade by steamer down the Danube to Rustchuk, and then by rail to Varna on the Black Sea, and from thence to Constantinople by steamer.

The middle route, through Italy, enables the traveller to see the Alps, the cathedral of Milan, the picture-galleries of Florence, the ruins of ancient Rome, and to study the ecclesiastical government of the States of the Church, to visit Venice, the city of princely palaces, and to reach Alexandria by the Italian line of steamers, sailing from Brindisi.

Having spent the winter of 1866 - 67 in Italy, and having visited Central Europe, Austria, and Hungary in the following summer, and wishing to see Southern France, we proceeded from Paris to Marseilles.

To an American, a journey anywhere in Europe is full of interest. New scenes are ever coming into view. Rural life here presents strong contrasts to what he has been accustomed to see at home. In France we ride over wide plains which remind us of the prairies of the West, but seldom do we see a farm-house. In ancient times the people lived in villages for defence against marauding bands; but now the peasantry congregate in towns that they may visit the wine-shop after their work for the day is over, hear the gossip of the hour, and join in a dance upon the green.

The railway from Paris to Marseilles is a great thoroughfare, being the most direct route, not only to that chief seaport of the empire, but also to Italy. The line passes up the south branch of the Seine, called the Yonne. The river winds lovingly through a wide valley, where the low lands are overflowed by winter freshets. Upon

the hillsides we see numerous flocks of sheep, tended by shepherd-boys and their ever-watchful dogs. The peasant-women are at work with their husbands in the fields, wielding the hoe or the spade, or carrying liquid manure in firkins lashed to their backs.

Agricultural implements were far inferior to those of the United States. Wooden hay-forks, ploughs scarcely improved since the days of Hugh Capet, and short, heavy scythes are in common use. Reapers, mowers, cast-steel ploughs, and polished forks of the temper of watch-springs had not then made their appearance to any great extent in the empire ruled by Louis Napoleon.

Soldiers are to be seen in every country town. Policemen abound at all the railway stations, dressed in the uniform of the First Empire, — cocked hat, blue coat, buff breeches, high-topped boots, — and armed with a sword. The idea forces itself upon a traveller that the government is very watchful of the people.

We whirl through the ancient town of Dijon. Were we to stop there we should find accommodation in the old hotel where Dickens pictured the meeting of Carker and Edith, in his story of *Dombey and Son*.

By this route we pass through Lyons, the great silk-manufacturing city of France. When we reach the far East we shall find men from this city at Canton, Shanghai, and Yokohama purchasing raw silk, which is shipped by steamer to Egypt, brought from thence to Marseilles, to be wrought into fabrics by the weavers of this old province of Burgundy. Lyons is the centre of the silk trade, just as Boston is of the boot and shoe trade of the United States, though the manufacture is largely carried on in surrounding towns.

From Lyons we pass down the valley of the Rhone, looking out upon the limestone rocks of the Jura range of mountains, occupying such an important place in the





LYONS FROM THE PARK OF THE TETE D'OR.



geological system that one of the grand divisions is called the Jurassic formation.

We behold the distant Alps, their summits gleaming with snow, the vine and olive adorning the hillsides, and villages nestled in sunny nooks.

It is sixteen hours by fast express-train from Paris to Marseilles, — a city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; with a harbor deep, capacious, large enough to afford shelter for thousands of vessels; cliffs of white limestone, houses of the same material; streets alive with people, carts, drays, donkeys; men of all nations; a clean, neat, attractive town.

Six hundred years before the time of Christ, soon after the founding of Rome, the Phœnicians, coasting along the shore, discovered the natural advantages of this harbor, and established a maritime colony. From that time to the present it has been one of the chief ports of the coast. The country behind it, for nearly one hundred miles, is unproductive, except in the valley of the Rhone. Go out of the valley, and we are upon the Jura range, which reaches across the continent to the marshes of Holland. The country north of Marseilles, all along the coast to Nice, is nearly as forbidding as the hardest regions of New Hampshire, except that the climate is not so rigorous.

Yet this is the land of the orange, olive, and grape. The winters are not so severe as in the Northern States of America, but the people suffer more from cold than most of those who may chance to read these notes of travel. Wood is scarce. Coal must be brought from distant lands; corn-stalks are used for fuel; roots are grubbed from the mountain-sides: everything that can give warmth is prized. Houses are of stone, chilly and comfortless. From November to March the people shiver with cold.



Yet under the shelter of the cliffs there is a delightful winter climate, so agreeable that a crowd of invalids, like sparrows in a hedgerow, gather along the coast, some to spend the winter, others to tarry a few days, then move on to Italy.

Vessels are packed so closely in the docks that the masts and spars remind us of a dense forest of spruce-trees among the wilds of the White Mountains after an autumnal fire has swept away the foliage.

Just now the harbor is filled with ships, brigs, and craft of every description, loaded with wheat. France is short of food. Russia, Hungary, Greece, Turkey, and California are sending supplies. People in France are slow to adopt labor-saving machines. There are no grain-elevators, like those of Chicago. The wheat is taken from the ship's hold in baskets, and emptied into lighters, the lighters are pushed to the shore, the grain shovelled once more into baskets, lifted upon the quay, and emptied upon canvas. We behold thousands of men, in groups of five or six, sifting the grain in parchment screens four or five feet in diameter, which hang by a single cord from three upright poles set as an Indian would place the frame of a wigwam. One man keeps the screen in motion, while three others shovel in the grain. A steam fanning-mill or an elevator would be an incomprehensible novelty to these men. A soldier keeps guard over every group, for the wheat belongs to the government. There are thousands of sacks marked "Service Militaire," — food for eight hundred thousand men who do nothing but maintain the honor and dignity of France with muskets on their shoulders in time of peace! Where is the honor? where the dignity?

The Christmas holidays will not begin for two weeks, yet the people are preparing for the festival. Booths are put up for the sale of knick-knacks. There are

thousands of little cork cottages representing the scene of Bethlehem; Josephs and Marys by the ten thousand,—little plaster images, painted red, yellow, green, and blue; also oxen and asses, wise men and angels, cattle-stalls and bundles of hay. Catholicism educates by the eye. Images and pictures are representations of the spiritual. The intellectual has but little place in the system of Rome. The Christmas toys of Catholic Europe, in a great degree, are the representatives of something religious. A Bethlehem cottage, Joseph, Mary, the infant Jesus, oxen and wise men, with angels looking down from paper clouds, make a delightful baby-house; and children, as well as men and women, by the thousand are crowding the streets and admiring the grand show.

Marseilles is rapidly becoming a modern city. Old buildings are swept away, new streets and boulevards laid out,—the same march of improvement here as in Paris. The Emperor is the prime mover. The street Imperiale, cut through the heart of the old town, wide, flanked by magnificent edifices, cost 18,000,000 francs, of which the Emperor pledged 7,000,000 from the Imperial treasury; and the city, to show its gratitude and loyalty, erected a palace as a winter residence for his Majesty. There are few public buildings in the world surpassing in beauty the Exchange built in 1866.

Not many cities in Europe are so neat, clean, lively, and attractive. It has an abundant supply of water, brought sixty miles from the Jura Mountains. Its squares are planted with shade-trees; there are public gardens, walks, drives, delightful sea views, and extensive mountain scenery.

New docks on an extensive scale are contemplated. Far-reaching views animate the merchants of this city.

They intend to lay their hands on the East, when the Suez Canal is completed, and to bring the products of India, China, and Japan to this port. The imperial policy is in accord with their enterprise, and contributes to make Marseilles one of the most progressive cities in Europe.

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## CHAPTER II.

### ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE three great steamship companies of the East are the Peninsular and Oriental, the Messageries Impériales, and the Austrian Lloyds. Travellers speak of them as the "P. and O.," the "M. I.," and the "A. L."

The Peninsular and Oriental send a steamer every week from Southampton to Gibraltar and Alexandria. Women and children, and other passengers for India who have time to make the voyage, take this route. The company also has a weekly line from Marseilles to Alexandria. Business men, who have little time to spare, may leave London on Friday evening for Dover, cross the Channel by fast steamer, take an express-train to Paris, and from there to Marseilles; leave the latter port on Sunday evening, have a three days' run to Malta, and a four days' trip from that island to Alexandria, and reach the latter city in season to join their friends arriving about the same hour from Southampton.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamers are crowded with outward-bound passengers in the fall, and with those homeward-bound in the spring. The company has twelve steamships on the Mediterranean, of from twelve hundred to two thousand tons, staunchly built, well officered

and manned. The operations of the company are wholly between England and the East,—India, China, Japan, Ceylon, and Australia.

The Messageries Impériales has steamers on the Atlantic, running to South American ports; other lines to Algiers, Spain, Tunis, and all the ports eastward on the Mediterranean and Black Seas; and on the Indian Ocean, a monthly line to Mauritius, Cochin China, China proper, and Japan. On the 9th and 19th of every month a steamer leaves Marseilles for Alexandria, touching at Messina, making the trip to Alexandria in six days. The company has a weekly coast-line touching at Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, and Palermo, and another weekly line running to Messina, Athens, Constantinople, and up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea; and a line from Constantinople to Smyrna and the Asiatic coast, touching at all the principal ports between Constantinople and Alexandria.

The Austrian Lloyds has its head-quarters at Trieste. It has lines of steamers touching at all ports on the Adriatic,—at Ancona, Brindisi, Corfu, Athens, the island of Syra, Constantinople, and all the Black Sea ports. The steamers of this company running from Constantinople to Alexandria touch at Smyrna, but on their return trip go up the Syrian coast, touching at Jaffa, Acre, Beyrout, Rhodes, Smyrna, thence to Constantinople. This company has about thirty steamers on the Mediterranean; the Messageries Impériales, forty.

In addition to these lines there is an Italian company, which has steamers plying every week between Brindisi and Alexandria, making the passage in seventy-two hours. There are also Italian steamers plying between Marseilles and all Italian ports; also running to Constantinople and Smyrna. The Greeks also have a steamer plying between Athens and Syra, and there is an Egyptian

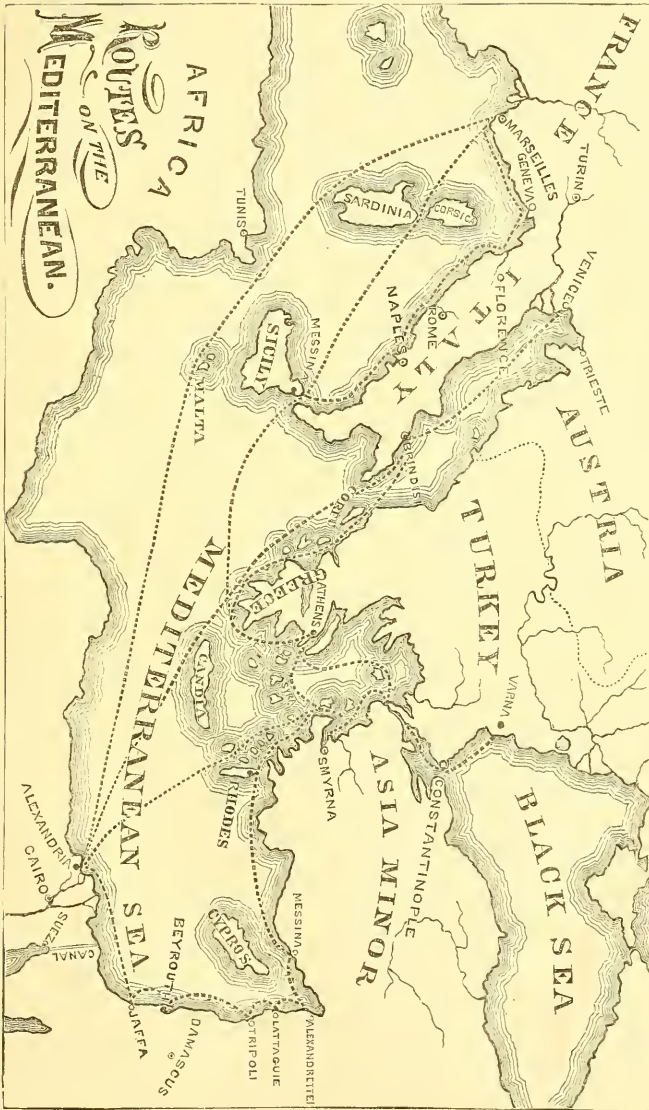
line between Constantinople and Alexandria, touching at Syrian ports.

All ports on the Mediterranean may be reached by these lines, with but little detention at any point. The great tide of travel sets toward Egypt in the winter, flows through Palestine in the spring, reaches the Bosphorus or the Adriatic in May, and spreads over Europe in the summer. It is as regular as the mackerel and shad flood along the Atlantic coast, or the run of herring around Great Britain. The hotels of Egypt are crowded in January, those of Jerusalem and Beyrout in March and April, those of Constantinople and Athens in the early part of May.

It is blowing "great guns," as the sailors say, on Saturday evening, the 14th of December, 1867, when the *Euphrates*, of the Messageries Impériales Company, steams out of the port of Marseilles. It is six, P. M., an hour behind starting-time, but the mails and a despatch agent of the French government are late, and so we wait, amid a great fleet of steamers, the wind whistling and howling through the rigging, and the heavy swells rolling under our keel, as if the elements had combined to give us a premonition of what they will do for us when we once cut loose from the shore.

The steward is in league with Boreas and Neptune. Instead of ringing the dinner-bell at five, the regular hour, he waits till the last warp is cast off, knowing that he will save some of his soup and roast-beef. A few of the passengers suddenly leave the table without begging to be excused, for it is seesawing at a tremendous rate, and some dexterity is required to carry a spoon to one's mouth. Going on deck in the evening, we find the sea white with foam, and heavy waves sweeping past us. For three days the wind has been blowing from the northwest. Fortunately our course is southeast, and we go before it gloriously.







The Euphrates is a stanch iron ship of English build, freighted to its utmost capacity with French goods for Athens and Constantinople. Upon the deck are eight carriages, boxed in water-proof cases, ordered by wealthy Turks who have been to Paris to see the Exposition. No longer will they ride in cars drawn by oxen. They have been at a snail's pace long enough; henceforth they are to trot. It is a sign of the times, — one of the fruits of the world's fair. Western civilization is making progress on the banks of the Bosphorus. The head of the Mussulman religion broke away from all restraint when he went to Paris. Prayers without number were offered in St. Sophia for his safe return, — for the preservation of his morals from contamination with the Franks. He has gone back to Stamboul with new ideas. He wants a railroad from Constantinople to Widdin on the Danube, and has given a charter to a rich Belgian company. He has already built a road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, to enable the Franks to reach the Holy City. He is ready to give extra privileges to anybody who will aid in developing the resources of the Ottoman Empire. His subjects have caught some of the spirit of the West. Henceforth they intend to keep their coaches, to have footmen in livery, to drive spanking teams. Looking at all this from the standpoint of an orthodox Mussulman, we might stroke our beards and exclaim, "What is the world coming to?"

The steamer on which we have taken passage belongs to the Marseilles and Algiers line, but has been put on the Constantinople route for this one trip. The cabin is dirty, and it is only by persistent effort that we can get our state-room swept. The captain is a small man with long black hair and twinkling eyes, who passes most of his time in his office on the upper deck working embroidery! The discipline among the crew is lax: they do pretty much as they please. Everything is at loose ends;

the table poor, and the waiters careless. If the other steamers of this line were like the Euphrates, it would be well for travellers to avoid them; but usually they are kept in good trim, and are commanded by men who do not give their time to fancy needlework. We make the best of the disagreeable. The man who travels only to grumble will do well never to leave his own fireside. The secret of travelling with comfort and pleasure is to take things as they are, make the best of everything, and, like Mark Tapley, come out strong.

It is a twenty-four hours' run across the Gulf of Lyons from Marseilles to the Straits of Bonafacio, between the islands of Corsica and Sardinia. Through the day the wind has been blowing a gale, and the whole northern coast of Sardinia is white with foam. A more rugged coast we never beheld,—rocks sharp as knife-blades, pointed as needles, jagged like saws; against which the white-capped waves are dashing and thundering. While in the Straits, for a half-hour, we are compelled to run in the trough of the sea. One wave, mightier than the others, breaks amidship, pouring in torrents down the cabin stairs. The iron hull trembles from stem to stern, but the flood finds its way through the bulwark-nettings and scuppers, and we are all right again.

Once through the Straits, we have clear sea-room all the way to Sicily.

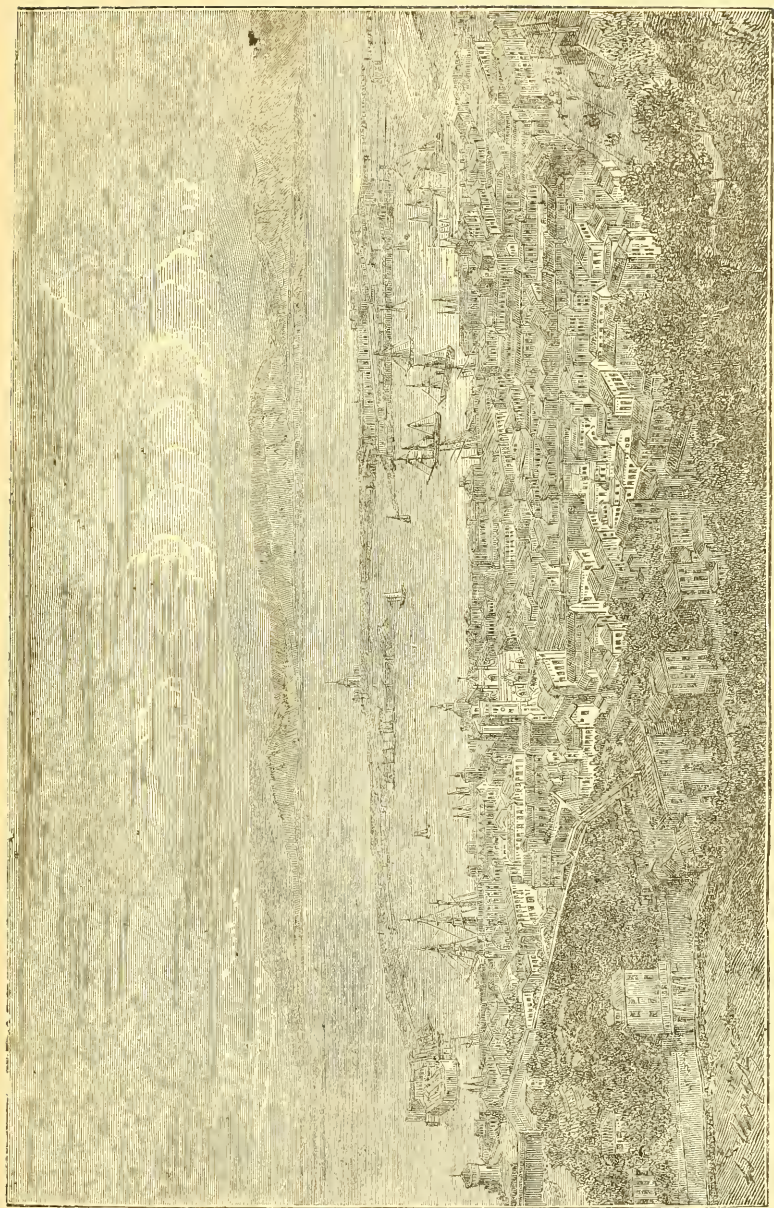
Twenty-four hours later we pass Stromboli, which rises high, rugged, sharp, bleak, desolate, and dismal from the sea, directly in the track of all vessels sailing southeast from Marseilles to the Straits of Messina. It would be very dangerous were it not that it is a natural light-house. We can see the red-hot lava dimly glowing on the top of the mountain. The island is not inhabited. It is a solid mass of igneous rock, which has been pushed up from the bottom of the sea.

It is but one of a series of vent-holes in this region of the globe, and it is probable that there is internal communication between this volcano and Etna, which is due south from it, on the southern shore of Sicily, and Vesuvius, which is one hundred and twenty miles north ; for when either is in action, the others are quiet. Vesuvius just now is in eruption, while Stromboli, which usually is one of the most active volcanoes on the face of the earth, has suddenly become quiet.

Beyond Stromboli we come to the locality described in the *Odyssey*, — the Scylla and Charybdis, navigated by Ulysses ; but it is night, and we have no opportunity of seeing the terrible dangers of the Straits. If there is any monster on the Sicilian shore waiting to seize us, we escape him in the darkness, and run safely into Messina at midnight, take on a few tons of coal, several hundred boxes of oranges, and are rounding the southern point of Italy at sunrise. The point is a bold headland of solid limestone, gray and hoary, high and cloud-capped, on this December morning. A dozen ships and small vessels are in sight, some standing northward up the Adriatic, others shaping their course southwest toward Malta, and still others, like the Euphrates, with their prows pointing east toward the classic land of Greece.

The air is as balmy as in April. The deep, heavy swell of the northern Mediterranean is left far behind, and though the Adriatic is usually storm-tossed, this morning it is calm and peaceful. One Englishman and five Americans come on board at Messina. The English gentleman opens his eyes very wide, and holds up his hands in amazement, when informed that we are on our way to San Francisco eastward. "There was a time," he says, "when we Englishmen had the routes of travel pretty much all to ourselves ; but I'll be hanged if you Americans have n't crowded us completely off the sidewalk. We can't tie your shoe-strings !"





MESSINA.



It is a twenty-four hours' run from Messina across the Adriatic Gulf to Morea, the ancient Arcadia. Going on deck at sunrise on the morning of the fourth day from Marseilles, we behold the western coast of Greece, — the bay of Navarino, where the great naval fight took place in 1828, when the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia annihilated that of Turkey. The result of the conflict was the independence of Greece, the establishment of a new kingdom. Fashion kept the victory in remembrance for a time by bringing out Navarino bonnets, — as, after the Crimean campaign, we had Alma cloaks for ladies, and Raglans for gentlemen. The style and proportions of those coverings for the head were so overwhelming and immense, that, were they to-day in existence, they would present an astonishing contrast to the microscopic affairs now in fashion.

We steam past the Dorian peninsula, and enter the Gulf of Coran, and behold a clear, sharp outline of mountains, dark at the base, gray ribs of limestone running up the sides, sharp peaks, white with snow, gleaming like burnished silver in the sunlight, a mellow haze, a blending of bright tints, a golden and purple glow, such as no painter can put on canvas.

Gazing steadily, we can see black specks on the sides of the mountain, — the openings to those caverns where the puny Spartan children, deemed not worth rearing by the barbarous rulers, were left to be devoured by wolves.

Can it be that behind those mountains which rise so grandly from the sea, along this western coast of Greece, there are quiet nooks where nymphs had their ancient haunts? It is not easy to bring home to the mind the thought that this is the fabled land of peace and contentment, and pleasures without end; for the nymphs have had their day, and it is sheer nonsense to undertake to



go into ecstasies about them with a steam-engine beneath our feet, and the screw of the steamer churning the ocean to a foam !

At the southern extremity of the mountain range, — two hundred feet above the breaking waves, — a hermit has built a hut, with a cave for his parlor. He stands by the door, in a rusty gown, looking down upon us. His nearest neighbor must be miles away. It is all mountain behind him, — precipices with only here and there a speck of verdure in the clefts. It is a grand place for reflection on the mutations of history ; but man cannot live on history alone. Beans and potatoes are desirable, and so this philosopher in a hair shirt digs and delves in the crevices of the rocks, and has one garden spot as large as a common dining-table. Years ago a band of wreckers and sea-robbers lived here, who lured vessels ashore by false lights — sharing their spoils with a priest, who absolved them from all sin, in consideration of a fifteenth part of their ill-gotten plunder ; but priest and pirate came to grief, and commerce now pursues its peaceful way. The poet Falconer has made this headland the scene of his poem entitled the “ Shipwreck.”

We sit upon the deck and dream ; going in imagination to the far-distant years, to the days of the Phœnicians, the first navigators coming westward with the seed-corn of civilization, planting it among these mountains ; Athenian fleets sweep past ; Persians come down from the Ægean ; Egyptians sail in from the south ; Romans and Carthaginians from the west : a thousand years roll away, and blind old Dandolo of Venice coasts along these shores ; Pagan, Christian, Crusader, — the worshipper of fire from the East, men fighting for the supremacy of the Crescent ; Homer, admirals of ancient Greece, the Cæsars, the Solymans ; Paul, and other apostles ; great

men without number ; navies, fleets, armies, — all have moved along this roadway. The keels of vessels for four thousand years have parted the waters off this sharp headland of the peninsula of Sparta. We might sit down on yonder jutting cliff and unroll almost the whole panorama of ancient and modern civilization.

It is two o'clock in the morning ; a clear sky, the moon in its last quarter ; war-ships around us, a steam frigate bearing the Prussian flag, another the tricolor of France, a third the cross of St. George, the fourth the red, white, and green of Italy ; bells on shipboard striking the hour ; sailors of four nations in their respective languages crying, " All is well " ; — such are the circumstances when we descend the ladder of the steamer, enter a small boat, and are rowed to the custom-house of the Piræus. A Greek, with an enormous black beard, is our ferryman. He can speak English ; will get us through the custom-house, hunt up a carriage, and send us to Athens at once.

Trusting in good promises, we wrap our shawls around us, and indulge in meditation while listening to the dip of the oars.

From this port sailed the fleet of Themistocles 2347 years ago, bound for Salamis. We think of Athens deserted, — the inhabitants accepting the advice of the great admiral to go on shipboard and achieve a victory behind wooden walls over the Persian fleet. Upon the hill west of us Xerxes sat upon his golden throne, wearing royal robes, with courtiers around him, and secretaries with tablets in their hands to record the names of those who distinguish themselves in the fight, that they may be engraved in the marble halls of Babylon. His mighty army was encamped on the hillside which we dimly discern in the pale moonlight.

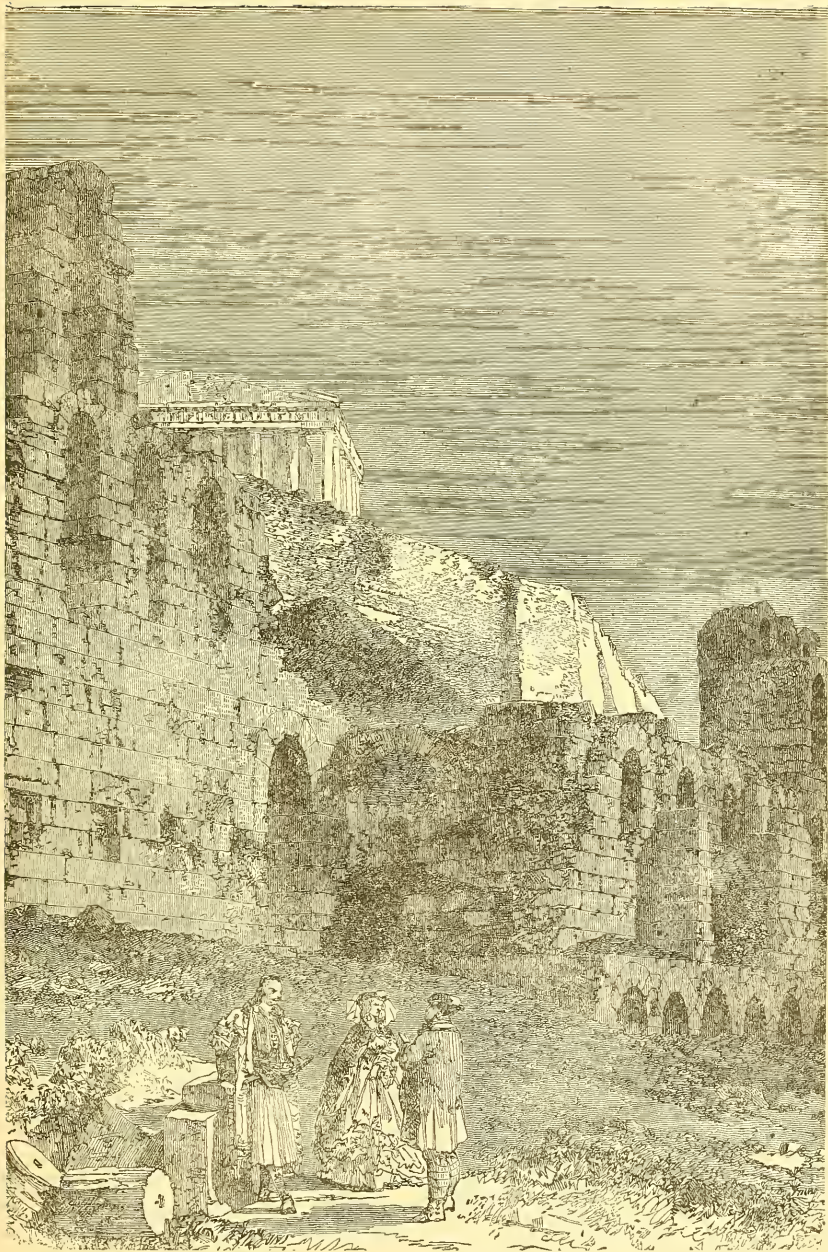
We think of Aristides on the little island down the

harbor, of Æschylus, who was in the fight, whose heroic verse recounting the deeds of his countrymen will ever stand a monument more enduring than the Parthenon. We can almost see the battle, — the three hundred and ten ships, — the combined navies of Athens, Sparta, and Ægina on the one side, and the thousand vessels of Xerxes on the other, — gathered from all along the coast of Asia Minor, from Byzantium down to old Tyre, Joppa, and Egypt. We behold the advance of the Athenian fleet, — see the dip of thousands of oars, — hear the joyous war-song of the rowers, — then the clash of swords, the rattle of spears, the shout, clamor, and uproar of battle; and when the sun goes down, the conflict over, we see the Persian fleet annihilated, the bay filled with sinking wrecks; dead bodies floating with the tide, wounded men struggling in the waves. We hear the pæan of victory rising on the evening air from the triumphant Athenians. There is commotion on yonder hill. The vast multitude is moving away, the king taking the lead, mortified, enraged, returning to Babylon, to the palace of the beautiful queen, — the Esther of the Bible, — to the city where Mordecai was prime-minister, — *prime* in the fullest sense of the term!

But our revery has a sudden termination. A fellow on shore in a blue jacket, brass buttons, and gold-banded cap, with a sword flashing in the moonlight, gives a loud halloo, and makes threatening gestures. We do not comprehend a syllable of his language, but understand every flash of the sword. It says: "You can't come to land. Stay where you are."

It is not to be supposed that a custom-house official, anywhere in the world, will be influenced by a piece of money! But as we have no contraband goods, and as we cannot see how the Greek government will gain or lose anything by keeping us shivering in a boat on a chilly





THE THEATRE OF HEROD.



December morning four or five hours, we hold up a franc. Wonderful the effect! The gentleman puts up his sword, will not even look into our carpet-bag, courteously shows us the way to a *café*, where we can warm ourselves. What magic in a piece of silver worth twenty cents!

By all the laws of association we ought to experience an ecstatic thrill, an elevation of soul, such as we can have nowhere else; but the circumstances of the moment are not favorable for firing our enthusiasm. A dozen fellows are shouting the merits of the different hotels of Athens; *commissionnaires*, who are always on the lookout for strangers, are ready to show us the ruins of Attica. Near by is a restaurant, where thirty or forty descendants of noble Greeks—a great ways descended—are singing the songs of Bacchus, guzzling wine, smoking abominable tobacco in Turkish pipes, shuffling dominos and cards. Some are stretched at full length on the tables, sound asleep, adding a chorus of snores to the songs; others are talking incoherently, gesticulating fiercely to their boozy companions. Call with loudest voice for the mighty Past amid such associations, and it will not come. It is far better to get into a carriage and ride to a good hotel in Athens, five miles distant, than to endeavor to work ourselves into a fine frenzy by thinking of Demosthenes, Socrates, and Plato.

Greece is filling up with refugees from Crete. There are twelve thousand in Athens alone, about sixty thousand in the whole country, and there are fresh arrivals every day. American charity has been bestowed through Dr. S. G. Howe of Boston; and there are thousands of men, women, and children, who have been driven from comfortable homes, who are supported by contributions from America.

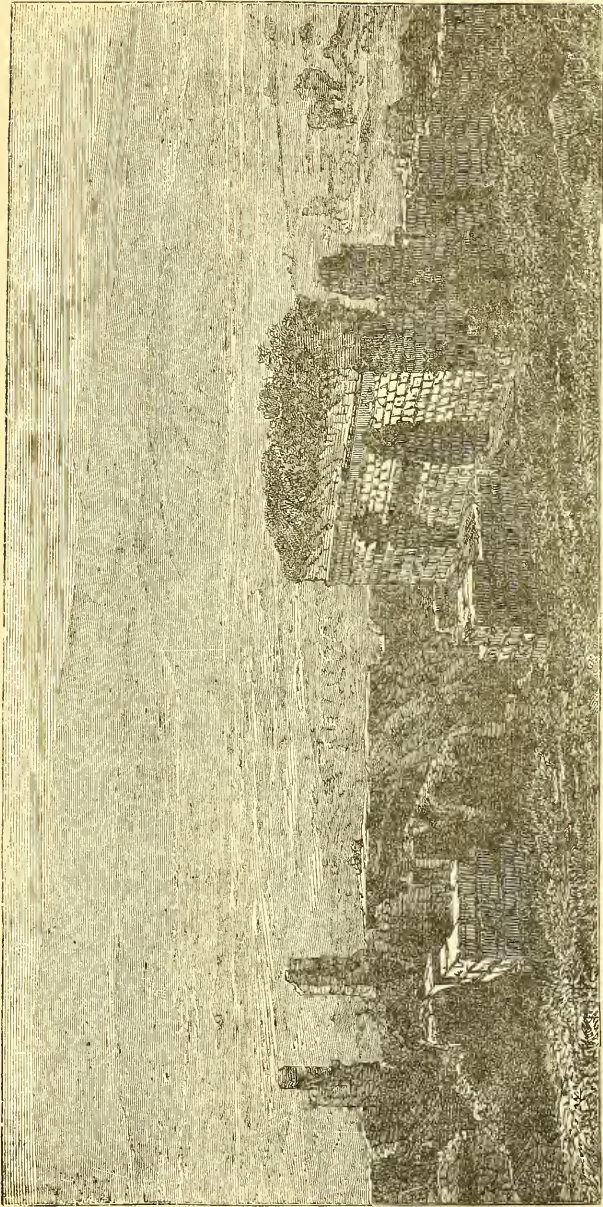
But the limits of this volume will not admit of a reproduction of the scenes witnessed here,—in huts,



hovels, out-buildings, nor in the schools where missionaries, sustained by societies in the United States, are giving secular and religious instruction to the Cretan children. We cannot dwell upon the political aspects of the Cretan question, neither on the present condition or future prospects of modern Greece.

It is our privilege while in Athens to behold the play of *Antigone*, which was written by Sophocles nearly four centuries before the Christian era. It is performed in the theatre of Herod Atticus, which has been fitted up for the occasion,—a tribute in honor of Queen Olga, just married to King George. But our space will not admit of a reproduction of that scene, nor an account of our wanderings amid the ruins of ancient Athens,—the Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, of Jupiter Olympus, nor of our lingering in the old market-place where the Apostle Paul held disputations with the philosophers and logicians; nor of the hours spent on Mars Hill, where he stood before the high court of Athens and made his masterly address upon the Christian religion; neither of our ramblings by the banks of the Ilissus, or our climbing of Pentelicus, and feasting upon the honey of Hymettus. From the summit of Pentelicus we look down through the rolling clouds and catch a glimpse of Marathon, and look over the mountains to Thermopylæ,—names which stir the blood, when we think what was gained and what might have been lost on those turning-points of human destiny.

From Athens our course is to Constantinople, and thence to Smyrna and Alexandria, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Beyrout, Damascus, and again to Egypt, occupying four months of our time. We cannot reproduce in this volume the scenes witnessed in the city of the Sultan, and along the Bosphorus, nor the progress of the Turkish nation, and its future prospects: the street scenes of



EPHESUS



Stamboul; what the missionaries are doing; nor the dying out of bigotry and fanaticism, the decay of old and the coming in of new ideas. Nor can we linger at Smyrna to behold the commingling of Eastern and Western life; to see the cars start for Ephesus, while caravans of camels are slowly entering the city, after their long journey from Bagdad.

We pass abruptly by Syria and Palestine, and all that we saw in Western Asia of historic scenes and sacred places. Egypt is our starting-point for the far East. The direct lines of travel, whether by Marseilles, Brindisi, or Constantinople, all centre there, and we leave all this side of that point for another volume.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### MODERN EGYPT.

A COAST without a mountain, a line of low sand-hills, a light-house, palm-trees waving their green plumes, are the first objects which meet the eye as we approach the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria; and then windmills on the beach, fortifications, seaside houses with stone walls and flat roofs, and windows like the embrasures of a fort, beacons and buoys to mark the channel, a forest of masts, the minarets of mosques, and Pompey's Pillar. The steamer drops anchor in a harbor crowded with shipping.

A dozen frigates, — English, French, Italian, and Turkish, — fifty steamers, and hundreds of ships, are lying in port.

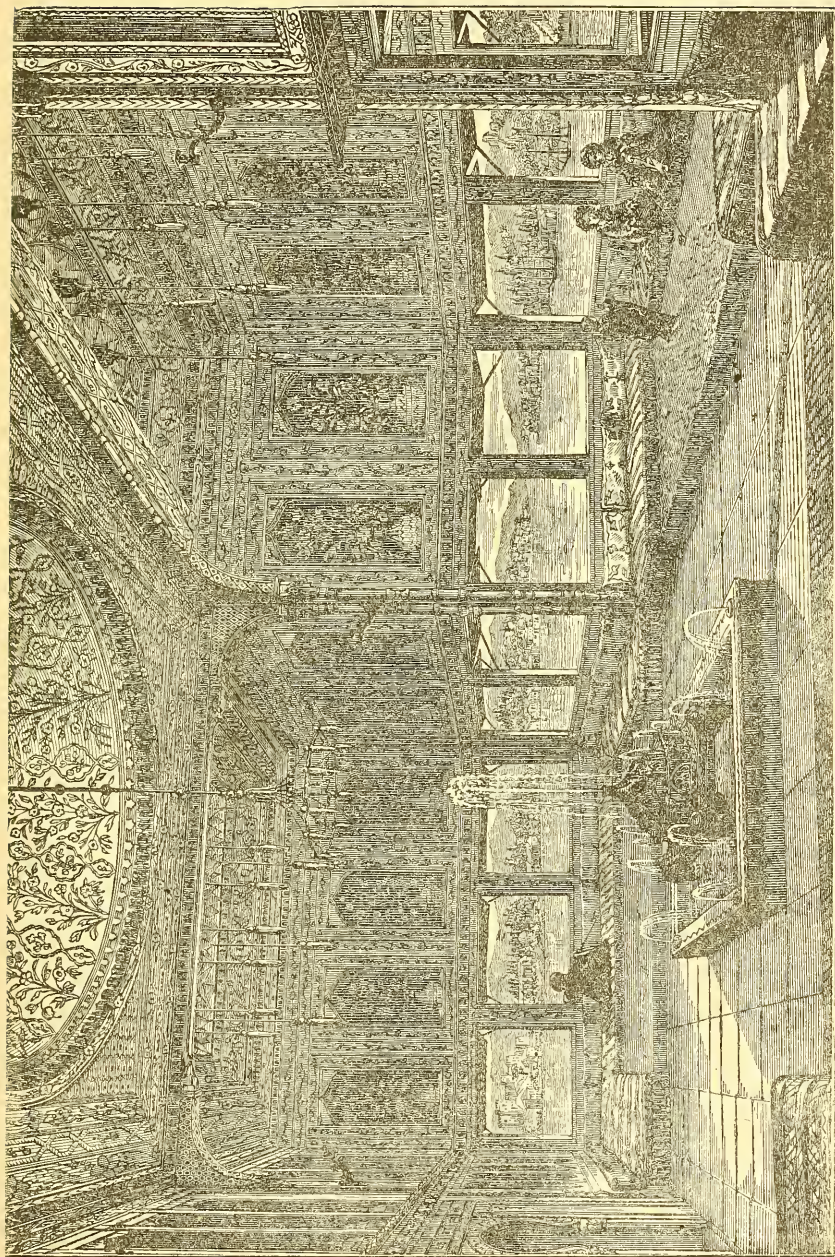
Alexandria, since the opening of the line of travel to

India by the English, and the construction of the railroad to Suez, has become one of the great steamship ports of the world. We have heard of the difficulties incident to getting on shore, from porters, dragomans, and custom-house officials, but meet with no trouble. An Arab, in a white gown, with a dozen yards or more of cloth wound round his head for a turban, ascends the ladder, makes a polite bow, offers to take us on shore for twenty francs, and finally reduces his price to three. A fellow in baggy breeches, at the custom-house, takes a look at the American eagle on our passports, pronounces it all right; another fellow peeps into our trunk; another runs his hand to the bottom of the carpet-bag, and both follow us to the street, calling *Bakshish!* but, being of an exceedingly virtuous turn of mind just then, and not wishing to do anything to corrupt the officials of the Pasha, we thank them for what they have done, enter an omnibus, and go rattling up the street towards the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel, leaving them in the street shaking their fists at us.

From childhood we have read of the Orient. The word implies something gorgeous, dazzling, beautiful, — bright colors, crimson and gold, fragrant flowers, otto of roses, silks, satins, cashmeres, minstrels, gazelles, palm-groves, bubbling fountains, — luxury, ease, comfort, — things delightful to the eye, the ear, and all the five senses. Fairy-tales of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and Tom Moore's poetry, have built up, in many a brain, a beautiful dreamland; but a day on shore, one half-hour even, will dispel all such illusions.

Our omnibus was built in London. Our driver is an Arab; the conductor, a German linguist, able not only to speak his own mother tongue, but also English, French, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, and Greek. He sets us down at the hotel fronting on the grand square. In our chamber,





INTERIOR OF A KIOSQUE IN THE SERAGLIO.



instead of divans and bubbling fountains, we find chairs, sofa, straw-matting, iron bedsteads, clean sheets, mosquito-curtains; and on the dinner-table joints of beef, and turkeys, chickens, and John Bull sauce. But in the streets there is a mixture of the East and West, — the East the more numerous, the West the mightier. The Occident has invaded the Orient, and the two civilizations are so intermingled that it is impossible to say where the one begins or the other ends. Some of the features of the Orient are camels, donkeys, fleas, lice, dirt, and odors not wafted from “Araby the blest.”

The architecture of the business portion of the city is like that of Paris, — stately edifices of hewn stone, brought down the Nile; but in the suburbs we find primitive Oriental architecture, — mud hovels, a hole in the roof for a chimney, another in the wall for a window, the ground the floor. Raising the rush matting, which serves for a door, we see men, women, naked children, dogs, goats, pigs, chickens, occupying the premises. The men wear camel’s-hair shirts, which serve for coat, cloak, and nightgown all in one; the women wear long cotton sacks, dyed with indigo, without crinoline, with veils covering all the face except the eyes. They have thimble-shaped ornaments of gold resting on the forehead, attached to a band encircling the head.

We meet women on the street bearing trays, baskets, and water-jugs on their heads. Others carry their children, which sit astride the shoulder. Boys beseech us to ride their donkeys; dragomans dog our steps to show us round the town; old Arabs, sitting cross-legged on the ground, smoke their pipes and hold out their hands for bakshish. The bazaars, or shops, are filled with a chattering, chaffering crowd, buying yellow slippers, red fezes, pipes, tobacco, cloth from Damascus looms, knickknacks and jewelry from Paris, and calico from England.



There is a mixture of races,—representatives from many nations. Believers in all religions are jostling each other through the streets of the city where the Pharaohs had their seaside summer resorts, where Alexander, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Mark Antony, Pompey, Herodotus, and Euclid have walked.



A MODERN REBECCA.

The population of Alexandria is variously estimated, but probably it exceeds one hundred and sixty thousand, and is rapidly increasing. That portion of the city which is inhabited by Europeans is regularly laid out with wide streets; but the native section is in the Oriental style,—narrow streets and mean houses. Poles are laid across the street

from house to house, and rushes spread upon them to protect the people from the heat of the midsummer sun. The signs over the shop doors are in Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, Italian, English, and Russian. They indicate the cosmopolitan character of the place. Material for building is excavated from the ruins of the ancient city,—bricks which were moulded two thousand years ago. The mortar adhering to the masonry, compounded in the time of Alexander and the Cæsars, is as tenacious and strong to-day as it was when they were in all their glory.

Cotton and wheat are the chief exports of Egypt. The trade is mostly in the hands of the Greeks. Their mercantile connections are mainly with Marseilles.

The streets bear French names, the houses are after the French style of architecture, and the language of France is heard in the shops. Politically, English influence is equal to that of France. The Pasha has made great concessions to both the English and the French. England sends her passengers to India, and her troops also, by this route. The railroad trains are loaded with supplies for the



MOTHER AND CHILD.

troops in Abyssinia. A hospital for her soldiers has been established at Suez. English capital has constructed the railways of Egypt. But France made the Suez Canal, and French influence is everywhere rapidly gaining ground.

The Viceroy of Egypt was at the time of our visit Ismail Pasha, the son of Ibrahim Pasha, who conquered Syria in 1840. He was educated in France, in the school of the *État Major*, or Military Staff, and returned to Egypt in 1849. In 1853 he was accused of being a party to the assassination of one of his uncle's court favorites, but it



was not proved against him. In 1855 he visited the French Court on diplomatic service, and on his way home called upon the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli. In 1861 he was sent with an army of fourteen thousand men to Upper Egypt, to punish the rebellious tribes of Soudan, who, presuming upon the good-nature of Said Pasha, then Viceroy, refused to pay their taxes. They were brought to terms by Ismail's vigorous action. Two years later, in 1863, he became Viceroy.

The war in the United States was his golden opportunity. The world wanted cotton, and Egypt could afford to raise it at the prices then given. The Delta of the Nile was turned into a vast cotton-field, and for a year or two Egypt, which from the time of Joseph has been one of the world's granaries, was compelled to go to Odessa for wheat, while she sent her bales of cotton to Manchester, — filling the Pasha's purse with English sovereigns. The American war greatly stimulated Egyptian industry.

Ismail Pasha has caught the spirit of modern enterprise. He is anxious, not only for the completion of the canal, but for the construction of railroads. He is laying a railway along the western bank of the Nile, which will be completed to Thebes in 1869. Ultimately it is to be extended to the first cataract, to bring to the sea-coast the productions of the vast region beyond. The Valley of the Nile is the natural highway to the heart of Africa, by which commerce and Christian civilization are yet to reach Ethiopia. The work which Ismail Pasha is doing will be as far reaching in its results as time itself.

Not only up the Nile, but across the Delta, he is constructing railroads. A new route, more direct than that through Cairo, will soon be opened from Alexandria to Suez. Another road will be built from Alexandria east to Port Said, the northern terminus of the canal. The Delta is a network of water-ways, natural and artificial :



ISMAIL PASHA.

but water communication is too slow to suit the Viceroy ; he must have the locomotive. Thus far he has shown quite as much enterprise as any ruler in Europe.

He had one son in Paris obtaining an education, who lived in princely style, spending money recklessly, keeping a dozen horses,—Arab and English thoroughbreds. He has fallen away from the faith of his fathers in the matter of wine-drinking. Mahomet forbade it, but this son of the Viceroy has the best of champagne and the choicest old Madeira in his cellars. Another son obtained an education in England.

We have heard that it never rains in Egypt, but a cloud comes floating from the sea, which in a few minutes drenches the whole city. It is like the bursting of a water-spout. The streets might almost be navigated by boats. The sun is soon shining as brightly as ever, and not a cloud darkens the sky. Alexandria, being situated on the sea-shore, is particularly subject to such drenchings, but farther inland showers are of rare occurrence. It is said, however, that the planting of trees of late years has increased the annual fall of rain. If the Delta was thickly planted, there is no doubt that showers would be more frequent, and the productions of the country materially increased.

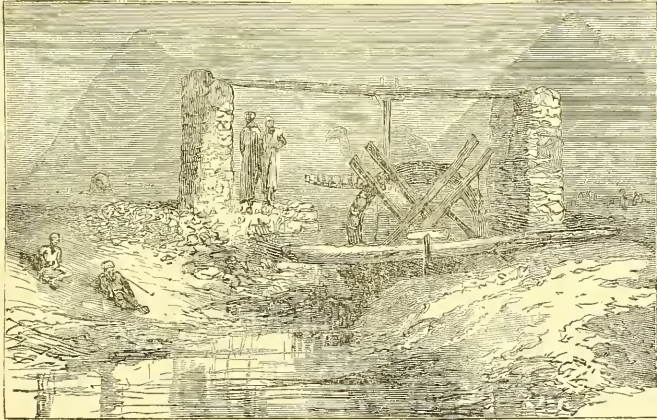
We ride to the railway station while the rain is pouring, to take the express-train to Cairo, and find an Arab ticket-seller, who speaks French, with a half-dozen baggage-men around him, all jabbering in Arabic. One of them weighs our trunk on rude scales; a clerk, with a reed for a pen, fills up a blank receipt, but demands bakshish before handing it over. The tracks of a spider scrambling over the paper would be as intelligible to us as his hieroglyphics, but the writing answers his purpose and ours also,—the safe transit and delivery of our luggage at the other end of the route.

The rails, chairs, and sleepers of the road are all of iron,—there being no wood in Egypt to spare for ties. The cars are like those in use on the English railways, with compartments for eight persons,—close, hot, suffocating. Our English cousins do not appear to have any conception of a long, roomy, well-ventilated car, nor have they changed their construction to adapt them to tropical climates, but have sent to Egypt and India the close, uncomfortable carriages which in the United States would be considered more suitable for the transportation of cattle than human beings. The road passes along the

northern borders of the ancient Lake Mareotis, strikes diagonally across the Delta, crossing both the Damietta and Rosetta branches of the Nile. The distance to Cairo is one hundred and sixty-two miles.

Filth, squalor, poverty, wretchedness, are characteristics of the Arab villages, where men, women, and children lounge around the doors of the mud huts, gossiping and examining each other's heads!

It is the middle of January, and clover is in bloom. The last year's cotton crop has been picked, and the dried stalks of the plant are in heaps for burning. A camel and



IRRIGATION.

a donkey, yoked together, drag primitive ploughs, which merely scratch the soil. Buffaloes, harnessed to sweeps, and travelling always in a circle, turn creaking wheels to raise water from the creeks for irrigating the wheat-fields. Two men, with ropes attached to a basket, giving it a swinging motion, scoop the water from the river to a higher level. Up the Nile the Pasha has steam-engines, which are doing the work of thousands of buffaloes.

Trains of camels, bearing immense bags stuffed with cotton, wind along narrow paths, and donkeys as well, their heads and bodies hid by the bales, and nothing but their legs visible. We pass towns swarming with people, and see women mixing cut straw with mud, and moulding bricks and drying them in the sun, — doing just what the children of Israel did in the days of Moses. Palm-groves dot the landscape, and fields of cane wave along the banks of creeks. Children without clothing tumble in the dirt at the stations, roll their eyes at us, and hold out their hands for bakshish.

We cross the Rosetta branch of the Nile on a magnificent stone bridge eight hundred and seventy feet long, built by Stephenson.

Numerous boats, with triangular sails, are afloat on the stream or moored at the bank. In the distance we behold the pyramids; and after riding seven hours, reach Cairo, the capital of Egypt.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### CAIRO.

A HALF-DOZEN swarthy men are at the railway-station to receive us, — runners from the hotels, shouting the merits of their respective houses. We choose the Hôtel du Nil, take an omnibus, see our baggage put upon a little four-wheeled truck drawn by a diminutive donkey, and away we go, in a cloud of dust, up a wide street, passing through the donkey and camel market, where large droves of those cheerful and solemn animals are exposed for sale. We pass beneath tall





EGYPTIAN VILLA.



palms and wide-spreading sycamores, where a crowd of Arab hucksters are crying their wares; meeting camels laden with stone, timber, bundles of sugar-cane, bales of cotton, and boxes of goods; donkeys with bunches of green clover on their backs, panniers of oranges, or great stone water-jars, and driven by lively, bare-legged urchins; stylish carriages, of Parisian manufacture, drawn by spirited horses, with monograms and crests on the panels; fleet-footed boys running ahead and shouting, "Chemullac! chemullac!"—"Get out of the way! get out of the way!"

Leaving the omnibus and following our conductor, we enter a passage so narrow that with outstretched arms we can almost touch the houses on either hand. They tower above us, story jutting over story. Black-eyed women look out from latticed windows. Dogs with bristling mane and savage teeth snap and snarl from nooks and corners in the street. They know by instinct that we are outlandish characters, and proper objects to be growled at.

Two or three turns, and we enter a spacious garden, laid out with gravelled walks, and surrounded with buildings. Here is the hotel, the rooms opening upon the garden. We are in the heart of a great city, and can hear the noise and confusion of the streets in the distance, like the roar of a far-off waterfall. The shrill voices of the donkey-boys, shouting to their beasts, echo over the housetops; but there are no distracting sounds. We may sit beneath the palms, lie at ease under twining vines, breathe the fragrance of heliotropes, roses, verbenas, and Cape jessamines,—myriads of sparrows chirping around us, rooks cawing upon the roofs, and paroquets chattering in the trees.

At the entrance to this paradise are the sculptured lids of ancient sarcophagi, brought from old Thebes,—

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wrought by hands which crumbled to dust three thousand years ago. We are never weary of looking upon the calm, peaceful, pleasing countenances, types of a race which twenty centuries ago disappeared from the world.

The hotel is kept by a German, who spares no pains to make us comfortable. The attendance is excellent, the table bountifully supplied, and the charges moderate.

Cairo is a city of half a million inhabitants, situated at the southern end of the Nile Delta, on the eastern bank of the stream. Those who grumble because Boston has crooked ways never would open their lips on the subject after once getting lost amid the turnings and windings of this city. The houses are mostly of stone, brought from quarries along the Nile. There is no uniformity of style, but the second story usually juts over the first, the third over the second, the fourth over the third, till at the top there is but a narrow opening. People in the upper story might shake hands with their neighbors across the way. Each window has a lattice-work projection, like a bird-cage. The women of Egypt are as well endowed with curiosity as their sisters in other lands, and the windows are thus constructed that they may see, upon the sly, what is going on in the streets

The lower story is divided into cupboards and closets, the largest not more than six feet square, and filled with goods of every description, — yellow slippers, turned up at the toes; red fezes for the head; calico of the gaudiest colors; crimson shawls, striped with blue; green turbans for the lineal descendants of the prophet; yellow satin trousers; rich cloth for the hangings of the harems. In the tobacco shops are long-stemmed pipes, with amber mouth-pieces, and packages of delicately flavored tobacco, with otto of rose for perfuming the water in the nargilehs. Shoemakers, tailors, and wood-carvers sit in niches along the wall. Blacksmiths carry on extensive



work in small closets, making nails, rings, rivets, and bolts. A sooty urchin crouches in one corner, working the bellows, which is a wind-bag ingeniously made from the skin of a goat.

In an adjoining shop is a gray-bearded old Copt, bending over a sheet of paper, writing a letter for a lady who has not yet acquired the rudiments of education. He is a professional letter-writer, ready to serve any customer.



A READY WRITER.

Upon the other side of the street a true follower of the prophet is saying his prayers. He sits cross-legged, rocks backward and forward, and, suiting word to action, rolls out his devotion in a sing-song tone, unsurpassed by the hardest shelled preacher of our Western frontier.



Taking a stroll before sunrise, we come upon a company of women whose profession is to bewail the dead. They have been abroad all night. We heard their lamentation in the stillness of the midnight hours, and thought it the howling of jackals. The company consists of about twenty. They are walking slowly, wearing black mantles, their faces veiled, only their eyes visible. One older than the others seems to be the chief screamer. Her voice is sharp, shrill, piercing, tremulous, and pitched on a high key. She leads off with a screech, and the others join in a chorus such as can only be equalled by a menagerie of foxes, calves, donkeys, puppies, cats, and hyenas. After a prolonged outburst of grief, they laugh and chat awhile, and then give way to another outburst of uncontrollable sorrow!

This is no modern custom, but old as the pyramids. When Jacob died, Joseph and his brethren and the Egyptians wept for him seventy days, and when they went up to Hebron to lay him in the cave at Machpelah, they mourned at Atad "a very great and sore lamentation," — just such mourning, doubtless, as that indulged in by the wailers of the present time. It is contrary to European ideas of grief, but the Oriental is dramatic, and so he mourns with loud howling.

These hired wailers recite the virtues of the deceased, praising with extravagant eulogy. They praise much or little, howl loud or soft, make demonstration to order, as in Christian lands, where there is show, pomp, and parade of empty carriages at a funeral, in proportion to the amount of money expended for the purpose.

The ancient Egyptians took the lead of all other nations in civilization. They accomplished wonders,—reared pyramids, temples, statues, and obelisks which to-day excite the admiration of the world. In arts and sciences they were far advanced; but not much can be said in praise of the inhabitants of the land at the present time.



AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.



Passing from the city to the country, we see the houses built of bricks dried in the sun, which might be made comfortable if the people were more intelligent and less indolent.

If the home of Miss Betsey Trotwood had been in Egypt, she would not have lived out half her days, but have died of exhaustion shouting, "Donkeys! Janet, donkeys!" Everybody rides a donkey. The saddles are high cushions, so constructed that we sit well back on the hips of the animal. A little Arab, with wonderful powers of endurance, runs behind, whacking, punching, and pounding the creature unmercifully, and screaming "H-a-r-r-r! h-a-r-r-r!" It is a long-drawn, nasal cry. We try it, but the peculiar twang not being given, the donkey only pricks up his ears at the strange sound, without quickening his pace.

Nearly all the city transportation is by donkeys and camels. The building-stone from the quarries, three miles south of the city, fire-wood, bundles of sugar-cane, sacks of cotton, wheat and other grains, are brought in by these animals. The completion of the railroads now under construction will greatly increase the facilities for transportation.

In the fields we see men ploughing with a camel and a cow unequally yoked together. The yoke is a straight stick, ten feet long, slanting at an angle of forty-five degrees from the neck of the camel to that of the cow. The plough is only a sharpened stick, or the limb of a tree. Clover for the market is cut by handfuls with a small knife instead of a scythe! Women trudge ten miles to Cairo with earthen jars on their heads filled with butter, a basket of eggs in one hand and live chickens in the other. They take especial care to cover their faces, but are indifferent in regard to exposing their persons. The main part of their worldly wealth is in the ornaments dang-



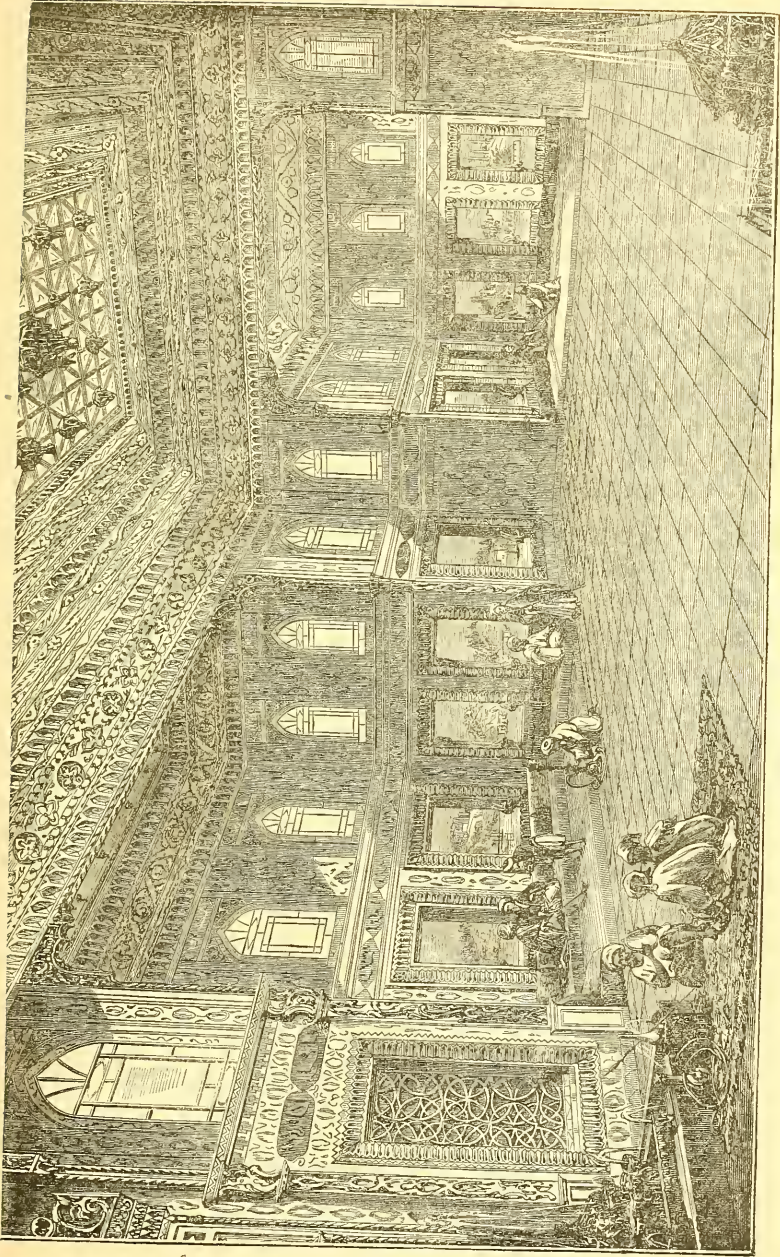
ling from their ears and noses, or displayed on their fingers and ankles. Many of the women tattoo their faces and arms. The men are capable of great endurance. They will run all day at a mule's pace, without food or drink. During Ramazan they are not allowed by the Koran to take any nourishment between sunrise and sunset. To draw a whiff from a pipe even would entail the loss of paradise.

Some minutes before the close of day, during Ramazan, every man fills his pipe, and waits with listening ears to hear the boom of the cannon upon the fortress, which is fired the moment the sun disappears beneath the horizon. Thousands of matches are lighted in an instant, and ten thousands of pipes are brought into use. A cloud of tobacco-smoke suddenly gathers over the great city. From sunset till sunrise men, women, and children take frequent pulls at their pipes, and spend the night in smoking and feasting, thus fortifying themselves for the fasting of the succeeding day. Ramazan continues forty days, and through this long period a true Mohammedan would suffer martyrdom rather than permit nourishment of any kind to pass his lips during the day.

Though physically able to labor much, these people accomplish but little. We see old men, sitting cross-legged in groups, smoking their pipes, telling over and over and over again stories of the good old times of the caliphs, of the adventures of the Forty Thieves, and other romantic tales of Arabian life. It is not an uncommon thing to see one of the group examining his shirt while the story is going on, looking for population not put down in the census.

These men are sharper than any Yankee at a bargain. The keenest Vermonter would be outwitted and fleeced by them. It is easier for them to lie than to tell the truth. If we make a bargain to pay them three shillings a day





SUMMER PARLOR IN THE SERAGLIO



and no bakshish, they will not fail to ask for a gratuity when we come to the settlement. They are abusive and cruel, especially toward the brute creation.

Our good, kind-hearted travelling companion of the Boston pulpit, Dr. Webb, has his sympathies quite as much enlisted for the donkeys of Egypt as for the Arabs. Donkeys do not lie, nor cheat, nor demand bakshish; Arabs do all three. Donkeys do not promise much, but accomplish a great deal: Arabs promise a great deal, but accomplish little. Their moral sensibility is deadened, yet not wholly extinct. They have been oppressed, down-trodden, taxed by government, forced to labor for the Viceroy without pay in constructing railroads and digging canals. Little has been done for their moral or mental elevation. But Egypt is advancing in civilization. Commerce, railroads, steamships, telegraphs, the influx of travellers, contact with European nations, and Christianity will yet work a wonderful change in this old land.

It is an unpromising missionary field; but there are self-denying men and women laboring in the Valley of the Nile, — missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, — Mr. and Mrs. Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, and several others, whose labors are chiefly among the Copts. The Coptic Church is very old. Christianity early gained a foothold in Egypt, and through all the changes, through all the fanaticisms of Mussulman rule, it has had a name to live. It is estimated that there are about three hundred thousand Copts in Egypt. They have a patriarch and priests, and their form of worship is similar to that of the Greek Church. Their religion is almost wholly one of form.

Twelve years ago, when Mr. Barnet came here, he had his servant and one Egyptian, who could not understand the language, and two Englishmen, for a congregation. The seed has taken root. Now there are six more missionary stations, four native preachers and

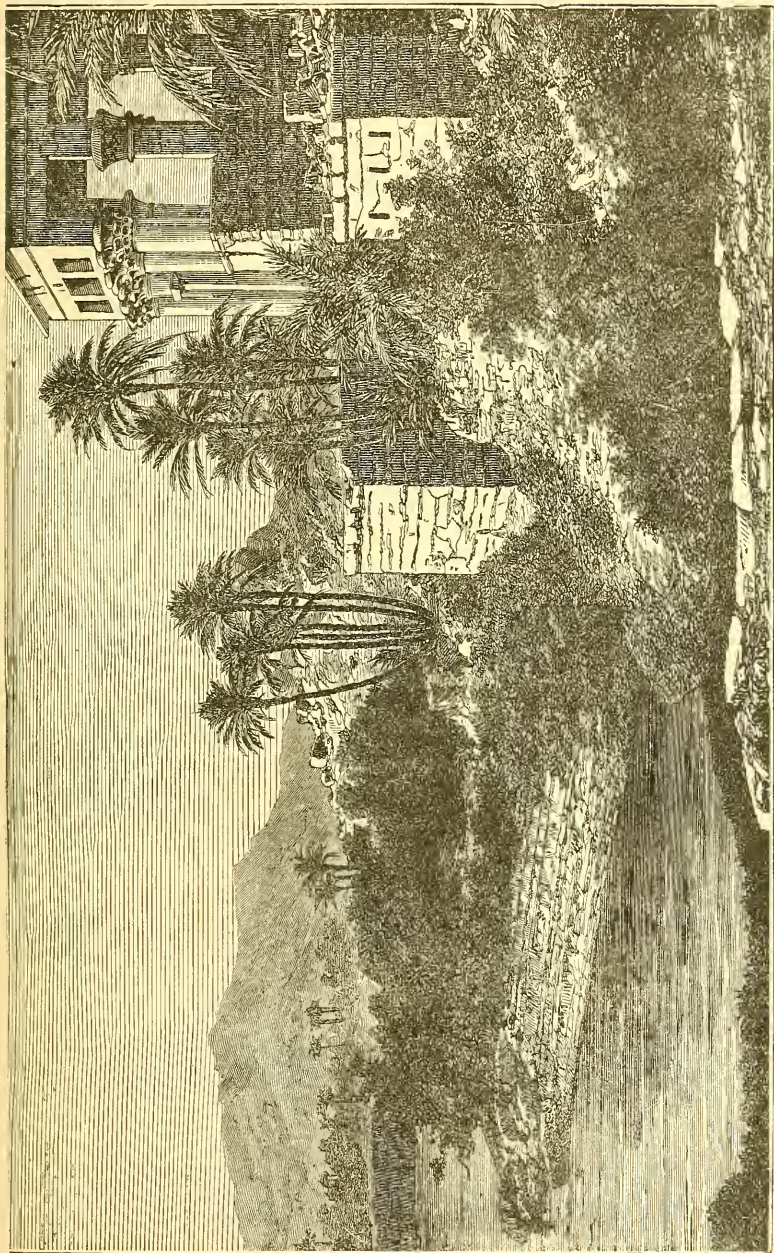
helpers, one hundred and forty church-members, fifteen schools, with six hundred pupils. The annual sale of Bibles and religious books is about nine thousand volumes. Last year a man of character became converted in one of the villages up the river, and at once devoted himself to preaching. Word came to Cairo that a wonderful change had taken place among the inhabitants of the place, and Mr. Lansing, upon going there, found twenty-five persons who gave evidence that they were suitable candidates for church-membership.

Such a defection from the ancient faith aroused the wrath of the patriarch. Obtaining a firman from the Viceroy, he had several bastinadoed, others cast into prison, and three exiled to Soudan, — which means that they were to be taken to the Upper Nile, sewed up in sacks, and dropped overboard. The missionaries found out what had been done; representations were made to the English Consul, who telegraphed to London, and back came a note from Lord Stanley to the Viceroy. The exiles were returned, and those in prison released. The persecutions have ceased, and missionary operations are going on as before.

The former Viceroy, Said Pasha, was liberal, enlightened, and kind to Protestants. He gave the missionaries a valuable lot of land and a house in Cairo, worth at the time of the gift about \$ 40,000; but the cutting of a new street with other improvements has quadrupled its value. The present Viceroy is of a far different disposition, — hard, overbearing, avaricious, caring only for his own interest, — and no favors are expected from him.

Three services are held at the mission chapel on the Sabbath, — one in Turkish, one in Arabic, and one in English. From sixty to eighty persons attend each service. The missionaries feel greatly encouraged by what has been done, but to an outsider the look is dark enough.





TEMPLE OF ISIS





## CHAPTER V.

## THE DELTA OF THE NILE.

“IF you would have one of the finest views in all Egypt, you must see the Delta from the bluffs,” said a gentleman who has long resided at Cairo, and who has been up as far as Nubia.

Following the direction given, we thread our way through the narrow streets, reach the south gate of the city, walk up a winding path, and stand at length upon the summit of the bluffs east of the Nile, and about a mile south of the city. Northward lies the Delta, clothed in greenness, — clover in bloom, young wheat just beginning to ripple in the passing breeze, groves of palms, fields of sugar-cane, olive-groves, and orange-orchards; the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile, with numerous creeks and canals, like threads of silver winding through a green carpet. Thousands of boats, with sails spread to the favoring breeze, are afloat upon the gleaming waters.

At our feet is the wonderful old city, with the minarets and white domes of its four hundred mosques, its narrow, winding streets, and tottering walls. In the northeast we can see the obelisk of Heliopolis, — the tall granite shaft which stood there thirty-six hundred years ago, as chronologists reckon time; upon which, doubtless, Joseph looked with wondering eyes when he was brought a slave to Egypt. Heliopolis is the ancient On, and there he married his wife, Asenath, daughter of the *prince*, or priest, of On.

In the southwest are the pyramids of Sakhara and Old

Memphis, and at their base is the site of that city which, in the time of Moses, was the capital of Egypt, the residence of the kings, the most advanced of all the ancient capitals in literature, science, and art.

Beyond the pyramids westward, as far as the eye can reach, lies the great desert, its white sand-hills glowing in the sun. It extends across Africa to the Atlantic Ocean, with only here and there an oasis, — a vast, unexplored region, of which we know but little more than we do of the extinct craters and lava-fields of the moon. We can trace the windings of the Nile far away by the glistening of its waters. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the valley, brightened by the silver stream. It is beautiful by the contrast of its luxuriant vegetation with the indescribable barrenness and desolation of the desert.

Below us, at the base of the bluff, is the citadel, and near it a mosque with two tall white minarets. The building was erected by Mehemet Ali, the ablest and most enlightened of all the modern rulers of Egypt. Mohammedans usually are not willing that Christian feet should profane the sacred courts of their temples; but the founder of this edifice, wise in advance of his generation, set the world an example of charity, by decreeing that it should be forever open to visitors from all nations, irrespective of their religious belief.

Every one of the four hundred mosques has a minaret, from which the muezzin calls the hour of prayer. Many of the sacred edifices have two, some four, tall white spires, which lend a pleasing feature to the charming view. The style of architecture of Cairo is thoroughly Oriental, — domes, minarets, Saracenic arches, and latticed courts; but the masonry is rude, and the stones roughly dressed. Though large sums of money are expended in repairs, the edifices seem to be always crumbling to pieces.

There is not much to charm the eye inside the walls.

Images, statues, and pictures are forbidden by the Koran. There are no altars with gorgeous surroundings, no cloisters or chapels superbly furnished and adorned by art, as in the churches of Catholic lands. There is no pomp or display in the ceremonial of the service, but each worshipper kneels by himself, bows reverently toward Mecca, and repeats his creed, always saying, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

Standing by the citadel, we may unroll the scroll of human history, and read at a glance much of what has transpired in Oriental lands from the time of Genghis Khan, in the thirteenth century, to the present hour.

Nodjmaddin, the Sultan of Egypt, purchased of that Tartar king twelve thousand Circassians which had been taken in war. The purchaser made them his royal troops. They were slaves, with nothing to do except to fight in time of war, and guard their master in time of peace. They had Northern blood in their veins, had breathed the pure air of the mountains of their native land, on the shores of the Caspian Sea. From being slaves they in due time became masters, murdered the Sultan, and placed one of their number upon the throne in 1254. For two hundred and sixty-three years they ruled Egypt, and made their power felt throughout the East.

The Mameluke dynasty was overthrown in 1517 by Selim, first Sultan of Turkey, who, though he appointed a Turkish pasha as governor, was compelled by force of circumstances to continue in office twenty-four beys as governors of provinces. This state of affairs lasted about two hundred years. The Mamelukes, as a body, maintained their organization through the long period, always obtaining recruits from Circassia. During the latter portion of the last century their power was so consolidated that they dictated orders to the Turkish governors.

In 1773, three years before the declaration of Amer-

ican independence, the chieftains chopped off the head of Ali Bey, and took possession of the government.

A few years later, in 1798, Napoleon came, and it was out yonder, within sight of the pyramids, when confronted by Murad Bey, that he made that soul-stirring address to his soldiers, — “Forty centuries look down upon you!”

Never was there a braver cavalry charge than that made by the Mamelukes on those yellow sands. They rode round the hollow squares of the French, dashed against them like a thunderbolt, and broke through the lines, their sabres dripping with blood, but only to be repulsed by superior discipline.

Reading the account of that conflict, we can but admire their bravery in battle. A touching instance of the tenderness of one of these troopers towards his faithful horse is recorded. He had broken through the outer and inner lines, and was alone inside the square, his sabre crimson with gore, his horse wet with foam, and weak from loss of blood. Finding himself alone, the desperado threw his arms upon the ground, leaped from his horse, patted the animal's neck, kissed him affectionately, and then gave himself up a prisoner.

Mehemet Ali was Viceroy in 1811, and the chiefs of the Mamelukes, while he was absent at Suez with a portion of the army, formed a conspiracy to assassinate him upon his return, and take the government into their own hands. He was informed of the plot, hastened to Cairo, invited the chiefs to the citadel to a feast given upon the occasion of his son's departure for Mecca, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the prophet. The chiefs came in a body, the iron gate opened to admit them, and quickly turned upon its ponderous hinges as they dashed into the grand square. Mehemet Ali sat on the terrace upon a richly embroidered carpet,



and received them graciously. In the courts and passages his faithful guards from the Albanian Mountains were stationed, ready to obey commands and carry out instructions. The Viceroy raised his hand, and court, alley, and passage blazed with musketry. Horse and rider rolled in the dust. All but one of the four hundred and fifty were shot upon the spot; he, Emir Bey, reckless of life, sprang over the parapet on horseback, fell with his steed down the jagged rocks, and, strange to say, escaped! Others in the city and country were massacred; and thus by one bold, bloody stroke the Mamelukes were exterminated.

Cairo, like other Eastern cities, is divided by walls into sections, with gates, which are closed at night. The Copts, Jews, and Franks have their respective quarters. There are no street-lamps, and few persons go abroad after dark. All who go out in the evening must have a lantern, or they will be arrested by the police.

We do not propose in this volume to give a detailed narrative of our visit to the pyramids; neither to dwell upon the speculations and theories of learned men in regard to the purpose for which they were erected, — whether as tombs of the ancient kings, triumphal monuments commemorative of victories, or for astronomical observatories. But there they stand, in solemn grandeur, the mystery of the ages, wonderful relics of an extinct and bygone civilization.

They are twelve miles from Cairo, across the Nile, but easily reached and ascended without danger.

Each visitor ascending the great pyramid must pay fifty cents to an old Arab sheik, who has the monopoly from the Pasha. The tribe of rascals who live in a human ant-hill near by offer their services to help us to the top. They meet us with sardonic grins, while we are upon the road, saying in tortured English,

“Me help you, master. Me good for Yankee Doodle.” They have an idea that all Americans are Yankee Doodles, though we doubt whether they have any definite idea what the term means; neither have we, for that matter. But there is one thing upon which they have clear convictions, — that Americans are green-horns, with pockets full of money. They are importunate in their demands for bakshish. We have heard of their rascalities, — how they sometimes get a timid traveller upon the top of the pyramid, and threaten to leave him there unless he satisfies their demands; how, even if they do not threaten, they allow one no peace, but beg unceasingly. Only a week before our arrival they fleeced a gentleman out of five dollars. Knowing this, we are prepared for them.

Selecting two from the crowd to wait upon us, we make the following speech, which we record for the benefit of those who may have occasion to visit the pyramids: —

“If you take us to the top, and bring us safely back, without saying bakshish, we will pay you when we come down; but if you ask for money, we shall give you nothing. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master.”

So, with their aid, we reach the top, look out upon the landscape at pleasure, and descend without annoyance, satisfying them with twenty cents apiece.

Travellers are usually severe in their denunciations of the Arabs, who beg unblushingly, and cheat in petty ways at every opportunity, — taking an extra piaster in making change, selling scented water for pure otto of roses, and practising many other deceits; but for swindling, fraud, and robbery there are no Bedouins of the desert that equal the hackmen and stock-jobbers of New York.



ARABIAN BAZAR.





## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SUEZ CANAL.

TEN years ago there was a man in Paris, in the full vigor of manhood, tall, well-proportioned, a pleasant gentleman, with undeveloped power beneath a calm exterior,—a diplomat in a small way, known at court, in the saloons, on the Bourse, and in bankers' chambers, but whose name had scarcely been mentioned outside of Paris, who became possessed of an idea, — old as the Pharaohs, — that of cutting a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

He reflected seriously upon the wants of modern commerce, its progress, its prospective developments. England had a weekly line of steamers to India. Passengers by thousands were crossing the Isthmus of Suez; all high-priced goods went that way; why should not heavy merchandise as well? Must vessels forever go creeping down the African coast, rounding the Cape of Good Hope, ploughing their long furrows across the Indian Ocean? He believed that modern enterprise and modern engineering would make the short cut available. He thought it over; read about it, talked of it, spent sleepless nights and wearisome days while heating up with the enterprise. He laid his scheme before his friends, interested commercial men in it, talked of its glory, its value to the world, and especially to the French nation.

The attention of M. Lesseps was drawn to the project by reading the report of M. le Père, who was employed by Bonaparte to make a survey in 1798. M. Lesseps's father was attached to the French consulate at Cairo,



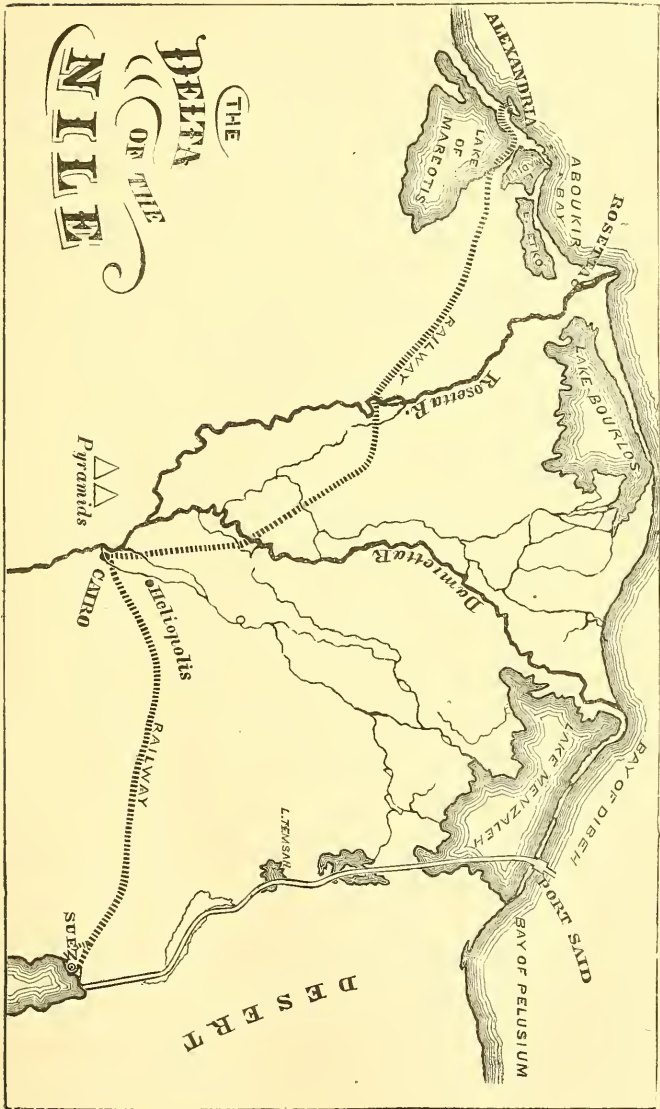
through whose influence the son obtained access to Said Pasha, before whom he unfolded his plan in 1854. After months of talking and of indefatigable effort, the enterprise took shape in the formation of *La Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez*.

The charter is to continue ninety-nine years, the managing directors to be appointed by the Egyptian government from the largest stockholders, and the work to be done wholly at the expense of the company. The Egyptian government is to receive fifteen per cent, annually, of the earnings; seventy-five per cent is to go to the general stockholders, and ten per cent to the original founders; the tariff is to be the same for ships of all nations, and the canal is to become the property of the Egyptian government at the termination of the ninety-nine years. Other items in the concession provided that four fifths of the laborers were to be Egyptians, who should receive two thirds as much compensation per diem as Europeans, and not less than twenty thousand fellahs were to be furnished by the Viceroy. The government also conceded a large tract of land on the Delta,—the same territory which was given by Pharaoh to Joseph for his father and brethren, thirty-five hundred and seventy years ago.

Everybody knows that the Isthmus of Suez is a narrow neck of land connecting Asia with Africa. Geologists inform us that formerly the Red Sea united with the Mediterranean. An examination of the belt of land shows that it has widened since the commencement of authentic history. The Gulf of Suez,—the upper portion of the Red Sea,—a few centuries ago, extended much farther inland than now. There has been a literal fulfilment of Isaiah's \* prophecy in regard to the drying up of the tongue of the Egyptian Sea.

This enterprise of M. Lesseps is by no means a new one,

\* Isaiah xi. 15.



for in the time of Sesostris, thirteen centuries before Christ, when Egypt was in its glory, the whole Delta was irrigated from the Nile by canals, one of which extended to the small lakes, which are seen in the accompanying map, and from them to the Gulf of Suez.

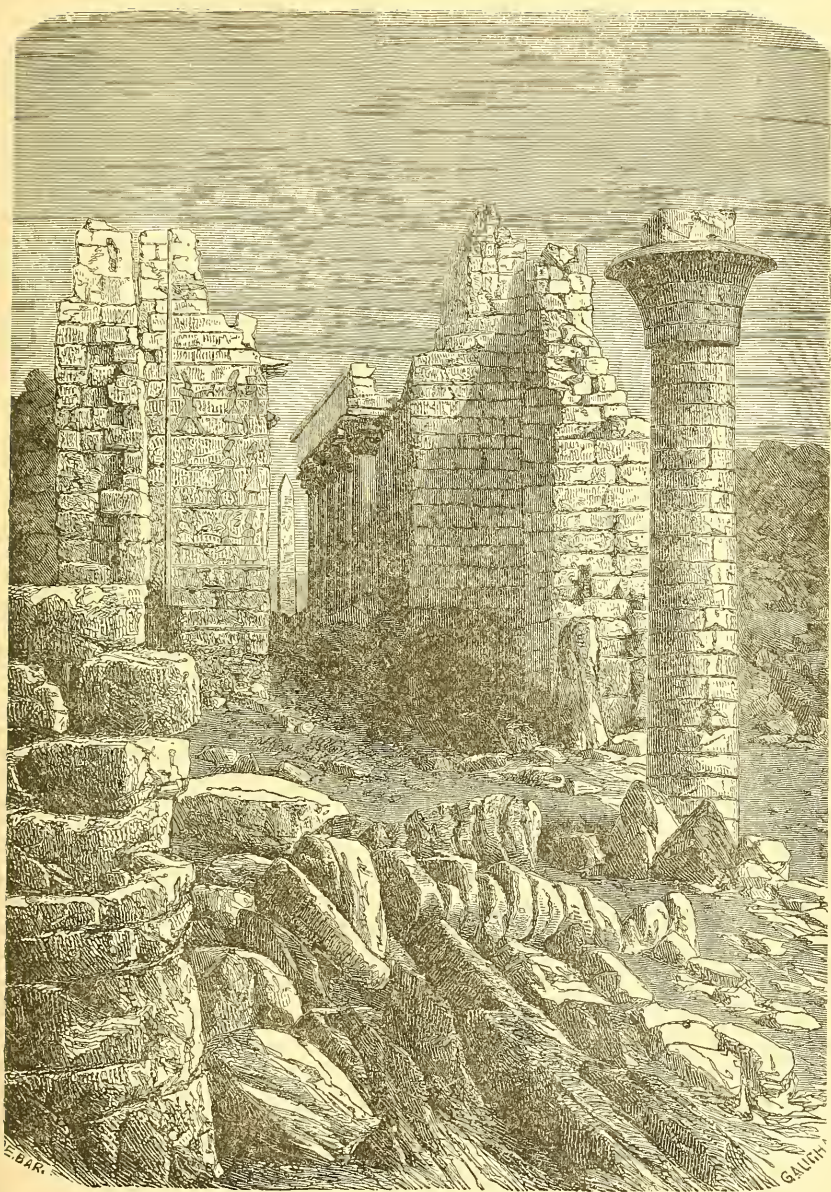
When Pharaoh Necho was on the throne, 617 B. C., a canal was commenced to connect the two seas, as Herodotus informs us; but Necho stopped the undertaking, having been informed by the Theban oracle that the maritime nations of the North would be enabled to invade the land if the enterprise was carried out. The canal was finished, however, in the reign of his successors, and was used for centuries. It was open in the time of Alexander the Great, and it was also open when Cleopatra was making Mark Antony a slave to her beauty. The Egyptian galleys which escaped the defeat at Actium were taken through it to the Red Sea. That ancient canal, according to Pliny, was about one hundred feet wide. After the downfall of the Roman power in the East it was neglected, and became filled with sand, though the line is still easily traced.

When Bonaparte was in Egypt he commissioned M. le Père to make a survey of the isthmus. He was looking out for some means of circumventing England in the far East. France must control the wealth of the East Indies. A canal would give her a short route. But the whirl of affairs in Europe put an end to the scheme.

The work which M. Lesseps proposed to accomplish was to construct a canal which should accommodate first-class sea-going steamers. He must not only excavate the canal, but make a harbor on the Mediterranean side,—a herculean task; but he had full faith that modern science was sufficient to accomplish it, provided he could obtain the funds.

The spirit of commercial enterprise was coming up in





RUINS AT KARNAK.





France. The Messageries Impériales had their steamers on every sea, and were competing successfully with England in the far East. Commercial men were ready to subscribe. Government lent a favorable ear. Prospective power and glory helped the indefatigable projector. But it was an enterprise for the world, not for France alone. England was called upon, but Lombard Street had no funds for such a project. It was ridiculed. Lesseps was insane. The bankers of the Bourse were fools. What did Frenchmen know of commercial enterprise? Besides, it was for the glory and honor of France. England could not throw her money into such a ditch. So from first to last the scheme has been ridiculed, scouted, condemned, declared to be an impossibility by the English people and English press. We have talked with many Englishmen about it, and almost without exception they declare that it will be a stupendous failure; it never will be carried through; the sand will blow in faster than it can be scooped out; it never will pay; the company will fail; the whole thing will come to grief; another instance of French stupidity and want of common sense in commercial enterprise. Such is English opinion.

The opposition of England has been more than passive. The Viceroy still acknowledges allegiance to the Sultan; and when the concession was laid before him Lord Palmerston, through the English Ambassador at Constantinople, brought his influence to bear, and persuaded the Sultan to object to the article in regard to the employment of twenty thousand Egyptian laborers. Work had commenced, but came to a stand-still, and England said the canal never would be finished.

To fully comprehend this magnificent undertaking, let us see the country as it was before a shovelful of earth had been thrown out.

It is a little more than ninety miles from the Mediter-

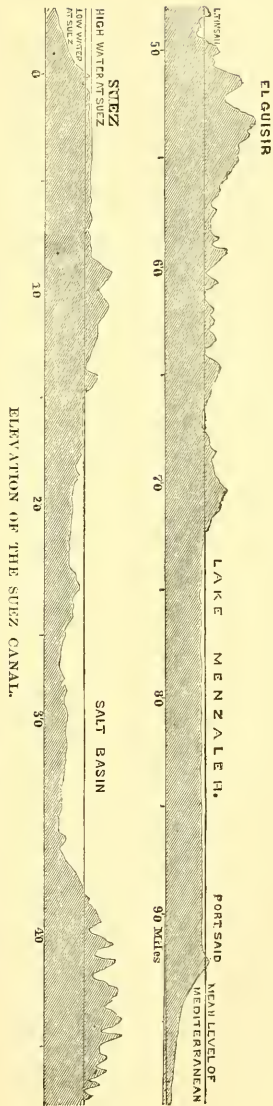
ranean to the Red Sea, along the route most feasible for the project. The engineers, sailing along the Mediterranean coast, came to the Bay of Pelusium, the great maritime port of Egypt thirty centuries ago, whence the canal of the Pharaohs was excavated to the salt-water lakes, forty miles inland. But the harbor of Pelusium is filled with sand, the bay is shallow, exposed to north winds, and unsuited to modern commerce. Twenty miles west of this ancient harbor they saw a low line of sand, — a mere embankment, three or four hundred feet wide, three feet above the sea, — thrown up by the ever-restless waves, and behind it, reaching twenty miles inland, a lagoon or lake, half salt and half fresh, connected with the sea by two narrow inlets, and with the Damietta branch of the Nile by numerous creeks. In the lake the average depth of water would not exceed five feet.

Beyond it they came to a strip of marsh, five miles wide. Crossing that they found a few sand-hills, and then a shallow lake of salt water ten miles long, with sandy marl beneath. Reaching the centre of the isthmus, they ascended the plateau of El Guisir, four miles wide, — a ridge of sand, marl, and clay, heaped from twenty-five to one hundred feet above the mean level of the Mediterranean. Beyond this they found another small lake, then another sand-ridge, — the plateau of Serapeum, — not so high as that of El Guisir, but a succession of hills, twenty to seventy-five feet higher than the sea.

Beyond this lies a basin ten miles long, deep enough to serve the purposes of navigation, filled with bitter water. In the time of Moses this undoubtedly was a part of the Red Sea, — “the tongue of the Egyptian Sea,” referred to in prophecy, which was to be dried up. The sand-storms of the desert, through the slowly rolling centuries, have done their work. The blinding drifts from the hot and parched wastes have kept creeping in from

year to year, till the natural outlet, and the canal of the ancients, of which we see vestiges here and there, have both been filled.

Notwithstanding the opposition of England, and the withdrawal of the Egyptian workmen, Lesseps persevered; obtained laborers from Italy, France, Greece, and Wallachia; and brought in a bill against the Pasha, who finally consented to submit all questions which had arisen to the arbitration of Louis Napoleon. The Emperor of France decided that the Viceroy should pay a sum amounting to sixteen million eight hundred thousand dollars to the company, on labor account, and also for the surrender of certain lands on the Delta, which had been granted to the company by the concession. This was in 1864. Up to that time the work had lagged; but, through the indefatigable energy of Lesseps, it never wholly ceased. He had called around him men of genius, who, after repeated trials, invented excavating machines, which have accomplished the work more quickly and with



greater economy than it could possibly have been done by the forced labor put on by the Pasha.

The line selected by Lesseps is just one hundred miles in length. The canal, when completed, will have the following dimensions :—

Width at top . . . . .	328 feet.
Width at bottom . . . . .	246 “
Depth . . . . .	26 “

There are no locks nor impediments of any kind ; nor is there any difference of level between the two seas, except what may be occasioned by the tides.

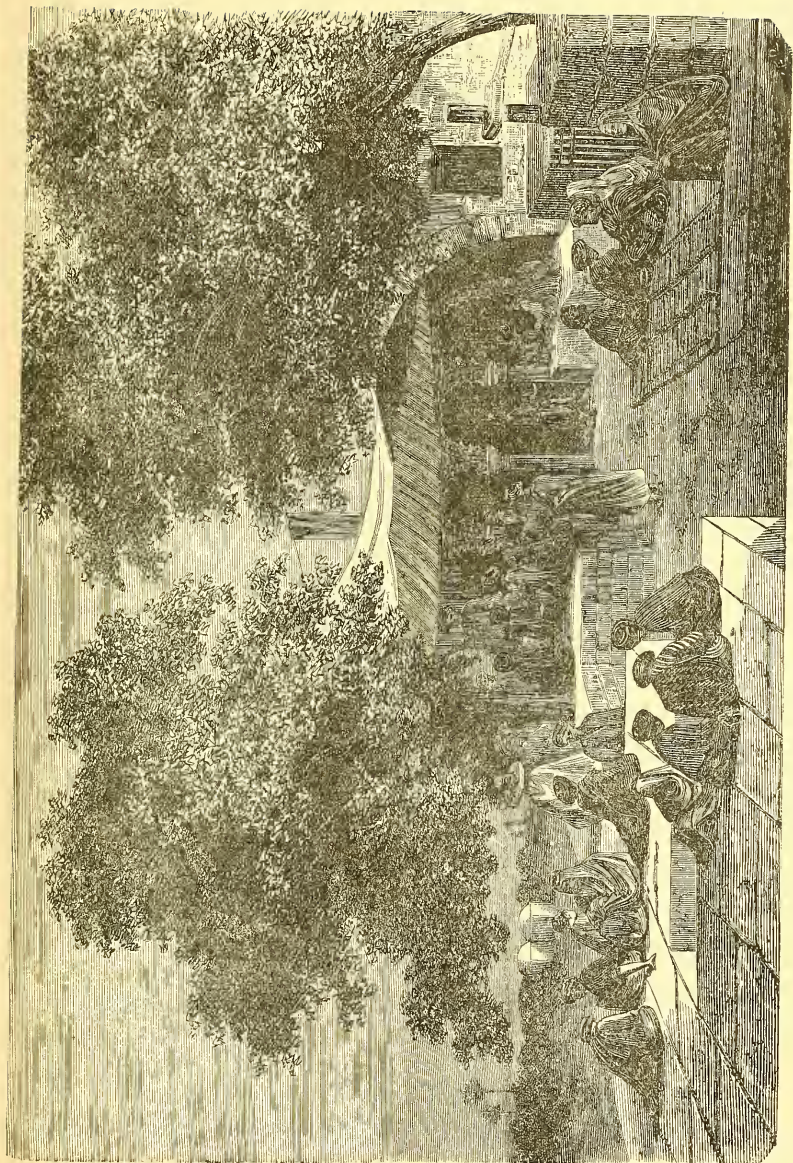
Having taken this preliminary outlook, we are prepared to see what has been accomplished.

We are in the Bay of Pelusium, on one of the steamers of the Messageries Impériales Company, with a sailor at the mast-head on the lookout for Port Said.

No high hills greet the sight, but only a low sand-beach, a forest of masts, a city, and two breakwaters extending into the sea. The wind is fresh, and the waves are dashing furiously against the newly constructed wall, which extends from the beach straight out into the sea eight thousand one hundred and seventy-eight feet. Passing the end of the wall we are sheltered by it ; and though the breakers are thundering within a few feet of us, — so near that the spray falls upon our deck, — we are in calm water.

It is not solid masonry, laid up with nicely fitting joints, but composed of blocks of stone weighing twenty-two tons each, which were manufactured on the beach, brought out on lighters, and tumbled into position. They consist of hydraulic lime, brought from Thiel in France, and sand shovelled up on the shore, — the proportions being one of lime and three of sand. The composition is moistened with salt water, mixed and moulded by machinery,





EASTERN CAFE.





and allowed to dry three months before being used. The eastern wall will be about five thousand feet in length, not parallel to the western, but converging toward it seaward, giving an area of about five hundred acres. Before us are thousands of the huge stones manufactured by this process drying in the sun, as if this were a brick-yard, and Samson and Goliath, and their brothers the strong men, had been striking them off. Men are at work handling timber, shovelling sand, unloading mules. There are numerous coalers in the port, for all the coal used by the steam-dredges on the canal, by the tugs, and by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers on the Red Sea, and by the transport steamers carrying supplies to the Abyssinian Expedition, is discharged here.

The town contains about ten thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing. The streets bear French names, — one of the main avenues being the Quay Eugenia. Articles of European and Asiatic manufacture may be purchased in the shops. Adventurers throng the streets, — army contractors from England, lively Frenchmen over from Paris with knick-knacks. Monsieur Vareau, who has had the honor to appear before his Majesty the Emperor, will give a *séance* in “slight of hand,” as flaming posters inform us.

The greater part of the inhabitants are Arabs, and they live in happy indolence. Many are stretched upon the sand, where the sun shines hottest, sound asleep, the flies buzzing around their nostrils like bees around a hive. Jugglers and gamblers are here, ready to transfer the earnings of the workmen on the canal to their own pockets.

The harbor and canal are excavated by steam. The excavators are of enormous size. Imagination may picture a machine as tall as a church-steeple, ponderous iron wheels twenty feet in diameter, buckets as big as hogs-

heads, on an endless chain ; an iron conductor, two hundred and twenty feet in length, that serves to carry the sand over the bank of the canal, when brought up by the buckets. There are seventy-two of them, each costing from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars. They are worked by powerful engines, and eat their way with great rapidity through the desert. Those who have seen the dredges in use in the harbors of our great cities will be able to form some idea of the magnitude of these machines.

Standing upon the bank of the canal, and beholding the chain of buckets coming out of the water, discharging their contents into one end of the long conductor, and a stream of water and sand pouring from the other ; remembering that every wheel, pinion, bolt, rivet, and nut has been brought from France, and put up here ; that all the coal used for the operation of the excavators has been mined a thousand feet underground in England, and shipped to this place,— we can but admire the genius, energy, and perseverance of the man who began this great enterprise, and carried it on to such a successful completion in October, 1869.

Although the work was commenced seven years ago, little progress was made till 1865. All the first machines failed. There was no fresh water for the workmen, and a canal was dug to the Nile to obtain it, from which pipes were laid across the salt marshes to Port Said ; the place otherwise would have been uninhabitable. All the provisions consumed had to be transported on camels, and often not more than three days' rations were on hand. These difficulties have been overcome. The water of the Mediterranean already flows half-way across the isthmus, while from that point barges, tug-boats, and small steamers pass over the fresh-water canal to the Red Sea at Suez. The canal at once began to compete with

the railroad from Alexandria to Suez, — contractors delivering coal at the latter port four dollars and fifty cents cheaper than by the railroad. A mail-boat passes daily from port to port. The canal is three hundred feet wide; but all efforts now are directed towards opening a channel one hundred and eighty feet in width.

The quantity of earth excavated when the canal was finished was not far from ninety-seven million cubic yards. A conception of the amount may be obtained by thinking of a line of earth one yard high and one in width, reaching more than fifty-five thousand miles, or twice around the globe!

The full capacity of the dredging-machines employed is about two million seven hundred thousand cubic yards per month; one machine has taken out one hundred and six thousand per month. The cost of the machinery is about twelve million dollars.

Going southward from Port Said, we find ourselves at once on the shallow Lake Menzaleh, through which a channel has been excavated for twenty-nine miles. The dredging-machines are still at work widening and deepening a space for the inner harbor. Tugs are towing barges loaded with mud out to sea, where it is dropped into deep water.

Beyond Lake Menzaleh low sand-hills are encountered, which continue several miles. Across these hills, running from the southwest to the northeast, is the caravan road from Egypt to Syria. Probably no portion of the earth's surface has been more tramped over than this narrow strip of sand, between Menzaleh and the smaller body of water south of it, — Lake Ballah. All the armies of the old nations, — Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Grecians, Romans, — armies of modern times, in the numberless

wars which have been waged in the East, have marched over it. It was one of the great highways of the Old World. In those days the travel was from Egypt to the northeast, but in future it is to be from sea to sea.

The canal passes through Lake Ballah, eight miles to El Guisir, the highest elevation on the line. The Arabic pronunciation of words is about as puzzling as the French. English orthographic rules are of no account in speaking Eastern languages. *El Guisir* is pronounced *Eb Girsh*!

This ridge, in some places, has an elevation of seventy feet, but being of sand, it is easily excavated.

Beyond is Lake Timseh, which is seventeen feet lower than the Nile, and which is connected with that stream by a fresh-water canal, forty feet wide, nine deep, extending to the town of Zagazig, fifty miles distant.

This canal was excavated to bring fresh water to the ship-canal for the supply of the workmen during its construction, for ships after the work is accomplished, and to irrigate the surrounding country. Five years ago this whole region was a desert, but now there are fields of barley, young palm-groves, fruit-trees, flowers, vegetation springing up everywhere, — the once barren waste literally blooming with roses.

It is said that the extended cultivation of this delta already has affected the climate; that there are heavier dews and more frequent showers. The opening of fresh-water canals and extensive irrigation will largely increase the area of cultivated land. Water turned upon the sand, if long continued, will bring forth vegetation and in time make a fertile soil, — so wonderful is the economy of nature.

Upon the northern shore of this interior lake are the offices of the company, at the town of Ismalia. A line of railway has been opened from this port to Alexandria, and Ismalia has become a large town.



From Lake Timseh to the Red Sea the canal passes through a region of bitter lakes and sand-ridges, where more or less dredging is required.

M. Lesseps has given much attention to the sand-drifts which are ever encroaching upon the delta. No difficulty is apprehended from that source. There are only a few points where sand will drift into the canal, and these can be kept clear with the dredges. The estimate of the engineers is that two machines will keep the channel free.

Between Lake Timseh and the Red Sea we find a basin, which, though dry now, evidently was once a portion of the Gulf of Suez. The depression is about seven miles long and five in width, with salt incrustations. The land between this basin and the Red Sea is quite low; and those who have studied the formation assure us that the Gulf of Suez, at a comparatively recent period, extended to this basin. Some biblical scholars are of the opinion that the water of the Red Sea filled it when the children of Israel fled from Egypt, and that this present low reach of sand, where marine shells crunch beneath our feet, was a wide sand-bar at the time. A north or east wind, blowing for any considerable length of time, combined with a low tide, would have made it completely bare.

Residents along the shores of Champlain could tell us of the effects sometimes produced on that lake by long-prevailing northern winds. Shipmasters in the harbor of Buffalo sometimes see the water becoming shallow beneath the keels of their vessels, by the continuance of northeast storms. It was but last year that the flow of water over Niagara was greatly diminished by the northeast wind blowing for several days up Lake Erie.

The account in Exodus of the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea acquires new force when read on

this spot. The event becomes not only possible, but probable. Instead of being in the domain of the miraculous, it is under natural law. The description is plain :—

“ And the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided, and the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry ground.”

While the favoring wind continued, the sand-bar was dry ; but a sudden change of the wind to the south, and an incoming tide, six feet and a half high, — the height to which it rises now, — would quickly change the scene. It was on the shore of this same Gulf of Suez that Napoleon, while riding along the beach at low tide, came near being overwhelmed by the sudden returning of the waters.

The distance from this basin to the Red Sea is twelve miles, and the whole of the sandy plain is only a foot or two above the sea. Even now a high tide and a strong southerly wind, sweeping up the gulf, between the high mountain walls which border its eastern and western shore, sometimes overflows a large portion of this ancient sand-bar.

The opening of the railway and the overland travel between Europe and the East has already built up a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants at the upper end of the Red Sea. All around is desert, but the water of the Nile has been brought there, and the great transformation has commenced. We see a large railway-station, three or four hotels, offices of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, one hotel owned by that company, where we sit down to substantial beef and pudding. The town is Egyptian, with narrow streets, houses built from dried brick and stone from the cliffs along the Red Sea, bazaars like those of Cairo, a swarthy crowd of Arabs, negroes, Nubians, Hindoos, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians, and Turks.

The canal company has constructed a breakwater half a mile long, which extends westward from the eastern side of the upper end of the gulf, to protect shipping from the strong southerly gales which sometimes blow with almost the force of a hurricane. The day before our arrival great damage was done to the small Egyptian craft in the harbor, by a gale which came on suddenly, and blew furiously throughout the day.

The original capital of the Suez Canal Company was forty million dollars ; but it became evident some time ago that it would not suffice to complete the work, and bonds were issued of the value of sixty dollars, bearing five dollars annual interest, and payable in fifty years at one hundred dollars. The holders would thus receive more than eight per cent per annum on the investment, besides the increase of forty dollars on each share at the time of payment. But the French public were not confident that the enterprise would pay, and only about six million dollars were taken.

But the enterprise had proceeded so far, and was so dear to the Emperor, that permission was given to establish a lottery, in which there were prizes varying from four hundred dollars to thirty thousand, to be drawn quarterly, and the total amount was to be two hundred thousand dollars.

The lottery bonds were to draw three per cent, and there was to be no loss of subscription. But the investment was sure to return three per cent, with a chance for one of the magnificent prizes.

The French people, ever on the alert for anything exciting, rushed to secure the bonds, and in a few days the company had between fourteen and fifteen million dollars additional capital. The receipts from all sources were quite sufficient to guarantee a successful opening of the canal. Steamers, whether screw or side-wheel,

will make the transit from sea to sea in twenty-four hours.

M. Lesseps is sanguine in his expectation that the canal will become the great maritime highway of the world. He anticipated at the outset that three million tons of merchandise per annum would take this route. The time saved between England and India would be about twenty days. But to offset this, there is the tariff, which will be two dollars per ton, and the insurance of four per cent by the Red Sea route, against two per cent by the Cape of Good Hope. Whether it accomplishes all that its projector anticipates or not, it will secure for him a place in history as one of the most indefatigable, energetic, and persevering of men.

We saw him in the Hall of Industry in Paris, at the distribution of prizes, receive the gold medal from the hands of the Emperor. He alone of all the favored recipients was greeted with applause by the vast assembly.

His work will remain forever a monument to his genius and energy in attempting to serve the interests of the whole human race.

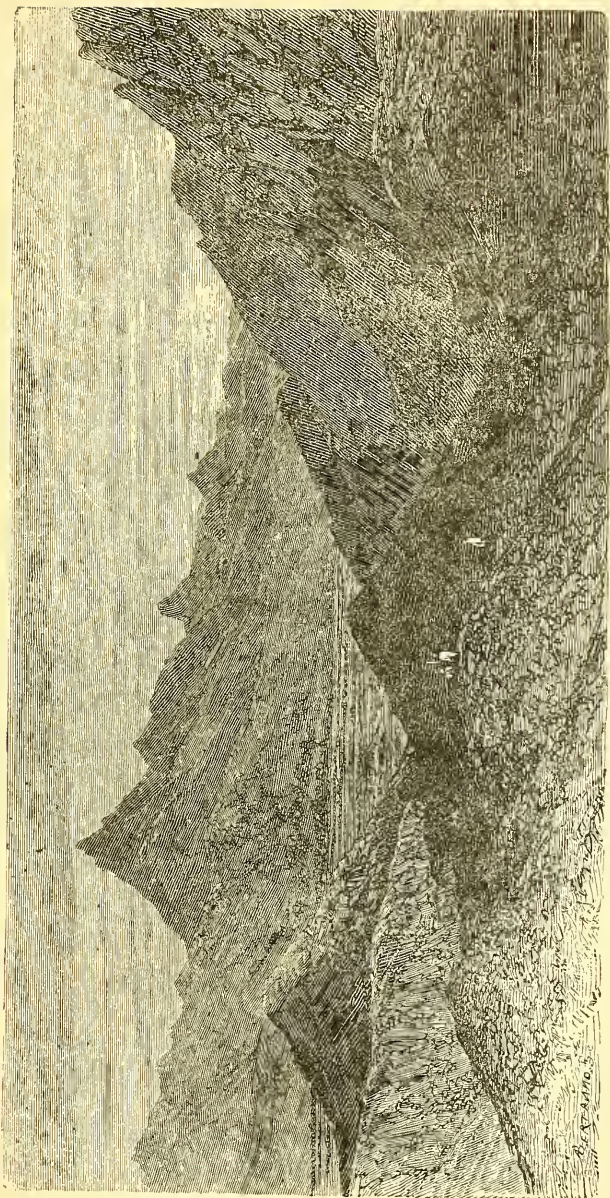
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## CHAPTER VII.

### FROM EGYPT TO INDIA.

IT was Easter Sunday, and a gala-day at Suez. There was firing of guns and pistols, blowing of trumpets, beating of drums, and jingling of donkey-bells. All the flags in town were displayed. Ordinarily the Christians of the Latin Church in Eastern countries work on the Sabbath, but on this occasion, in commemoration of





MOUNTAINS NEAR THE RED SEA.





the resurrection of the Saviour, they had a jolly time. It was a day for feasting, dancing, and general revelry. On Friday and Saturday the flags were at half-mast, because on those days Christ lay in the tomb; but on the dawn of Easter Sunday they were run up to mast-head, to signify that he had risen.



EASTER SUNDAY.

The resident population of Suez are mainly Arabs, and of course Mohammedans. Last week they had one of the yearly fasts commanded by the Koran. No food — not a crumb of bread nor a drop of water, not a whiff of smoke even — could pass their lips between sunrise and sunset. The tongue might be parched, fever might rage in

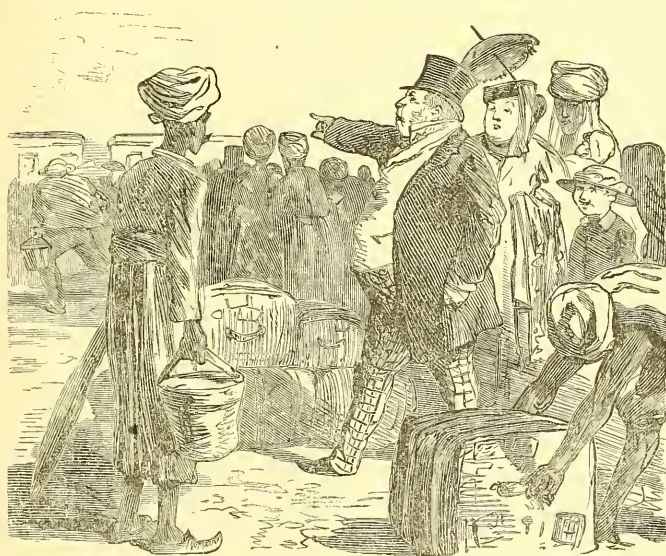
the blood, they might fall by the roadside from sheer exhaustion, but nothing could be taken. Fasting with the Mussulman is no sham; not a closing of the shop, in accordance with the proclamation of the governor, and then having a good dinner and attending the theatre in the evening. Abdallah and Yusef believe that fasting means salvation. They believe and obey their Bible,—the Koran. They are consistent.

But evidences are not wanting to show that a change is taking place in the Mohammedan faith. Abdallah and Yusef take it into their heads to visit Paris, — that paradise of the West, of which they have heard so much. Here they put on full flowing trousers of yellow satin, a pink sash of finest silk, and a green robe fringed with ermine. Morning, noon, and night they bow toward Mecca, and ask the protection of the prophet. But in Paris they appear in pantaloons. When noon comes they find no place upon the crowded boulevard where they can spread their carpet for prayer; and when they enter the Jardin Mabille they forget all about Mecca. When they get back to Constantinople or Cairo they observe the sacred fasts with roast-turkey and champagne, just as the governor's fast is observed in Boston. The world is moving in more senses than one; but where is it going to?

Suez is one of the half-way houses of the world. Every Sunday the town is kept in a bustle by the arrival and departure of steamers. In the morning we witness a rush of English passengers from Calcutta, which are sent off at nine o'clock to Alexandria. At noon another crowd arrives by the Bombay steamer, which are sent off to Alexandria in the evening; and following these, two regiments of troops on their way home, after ten years' service in the East, accompanied by wives, sweethearts, and a young regiment of *infantry*,

two hundred and eighty strong, born in India; and then, just before sunset, a train with passengers outward bound for the Bombay steamer.

It is hot weather, and the birds are flying north; and not more surely does summer bring the swallow from the south back to the shores of Old England than it calls home flocks of her people from India. A large proportion of those returning are women and children. Many



GOING HOME.

of the children pale and sickly, reminding us of beans just peering above ground, as colorless as potato-sprouts in a cellar. They would be weak and puny were they to remain in the East, but the fresh air, roast-beef, and ale of England will make a wonderful transformation in a few months.

Suez is an excellent place for studying national charac-

teristics. Yankees who come to see the canal lose none of their curiosity, Frenchmen none of their politeness, Britons none of their angles. Contact with Hindoos and Chinese does not affect the pronunciation of Englishmen. They are, if anything, more intensely English than they were before leaving home.

"Shall we find it very hot in India at this season of the year?" we ask of a gentleman at the dinner-table. "Hit depends very much were you hare, and 'ow you do hit. Hif you 'eat your blood in Hindia, you will feel the 'eat. Has far has heating is concerned, don't 'ave hany care; heat wat you please."

"You will find it very 'ot, sir," says a lady; "you will wish you was hin han hicc-'ouse." She, perhaps, would be sorely puzzled to understand what we were driving at if we were to inform her that there were extra *h*'s in her speech.

"Nonsense!" exclaims a gentleman, in such English as an American is accustomed to hear, without an extra *h* or *a*. "I have been in India ten years, and have never been troubled with the heat. I eat anything and everything, snap my fingers in the faces of the doctors, and am just as good as new."

With such comforting and assuring words, we step on board the steam-tug, and just at sunset reach the deck of the steamship Baroda, of the Peninsular and Oriental line, bound for Bombay, under the command of Captain Hazlewood. Several other steamers are in the harbor, some belonging to the Messageries Impériales Company, which is competing with the Peninsular and Oriental line for China trade and travel.

On Monday morning we are ploughing a long furrow down the Gulf of Suez over calm waters. We behold the mountains of the Sinai and Horeb range eastward, and another range quite as lofty westward. There are ragged

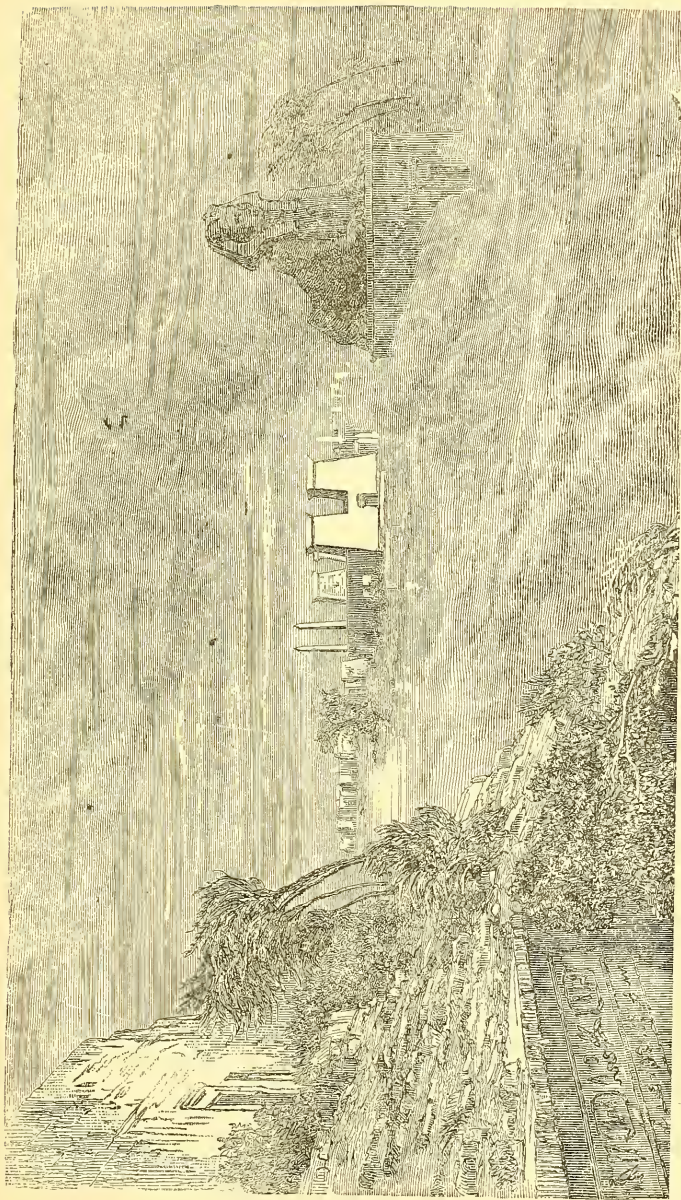




rocks and sharp peaks; perpendicular cliffs, without a sign of vegetation. There is no grass, no flower, no shrub or tree, nothing but the everlasting rock to cast a shadow in the weary land. The mountains are as bare as in the primeval years. In the hollows and gorges there are drifts of white sand, whirled up by the hot winds of the desert, gleaming in the blazing sun like the glaciers of the Alps. Over all the range there falls a purple light, which changes to reddish hues as the sun sinks into the west. Its crimson colors, reflected in the sea, give a name to this arm of the Indian Ocean, reaching one thousand three hundred and forty miles inland.

Mount Sinai is not visible from the steamer, a range of hills rising abruptly from the water hiding it from our view. One can hardly realize that just over those bleak and barren hills, — so forbidding, so incapable of supporting human life, — that the children of Israel lived forty years; that there the world received that short and simple code of laws which Jesus Christ summed up in one sentence, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself"; upon which hang not only all the law and the prophets, but all that is good, just, and right in all other codes. Sometimes a person is almost tempted, in these days when materialism is asserting its mighty powers, to doubt that wonderful history of the past; to say that no multitude ever marched down the desolate coast, amid those burning sands, with the mountain wall glowing like a heated furnace about them, lived among these mountains year after year, and finally reached the land of Canaan; but as the pyramids in their solemn grandeur attest that Egypt four thousand years ago was peopled by a mighty race, so there are indisputable witnesses to the truth of the Bible history of the children of Israel.

A little way up from the sea-shore are fountains sur-



4000 YEARS AGO.

4000





rounded by a patch of green. They are known as the wells of Moses,—the bitter water of Marah once, but sweet and refreshing now. It was at this season of the year—in April—that the Israelites marched over these sands, gleaming then, as now, in the hot sun, and drank of the fountains. It is a place where we might profitably sit down and muse upon the past,—trace the history of that wonderful people, peculiar then, peculiar now, who have preserved their national characteristics from that day to the present. The Egyptians and the Assyrians have disappeared; Greece, Rome,—all the old nations, have passed away; the new nations are changing,—some going out like a candle's flickering flame, others just beginning to shed their light; but the Jews, though having no national organization, though scattered to every land and clime, are Jews still. How happens it?

Two days' steaming brings us opposite Mecca, which lies one hundred and twenty miles inland. Djiddah is the port, the landing-place for all pilgrims who go from the West to the holy shrine of the prophet. The days of great caravans from Egypt have passed, never to return. Occasionally one comes from the East or the North over the deserts, but by far the largest number of pilgrims land at Djiddah. They are brought down the Red Sea by the Pasha's steamers. It is the easiest and cheapest route, and Ismail Pasha makes a good thing of it. In January, February, and March the Russian, Austrian, and Egyptian steamers from Constantinople and Smyrna to Alexandria are loaded with pilgrims, who, if they can reach Mecca, care little whether they live or die, for they are sure of an entrance into paradise. The number of pilgrims this year is said to be much smaller than in previous years. We have heard no reason assigned; possibly there are hard times in the desert. It is not in Boston, New York, and Chicago alone that men talk of hard times, of high prices of



living ; but we hear it at Constantinople, Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus. It costs the Bedouin more to live now than it did before the gold-fields of California and Australia were discovered, — before the slaveholders of the United States quadrupled the price of cotton by the Rebellion, and threw the whole world into a fever of speculation. It probably is not from any waning of faith in Mohammedanism that there are fewer pilgrims, but



BOUND FOR MECCA.

from want of means to reach Mecca. Yet there are some indications that infidelity is creeping into Islam. Fanaticism is disappearing, other religions are tolerated, and the injunctions of the Koran not so implicitly obeyed as in former years.

Below Mecca is Mocha, the great coffee port of Arabia. We pass it at night, but its minarets are visible in the daytime from the deck of the steamer. The coffee

is raised in the interior, in Arabia Felix, and brought down on camels. The flavor of the Mocha coffee is very mild and agreeable; but we will not dwell upon the subject, for painful it must be, in these days of burnt beans, roasted corn, chiccory, and carrots, to think of those good old times when everybody knew that breakfast was ready by the delicious aroma which exhaled from the coffee-pot in the kitchen.

Probably there is no body of water in the world which is more dangerous to navigate than the Red Sea. In the northern portion the wind, almost throughout the year, blows from the north; at the southern end it blows as uniformly from the south; while in the middle, near the tropical line, it frequently does not blow at all. These counter breezes produce currents which set in various directions, occasionally strong enough to sweep steamers out of their course. They are irregular, sometimes scarcely perceptible, at others almost as powerful as the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, or that other ocean river which flows along the coast of Japan.

"We have to steer to a degree in this sea; we cannot run by the points of the compass," says Captain Hazlewood, who never relaxes his vigilance, but keeps a sharp lookout day and night.

Notwithstanding the care and caution exercised by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, several of their vessels have been wrecked.

As yet there are but three light-houses between Suez and the Straits of Babel-man-deb, a distance of more than thirteen hundred miles. Two of them are on dangerous reefs, which lie almost in the path of the steamers. One is forty miles from the main-land. At low tide the reef shows itself above the water, and those who have the care of the light can walk a few rods upon the sand. The Egyptian government keeps three men stationed

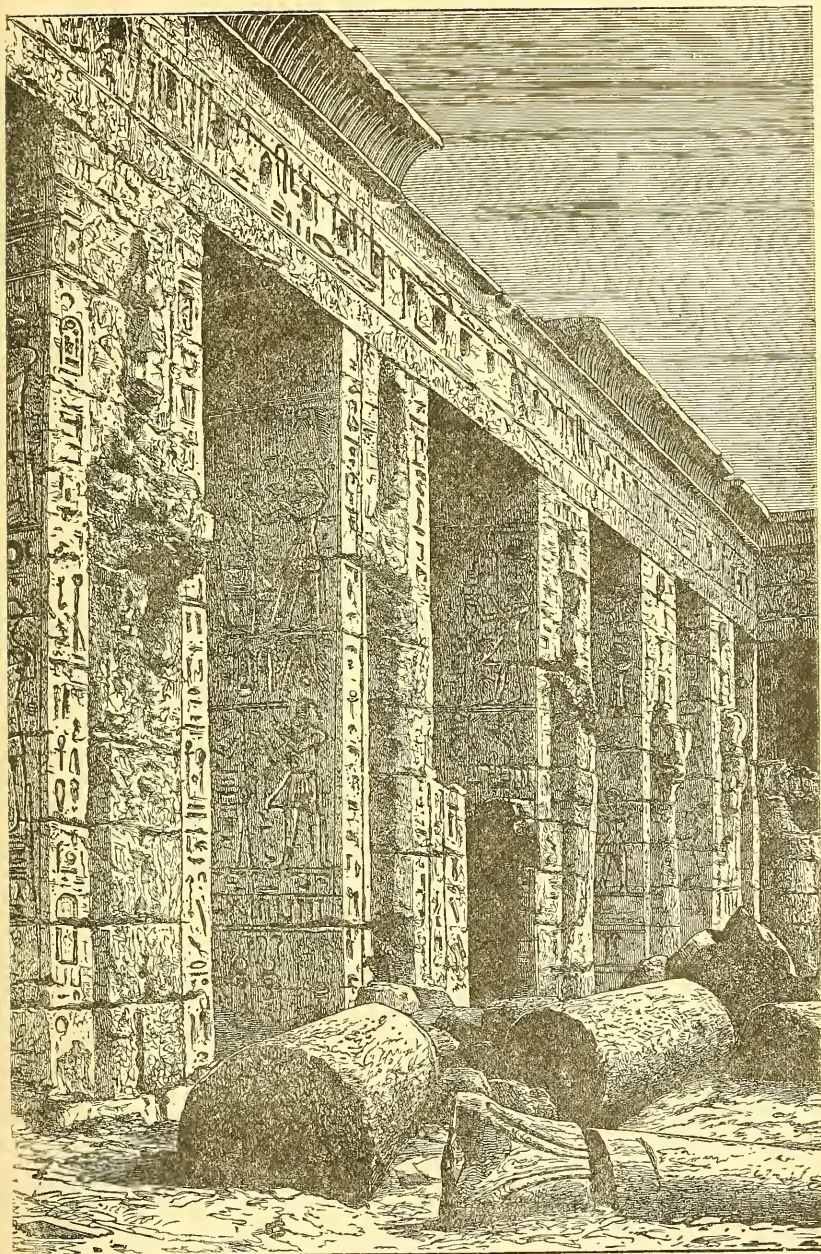
there, who, after ninety days' service, are allowed one month's absence, their places being supplied by others. Think of being cooped up in an iron box, a little larger than a bird-cage, set on stilts in the middle of the sea, the waves foaming beneath, the spray dashing against the trembling structure, the mercury at  $87^{\circ}$  in midwinter and  $140^{\circ}$  in June!

It is well for the rest of us that men can be found who are willing to be grilled and roasted in that oven. The dangers from currents, winds, reefs, and heat are so many that sailing vessels never will navigate the Red Sea to any great extent, unless towed by steamers, — a matter to be taken into account in estimating the benefits to be derived from the Suez Canal.

At the southern extremity of the sea is the island of Perim, situated near the Arabian coast, and commanding the channel. It is nearly two miles long and three fourths of a mile wide, with a light-house upon its highest point. It is a barren rock, the perfection of desolation, but important in a military point of view. It belonged to Turkey, but England took possession of it in 1857, and holds it by a squad of English troops, who are relieved every three months.

Louis Napoleon sent a fleet round the Cape of Good Hope to seize this position, which commands the highway to India. The admiral, on his way, called at Aden, one hundred miles east, to pay his respects to the English. Of course there was a dinner, and while the champagne went round one of the subalterns let out the secret that they were going to Perim. While they tarried over the wine, the English commander sent a gunboat and seized the place. The Frenchman in due time departed to execute his mission, and found the British flag flying on the rock, and a company of soldiers in camp. No fortifications have been erected, but England having once seized





TEMPLE-PALACE OF RHAMSEES III.





territory is not in the habit of giving it up, and so the soldiers remain.

The narrow strait connecting the Red Sea with the Indian Ocean bears the Arabic name of Babel-man-deb, — the “Gate of Tears.” Here many a pilgrim bound for Mecca, to make paradise sure by kissing the holy stone in the Kábah, has had his hopes cut short by finding a grave beneath the turbulent waters.

It was across this narrow passage, according to Rawlinson, that the sons of Cush journeyed east from Upper Egypt and Abyssinia to the Euphrates, and laid the foundation of the first Assyrian Empire, several hundred years before the confusion of tongues. Solomon’s ship, from Ezion-geber, sailed through these straits, and crept along the coast to India; and in the time of the Ptolemies small vessels, edged their way from headland to headland; but from that time to the establishing of the Peninsular and Oriental line of steamships few sails whitened these waters. Now steamers pass almost daily, and it has become one of the gateways of the world.

The great coaling station of the Indian Ocean is at Aden, on a peninsula which juts out from the Arabian coast in the form of a sickle. Hours before reaching it we have rugged mountains in view, which rise from the point of the peninsula, and which, ages ago, were seething, bubbling, thundering volcanoes. The cones are about one thousand feet high, and it is hardly possible to conceive of a place more desolate, barren, and forbidding than the confused heaps of lava and pumice which rise before us.

But the harbor is capacious and well protected by these mountains of cinders from the heavy sea which breaks on the Arabian coast during the southwest monsoon. As we approach the entrance we behold fifteen steamers and over forty ships and barks in port, be-

sides numerous small craft of the Arabian coast. The Rangoon, from Bombay ; the Nubia, from Calcutta, with China passengers, have just dropped anchor. The Bengal, from Bombay, with troops, is getting up steam to depart for Annesley Bay ; the Agamemnon, with more troops, is about to follow ; the French steamer for Ceylon and China, and the steamer for Mauritius, are waiting mails' and passengers ; gunboats and war steamers are waiting orders ; tugs steam here and there with barges in tow ; Arab sail-boats, with prows like the snouts of lean swine, with high poop-decks like the vessels which we see in old pictures, are cutting round the harbor, manned by bareheaded, bare-breasted, bare-legged men, some with shaven crowns, others with mops of yellow hair, in texture, fibre, curl, and kink like the wool of Southdown sheep, their complexion a dingy bronze, their clothing a strip of cloth wrapped round the loins. Besides these there are smaller boats, a trifle larger than chopping-trays, managed by boys, flourishing paddles shaped like mustard-spoons.

They swarm around the steamer, looking up with eager eyes for the dropping of a piece of money overboard. We throw a penny into the water, and in an instant every boat is emptied. A family of young frogs sunning themselves on the brink of their native pool, just changed from tadpoles to froghood, lithe and nimble, could not jump in more quickly. Down they go to the bottom. We see them groping for the prize, which when found is fiercely fought for. They struggle, wrestle, pull each other's hair, beneath the waves, then come to the surface, one of them clutching the treasure. They climb into their trays, bail out the water with their hands, and beg in unintelligible gibberish for another toss.

Some of the adult natives, wearing little clothing, but with hair enough on their heads to stuff a hassock, come

on board with ostrich-plumes for sale. Many English ladies, journeying to or from India, supply themselves with feathers here at prices much cheaper than those charged by the milliners of London or Calcutta.

The place is strongly fortified by batteries commanding the harbor. The English call it the Gibraltar of the East. Immense tanks have been made for the preservation of rain-water, and a distilling apparatus has been



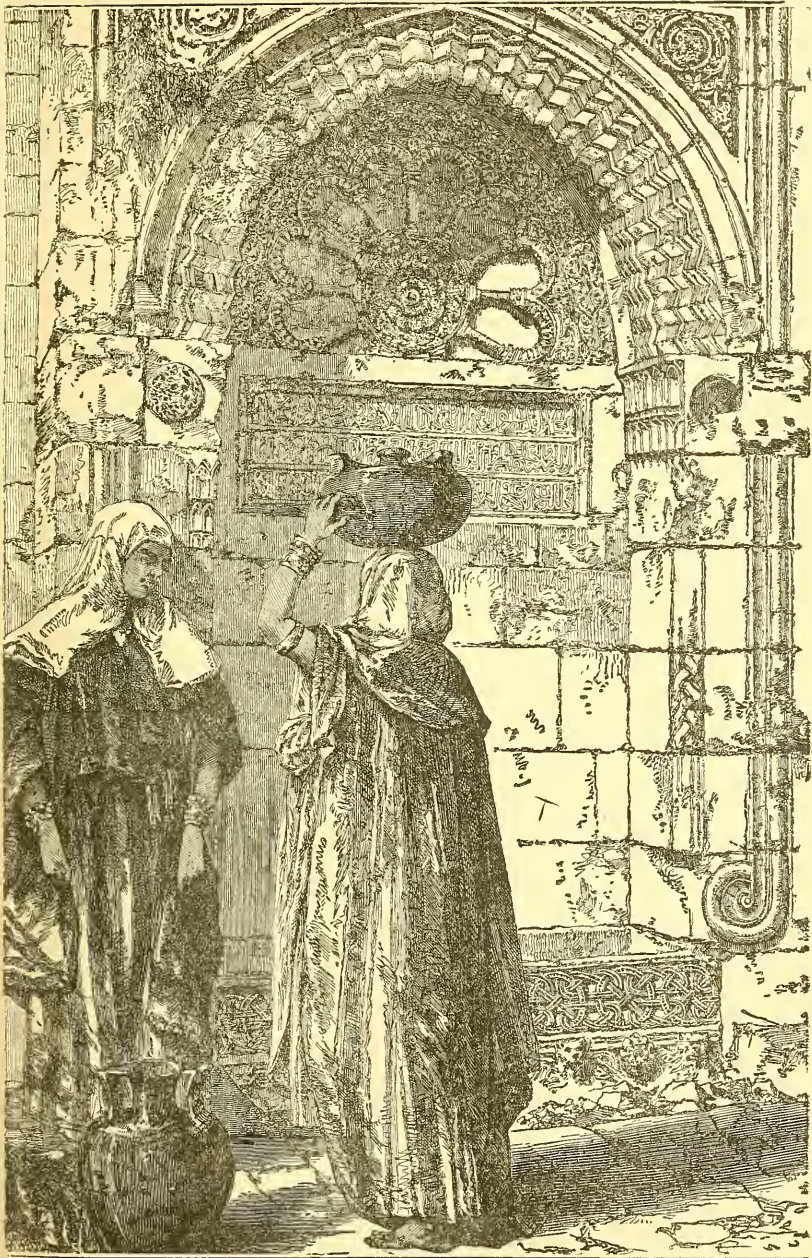
NATIVES OF ADEN.

erected. Provisions for the garrison sufficient for a three years' siege are stored in the fortress. Wide streets, a well-built quay, substantial buildings, attest the energy and enterprise which has worked a wonderful transformation on this heap of cinders. Fresh provisions are brought in by the Arabs. Sweeping the northern horizon with a glass, we see a low plain, with mountains in the far distance, an Arab village, palm-trees, and other

signs of verdure, so that Aden is not the dreariest place in the world. Being a half-way station on the great Eastern highway, it has become an important place, which England will hold so long as her flag floats over the soil of India.

Steamers are almost as numerous on the Indian Ocean as on the Atlantic. The traffic and travel between India and England is so great that a large fleet is required. The Peninsular and Oriental Company have just made a contract with the British government for carrying the mails during the next twelve years. They have in all forty-nine steamers, distributed as follows: Twelve on the Mediterranean, six between Suez and Calcutta, thirteen between Bombay and Suez, three between Ceylon and Sydney, seven between China and Japan, and eight transports. Most of these are from eighteen hundred to two thousand tons. They run at a lower speed than the Atlantic steamers, the contract time being nine and a half knots per hour. A higher rate requires a large consumption of coal, which is a great item where it costs fifteen dollars per ton. The contract stipulates for a weekly mail between Suez and Bombay, a fortnightly mail between Suez, Ceylon, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Yokohama, and a monthly mail from Ceylon to Australia. The Bombay and the Calcutta and China steamers all run to Suez, and all touch at Aden. The travel is so great in the spring and fall that it is not unusual for passengers to secure their tickets six months in advance. The officers are courteous, and look well after the comfort and convenience of the passengers, — at least such is the case on the Baroda. Captain Hazlewood is an excellent commander; keeps his ship neat and tidy, is sociable at table, ever ready to do anything to make the time pass pleasantly to his passengers. Each steamer is provided with a physician, steward, stewardess, and a troop of waiters.





ARAB FOUNTAIN.



The crews are mainly Hindoos and Malays, who, under European officers, make excellent sailors. They are light and agile, run up the shrouds, slip down the ropes, or hang dangling in the air like monkeys, doing their work without grumbling.

The table is spread with a bountiful supply of substantial food, yet many of the passengers find fault with the fare. Set forth the best, and they will want it a little better, or at least a little different. Accustomed to have the juiciest beef at home, they growl and lose their temper, and make themselves red with swearing because they cannot have it equally tender in the tropics. But they get good mutton-chop. There are a half-dozen pens amidships, filled with the long-eared sheep of the East, which take on fat easily, and do not lose it on shipboard in these hot climates. The breakfast chops are delicious, and the joints sweet enough for an epicure. Considering that the route of the steamers from Suez to China is wholly within the tropics, it is surprising what excellent dinners the steward can provide.

Passengers must be prepared for hot weather. The atmosphere for about six hundred miles is steamy and sticky. Knives, watch-keys, watch-pinions, rivets, screws, and bolts in trunks or about the ship, take on a coat of rust. In midsummer the heat on the Red Sea is fearful. The negro firemen have sometimes dropped dead by the furnaces, in the months of June, July, and August; but no one travels then, unless compelled by military orders or the imperative demands of business. The passage in the winter and spring months is delightful. Our trip across the Indian Ocean has been over a smooth sea, with a gentle breeze, sufficient to keep us comfortable, though the mercury is nearly up to ninety. The waves are smooth now; but a month hence, in May, the southwest monsoon will be blowing, and then there will be lively times on shipboard.



The native boats which navigate this ocean have sharp, thin, low bows, high and wide stern; one tall mast forward, supporting a great square lateen-sail; a short mast aft, carrying a narrow, triangular sail. Americans would hardly venture upon such boats for a trip from one head-



RATHER WARM.

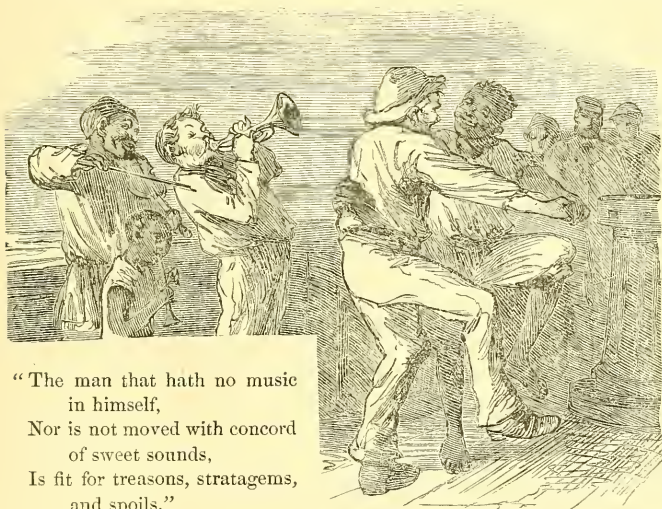
land to another. Yet these East-Indians, without sextant or quadrant, and with but little knowledge of the science of navigation, having only a rude native compass and log, strike boldly out to sea, and make the passage to Aden, a distance of nearly seventeen hundred miles.

At this season of the year they have cloudless days and nights, make their way by the sun and stars, and can keep tolerable reckoning; but it is a voyage that few of us would like to undertake, unless compelled by stern necessity.

We are not without entertainment on board the steamer. Every night the forward deck presents a lively scene.



The sailors are fond of dancing, and are not at all particular about their partners. Hearing the orchestra tuning up, we go forward and find a red-faced Englishman, with distended cheeks, blowing fearful blasts on an old brass trumpet, a full-grown Malay scraping a violin, and a little Hindoo boy tooting a flageolet. Rhythm and



“The man that hath no music  
in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord  
of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems,  
and spoils.”

THE JOLLY MARINERS.

melody are of no particular account, noise is everything ; and the crew are enjoying themselves with break-downs and double-shuffles. The louder the music the more vigorous the action. An Irishman and a negro undertake a waltz, whirling round the capstan amid the enthusiastic cheers of the admiring crowd.

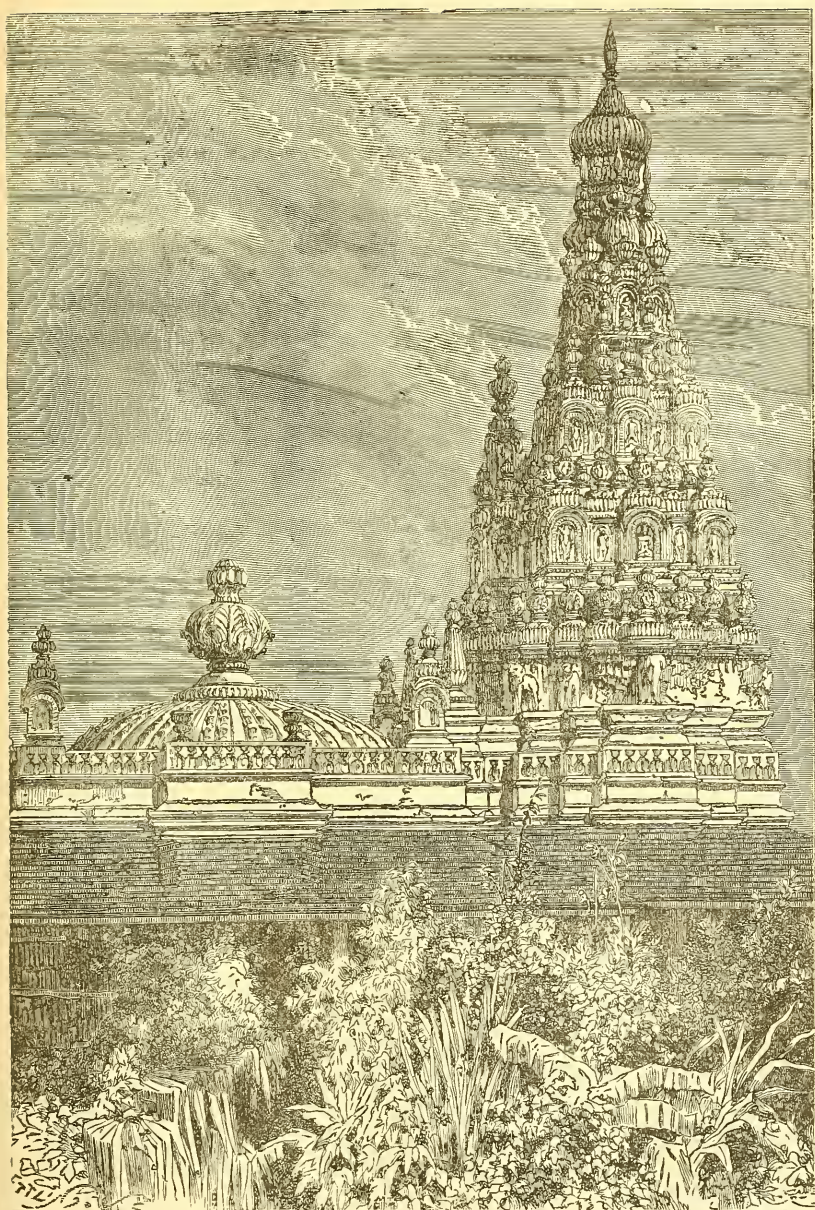
## CHAPTER VIII.

## BOMBAY.

LOOKING northward from the deck of our steamer, we behold a long line of breakers tumbling over a rocky reef. Around us hundreds of sail-boats are bowing and courtesying on the waves, like partners in a quadrille; before us lie a fleet of ships at anchor, slowly swinging with the tide; beyond them, through the haze of the morning, we dimly see the confused mass of buildings which constitute the city of Bombay. Forming the background are hillocks, crowned with palm-trees, on the north side of the bay; while eastward and southward the ocean is bounded by hills and mountains. Such is our first view of India.

Steaming into the harbor, we are met by a tug, which slowly works its way alongside, puffing and wheezing like an old man afflicted with the asthma. The mail-bags are taken on board, an immense pile, the weekly correspondence between England and India. The custom-house officers come on board, and courteously perform their duty; and then the native boatmen quickly take us to the landing. There are no piers or docks in the harbor; steamships and sailing vessels anchor in the stream, and everything is transferred to lighters. Carriages are waiting, and we are whirled up a wide avenue, turning now to the right, now to the left, amid scenes unlike anything in Constantinople, Damascus, or Cairo.

The Byculla Hotel is said to be the best in Bombay. It is a building about two hundred feet long, seventy wide,



PAGODA. BOMBAY.





and four stories high, with green lattice-work from the bottom to the top, as if it was a huge hennery ; but, alighting from our carriage, we enter a portico, and find a wide veranda behind the lattice. The lower story is one vast room. In the centre stands a long dining-table. At one end is the office, at the other are billiard-tables. On one side are sofas, chairs, and lounges, and desks upon which are spread the newspapers of India and England. In one corner is a bar, with fine-cut decanters upon the shelves, and a pyramid of ale-bottles, bearing the trademark of "Bass & Co." Windows and doors are wide open for a free circulation of air, and hundreds of sparrows, seeking shelter from the blazing sun, chirp and chatter from the beams above us. If we wish to dine in private, we may sit down at one of the small tables ranged along the walls, and the Hindoo waiters will surround us with movable screens ; but it is cooler and more comfortable at the public table, where the breezes, perfumed with jessamines, honeysuckles, and magnolias, blow in upon us through the open windows, and where the punka is swaying over our heads.

The punka is a frame covered with cotton cloth, worked by ropes, and serves the double purpose of cooling us while eating and keeping the flies from the food. It is common in private houses, counting-rooms, and churches, and is a necessity in a country where for half the year the temperature in dining-room and bedchamber ranges from 85° to 110°. It would be a comfort in America during the summer months ; but if adopted, and if the good ladies were to cease rattling their palm-leaf fans in church, would not the congregation drop off to sleep, provided the preacher was prosy ? The sleeping-apartments in the hotel are about thirty feet square, with bath-rooms attached. The only way in which a person can cool off is by bathing. Morning and evening, and sometimes at

noon, the residents resort to the bath to bring the blood down to an endurable temperature.

The city of Bombay is the largest in India. The census of 1864 gave a population of 816,000. It is built on a cluster of islands, connected with one another and with the main-land by causeways and by filling up the shallows, so that now it forms a long peninsula. The harbor is on the south side, is capacious, deep, and sheltered from the heavy swells that roll in from the Arabian Sea during the monsoons. The city extends over a large area. The government buildings and barracks occupy the farthest point of the peninsula.

Farther up the city is the European business section. It is called the "Fort," from the fact that it was once fortified, but the walls have been pulled down, and commerce now has peaceful possession. The "hub" of Bombay is "Elphinstone Circle," around which are stately edifices, — banks, insurance offices, and counting-houses. The streets are wide, macadamized, and kept in excellent order. Bombay, like Boston, has its "Back Bay." Going west a short distance from the Circle, we come to a large tract of made-land, — a trotting-park and pleasure-ground, filled in by a company which was formed several years ago, when there was a plethora of money, and everybody had the speculative fever, and men, like mackerel, were as ready to bite a bare hook as one well baited. The shares of the company were sold at fabulous prices. It was to be one of the best investments the world ever heard of. Suddenly there was a collapse, and the holders discovered that it was another South Sea bubble. But the opening of the lines of railway through the country has raised the value of real estate, and the Back Bay may yet be covered with costly buildings.

A wide parade-ground separates the European business section from the Hindoo and Mohammedan quarters.

Entering the latter, we find houses of brick three or four stories high, with steep tiled roofs, — the lower stories used for shops and bazaars, the upper rooms swarming with women and children. A dense crowd is in the streets, — a large portion on foot. Many are in canvas-topped buggies, or *shigrams*, — covered four-wheeled carriages, with seats for four, drawn by one horse, the body of the carriage hanging low between the wheels. There are private coaches, elegant as any seen in Boston or New York; omnibuses; carts drawn by oxen, not only for the conveyance of goods, but passengers also.

Would that the farmers of New England could see how the Hindoos manage their oxen. Think of a pair of lean, lank, humpbacked kine, with enormous horns sticking straight up into the air; a straight piece of round wood



AT FULL SPEED.

six inches in diameter for a yoke ; four pins, each about ten inches long, driven into it to keep it in place ; ropes instead of bows, not lashed to the horns, but tied round the necks ; a cord in the nose of each ox, with reins attached ; a two-wheeled cart with four seats, the driver sitting in front bareheaded, bare-armed, bare-footed, bare-legged, *barely* dressed in every respect, — his only raiment being a cloth about the loins ; several Hindoo passengers, with no more clothing than himself ; the oxen upon a trot or canter, the dusky Jehu handling the reins adroitly, turning sharp corners, picking his way through the crowd as easily and quickly as the hackmen of New York can thread their course through Broadway.

Proceeding farther inland, we reach the suburbs, where the Europeans, Parsees, and rich native merchants reside, and find broad avenues, as smooth as a sea-beach, shaded by tropical trees in great variety. We pass stately palaces surrounded by spacious gardens ; look up the long gravelled walks, and behold flowers of every hue, — exotics of the temperate zone mingled with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, — oleanders, magnolias, laburnums, acacias, oranges, lemons, honeysuckle, verbenas, roses, azalias, petunias, tiger-lilies, — the entire flora of our green-houses blooming in the open air ; vines and creepers, clematis and jessamine climbing the walls, and overrunning arbors ; trees wholly unlike those we are accustomed to see ; no elms, no maples or giant oaks, but the tall and slender palm, the palmyra and cocoanut, with their green plumes waving in the breeze ; the India-rubber-tree, the teak, the fig, and mango ; the banyan, a grove in itself, sending new trunks from its limbs down into the generous earth, and spreading its branches far and wide, thickly throwing out its leaves and making a delightful shade.

The Parsee does his best to make his earthly home a paradise. His palace is large and lofty, with wide veran-



das and passage-ways running in all directions, so that, let the breeze come from the sea or the mountains, from the north or the south, it may sweep through his halls.

The Parsees are the Yankees of the East, — the business men who have the knack of making money. They surpass the English in the elegance of their residences. Beyond the palaces and villas we come to the plains, extending northward and eastward, bounded in the dim distance by mountains.

In approaching the city from the sea, or looking down upon it from the hotel, we see a long reach of tiled roofs, wide streets, open lots, patches of green foliage, with but few objects to attract special attention.

Taking a walk before the sun is up, we behold queer scenes in the streets. The people are just rising, some from bamboo cots, but hundreds of them from the ground in front of their shops and houses, where they have slept through the night. Turning a corner suddenly, we fall headlong over a young man, who springs to his feet, angry at being thus unceremoniously disturbed; but an apology, given in pantomime, restores his good nature, and we laugh together over the incident.

The Hindoo religion has one excellent feature, in that it requires cleanliness. The climate also demands it; and not only in the morning, but several times during the day, the natives cool their blood and keep the pores of the body open by ablutions. It is an entertaining spectacle to look down the street and see the general washing up. One man pours water by the bucketful over his neighbor, while another friend rubs and scrubs with brush or broom, each in turn taking a *douche*. Mothers are washing their babies in large earthen jars, as if engaged in putting down pickled lobsters or desiccated meats, the little imps squirming and kicking up their heels in vain remonstrance.



WASHING UP.

The children, like those in many American homes, are up bright and early, making mud-pies. They are not dressed quite well enough to make their appearance at an American Sunday school. In a country where the father and mother make a small piece of cloth serve for full dress, it is not in the nature of things that their offspring should appear in coat, vest, and pants, or with crinoline and trails like those with which some ladies sweep the streets of American cities. The attire of the maidens of the West—especially the ball-room dresses—have longer skirts, and are perhaps not quite so low in the neck, as the costumes worn by their sisters in India; but in the display of jewelry, the dark-featured ladies of this country can outshine them all.

Take a look at this black-haired mother, who has decked herself with a heavy necklace of gold chains and English sovereigns, silver armlets above each elbow, ten

bracelets upon her wrists, so many rings upon her fingers that we cannot count them, twelve rings with little tinkling silver bells dangling from her ears, rings on her toes, and a jewel in the nose !



JEWELS AND ORNAMENTS.

Notice, too, how lavishly she has adorned the darling in her arms, — body, thighs, legs, ankles, toes, fingers, wrists, arms, neck, ears, and nose ornamented with rings, chains, charms, jewels, bracelets, and bangles ! Quite a display for a girl who has not yet celebrated her first birthday anniversary !

The question is solved as to what becomes of the silver. India absorbs it. A love for ornaments is charac-

teristic of men as well as of women in India, many of them wearing bracelets and nose-rings.

The population of the country is nearly one hundred and eighty millions, and it may be said that each individual has upon an average four or five rings, bracelets, or charms, usually of silver. Doubtless there are at least ten hundred million ornaments worn by the natives, but no estimate can be made of their value. Through all ages India has swallowed up silver, and the absorption is as great to-day as ever. The coin of the country is mostly silver. The native does not like a gold currency. Attempts have been made to introduce it, but without success.

As the crowd thickens, we see turbans of all sizes, shapes, and colors. A native kindly permits us to examine his head-gear, which is composed of a strip of cloth one hundred and fifty yards in length. It is of scarlet, and curiously and wonderfully made, plaited in the centre for the crown of the head, and wound round and round, fold upon fold, making a truck three inches thick and two feet in diameter! The numerous red, yellow, blue, white, green, and purple turbans in motion remind us of a bed of variegated poppies, moved by a passing breeze. Conspicuous in the crowd are the native policemen, in blue coats and pants, wearing yellow turbans shaped like toadstools; they walk with dignified step, conscious of their authority, carrying a cat-o'-nine-tails.

We notice a crimson spot upon a wall surrounding a garden, as if some one had there upset a pot of paint; but a friend informs us that there is a god somewhere in the wall, and that the paint has been smeared there as an offering to the deity.

Turning the corner of a street, we come upon a toddy-seller, who has a sign in English, "Licensed to keep and sell toddy"; and an English sailor, in a blue jacket and





rock. Not only here, but in many places throughout Western India, similar temples are found. It is supposed that they were cut by the Buddhists, when that religion was in the ascendant. No temples erected by the Buddhists are now in existence; they have been destroyed, or have crumbled during the centuries which have passed since the sect has died out in India. But those of Elephanta are excavated in the volcanic rock, and can only perish when the rock itself shall fall. The temples are entered by magnificent doorways, cut in the face of the precipice. The approach is by a series of broad stone steps. Two rudely sculptured lions guard the entrance-way, like those which showed their teeth at the Christian pilgrims who approached the palace Beautiful, as set forth in Bunyan's allegory. There are halls, passages, courts, some admitting the sun, others dark and gloomy till lighted by torches. In the largest hall are colossal images, twenty feet high, representing Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Shiva the destroyer. In the dark recesses are minor deities. Here, in ancient times, multitudes of worshippers came, but now the halls are deserted, and the immense excavation only remains as a silent witness of the civilization and religion of the by-gone centuries.

The population of Bombay, as we see from the crowd in the streets, is very dense. According to the census of 1864, it is divided as follows:—

Hindoos . . . . .	585,968
Mohammedans . . . . .	145,880
Parsees . . . . .	49,201
Europeans . . . . .	8,415
Jews . . . . .	2,872
Other races . . . . .	24,226
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>816,562</b>

The census gave about twenty-one persons to each house throughout the city. The natives have few comforts. They herd together like sheep, each one lying down upon the floor, without mattress or comforter. A blanket is all the covering needed during the coldest winter nights.

The Parsees and Europeans transact nearly all the mercantile business, although numerically they constitute but a small portion of the community. Before the commercial disasters of 1865-66, the Parsees were the great bankers of the East, with unlimited credit at London. They gained their high standing by enterprise and integrity. They have no caste prejudices, and so are able to mingle freely with all classes, which the Hindoos cannot do. They are courteous and refined, and their culture and breeding admits them freely to the drawing-rooms of Europeans, not only at Bombay, but in London.

They are the last of an ancient race, and followers in an old religion. Their ancestors came from Persia, probably at the time India was conquered by Darius Hystapes, 512 B. C., — that monarch whose kingdom is spoken of in the Book of Esther as extending from India to Ethiopia. Zoroaster, the founder of the sect, was a fire-worshipper. We may think of him as contemporaneous with the Prophets Ezra and Malachi, and as promulgating his doctrines about the time that Cincinnatus was called to leave his plough and undertake the dictatorship at Rome.

The Parsees are without a country now. They are not native to the soil, and have nothing in common with the Hindoos. They have not suffered persecution as have the Jews, but, like them, they are wanderers upon the earth, and exceedingly sharp at a bargain. Besides being worshippers of fire, they are different from all other people in regard to their disposition of the dead.

Going out of the city a little distance, and ascending

the gentle slope leading by a winding way to Malabar Hill, we come to three Martello towers, forty or fifty feet high, and thirty or more in diameter, built of stone. At first sight we might take them to be fortifications, erected to protect the city from invasion on its landward side. But there are no embrasures for cannon or loop-holes for musketry. They are "towers of silence," where the Parsees lay their dead. The bodies are exposed upon inclined shelves, and when the flesh is consumed the bones drop into the circular area of the interiors. Flocks of crows and vultures circle in the air, or cluster in the surrounding tree-tops, obtaining their daily food from these houses of death.

It is sickening to think of it; not that there can be any difference to the departed spirit, whether its cast-off tenement moulders slowly to dust or is devoured by vultures; whether burned by fire or blown to the winds; but the earth is our mother, and it is sweeter to lie on her bosom amid blooming flowers or beneath bending elms and sighing pines, in God's acre.

"God's acre! yes, that blessed word imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts, —  
Their bread of life, — alas! no more their own."



## CHAPTER IX.

## BRITISH INDIA.

EVERY American knows that John Bull has a large farm in the far East, but the extent of the domain can only be comprehended by studying its boundaries. Its most northern point is the lofty mountain range, the largest in the world, which lifts its snowy peaks above the Vale of Cashmere. Two thousand miles away is Cape Comorin, the southern extremity. The greatest width is about sixteen hundred miles.

The Indian Ocean laves fifteen hundred miles of the western, the Bay of Bengal twelve hundred of its eastern border. India is as large as all the States lying east of the Mississippi! The distance from New Brunswick to Texas hardly equals its length, or from Boston to Omaha its greatest width.

Of mountains, besides the Himalayas, there is a range lying on the western coast, a few miles from the sea, as the Andes and the Sierra Nevada ranges lie along the western border of America.

South of Bombay is the Malabar coast, which old sea-captains avoid during the monsoon. One hundred and fifty miles north of Bombay is the Gulf of Cambay, and two hundred miles farther the Gulf of Cutch.

The rivers Indore and Toptee, which empty into the Gulf of Cambay, are as large as the Connecticut. Northward of these is the Indus, which has its source in Thibet, in regions not yet fully explored by Europeans. The sacred Ganges, fed by the snows of the Himalayas,

gives fertility to a valley which, for thirty-five hundred years, has teemed with human life.

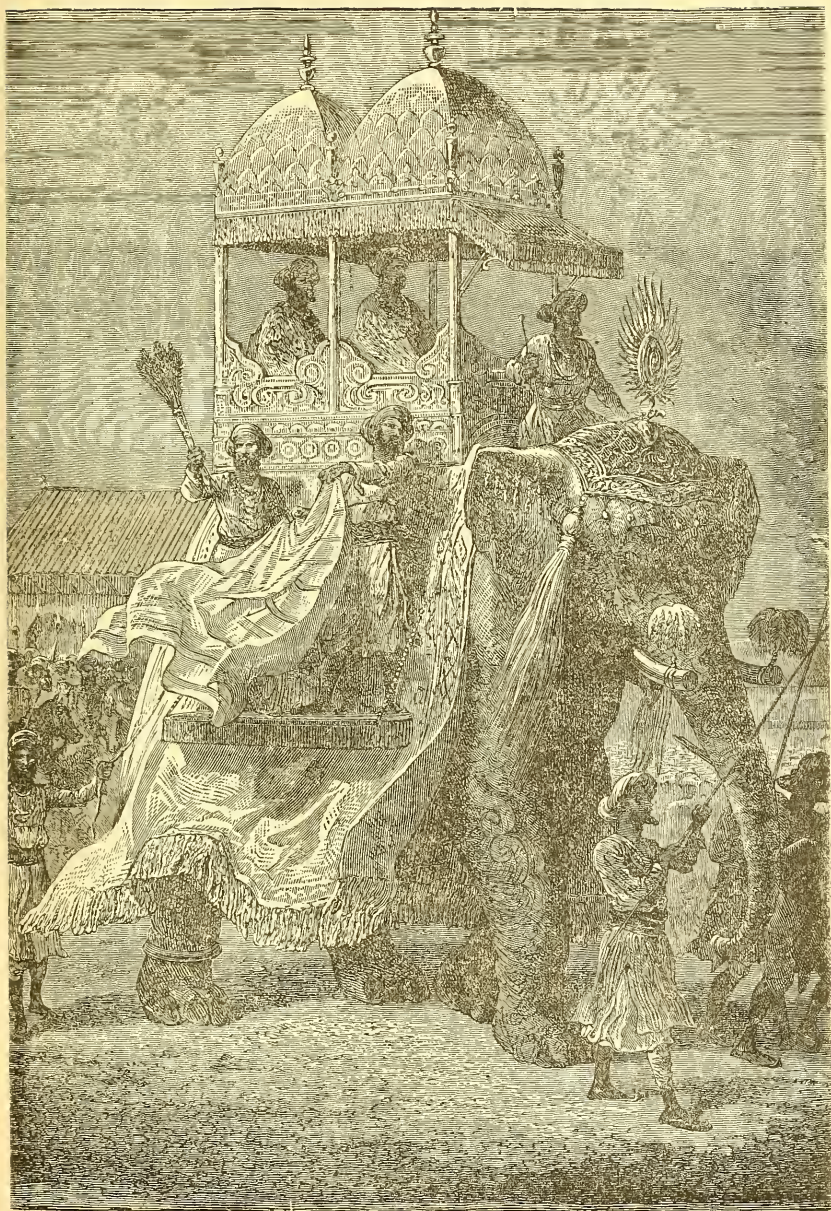
The Kristna and Godavery, taking their rise amid the mountains of the western coast, pour their floods into the Bay of Bengal, nearly one thousand miles from their source.

In this vast domain there is every variety of surface, — plains, hills, deep ravines, verdant meadows, fields, forests, clothed with tropical vegetation ; inaccessible mountains, sandy deserts, and barren wastes.

In these dominions England holds sway over one hundred and eighty millions of people, according to the latest census. In the Bengal Presidency the population is three hundred and eleven to the square mile ; in the northwest provinces, four hundred and thirty-eight, — exceeding Belgium, the most densely populated country of Europe, which has four hundred to the square mile. Oude, with an area nearly equal to Pennsylvania, has eight millions.

There are few great cities, Bombay being the largest, with 800,000 ; Madras, 720,000 ; Calcutta, 500,000 ; Lucknow, 300,000 ; Benares, 173,000 ; Agra, 142,000 ; but the inhabitants are mainly in small villages. They speak various languages, — 40,000,000 talking the Hindi ; 30,000,000, the Hindustani ; 10,000,000, the Mahratti ; 12,000,000, the Tamil ; 14,000,000, the Telegu ; and 30,000,000, the Bengali. The Tamil and Mahratti are languages of the South ; Bengali, the language of the East ; the Hindi, of the Central Provinces ; and the Hindustani, the language of Lucknow and Delhi, and the upper valley of the Ganges. Some of these have several dialects, so diverse that the natives of one province cannot converse with those of another.

The whole country is under a Governor-General, or Viceroy, who is appointed and removed at pleasure by the Queen of England. It has four great political divisions



A PRINCELY EQUIPAGE.



Mogul power was broken, and the empire was divided into provinces, each having its rajah. Caste, and the strong hands of the Mohammedan rulers, had degraded and demoralized the people. There was no nationality, no bond of union, and therefore no patriotism. All circumstances were favorable for the advancement of the power of the company.

The East India Company was a close corporation, despotic, powerful, with England for a backer; but the company is no more, the Queen is sovereign, and Parliament the supreme authority. But there must be a great change in the manner of making and administering law from the present system, before England will reap the full benefit of her East India possessions.

The government now is lodged in the person of the Governor-General and his counsellors. Neither natives nor English residents have any voice in making or administering the laws. It is still a close corporation, slow, behind the times, the members impressed with a sense of their importance and dignity. Taxes are imposed tariffs made and unmade, laws promulgated, without much attention being paid to the wishes or wants of the natives.

How would the people of the United States relish it if the President were to remove the whole of the executive machinery of government, on the 1st of May, to some healthy locality among the Alleghanies, — secretaries, heads of departments, clerks, printer, and all, — staying there till October to enjoy the mountain breezes, at a cost to the country of more than a million dollars? Yet Sir John Lawrence, the Governor-General of India, has gone to Imla, more than one thousand miles distant, with all the government officials.

The Governor-General has a salary of \$10,400 a month, nearly \$125,000 per annum, — five times that of the



President of the United States, — besides \$ 50,000 for entertainment of guests, and also an allowance for servants. His six councillors have each \$ 40,000 per annum. The Lieutenant-Governor has \$ 50,000. There are several secretaries which have each \$ 24,000.

Then come the Governors of the Presidencies and Provinces, — Bengal, Madras, Bombay, the Punjab, and North-west Provinces, — each of which receive \$ 50,000 per annum. The Governor of the Central Provinces, Oude and Burmah, each receive \$ 25,000. All of these men belong to the Tite Barnacle family, and subordinate places are, in a great measure, filled with their nephews and cousins. The sum of nine hundred thousand dollars is paid to twenty-one individuals in salaries.

For educational purposes, for the enlightenment and elevation of one hundred and eighty millions, the amount paid is \$ 3,370,000, and this is set down as an unwarranted expenditure by some of the officials.

The total receipts of the government are nearly two hundred and twenty million dollars, and the expenses about the same. The English Church in India is maintained at an expense of \$ 700,000 per annum.

By far the most important article yielding revenue is opium. It is a government monopoly. The poppies from which the opium is manufactured are grown in the valley of the Ganges, near Patna and Dinapore. There is a sale of the drug at Calcutta on the ninth of every month, where there is an excitement equal to that of the New York exchange when gold is on a rise. The trade is mainly in the hands of native merchants, who rush into opium speculation recklessly. Everything about the drug seems to be intoxicating. The sale last year yielded a clear revenue of thirty-five million dollars to the government, and the Minister of Finance, Mr. Massey, with great glee, announces in his budget for 1869, that the

sales will yield a profit of forty-one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

Before long the treaty between England and China is to be revised, and the opium question consequently is under discussion. The Chinese government and some Europeans in that country are opposed to a continuance of its sale. On the other hand, one of the leading opium firms in China has addressed a memorial to the Governor of Hong Kong, setting forth the benefits arising from the use of the drug. It declares: "Opium-eating is not a curse, but a comfort and benefit to the hard-working Chinese. As well say that malt is a curse to the English laborers, or tobacco to the world at large. Misuse is one thing, use another. If to a few the opium-pipe has proved a snare, to many scores of thousands it has been productive of healthful sustenance and enjoyment."

This has been answered by those who have had an opportunity of witnessing its effects. They present a revolting picture of degraded, restless, weeping, slobbering skeleton figures, tormented by terrible visions.

The India Daily News, in an article upon the question, says that the consumption is increasing not only in China, but in England; and its use will become more general when it is maintained that it is beneficial to health, and to be ranked with beer and tobacco.

The Chinese government is still opposed to the trade, but powerless to prevent it. It is destroying the people, takes away forty million dollars per annum, giving in return poverty, degradation, and death. But having the monopoly, the British government will not relinquish such a princely revenue on moral considerations just yet.

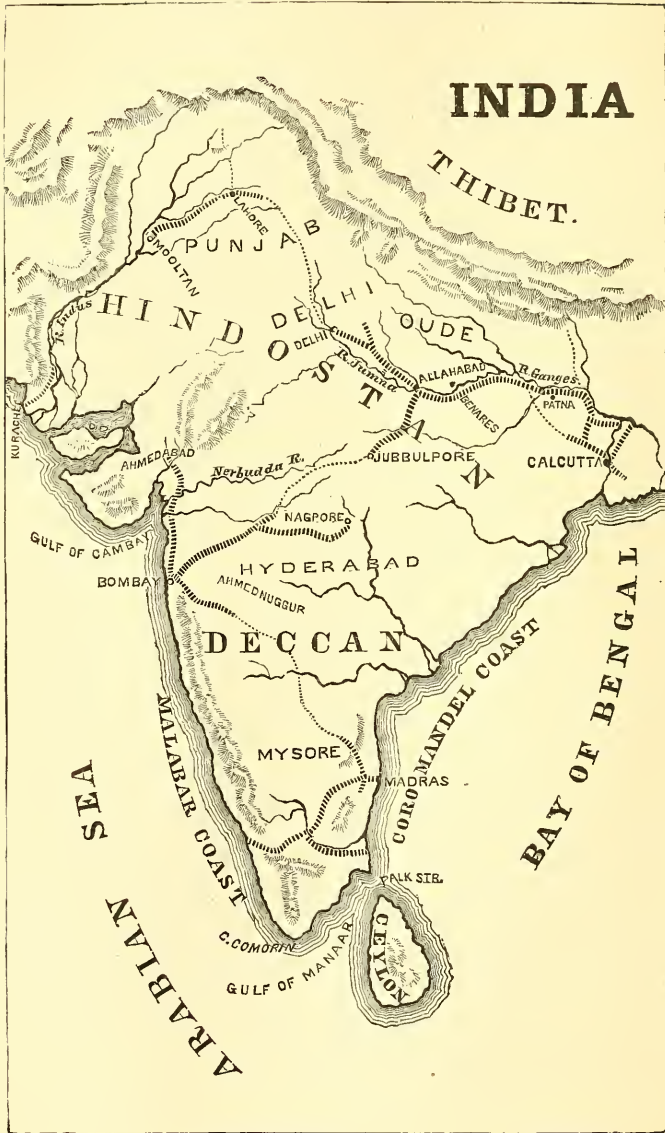
## CHAPTER X.

## THE RAILWAYS OF INDIA.

UP to 1853 locomotion through India was attended with great difficulties. The Ganges and the Indus are the only navigable rivers, and these during the dry season can only be ascended by small sail and row boats. The government had opened here and there a highway connecting interior military stations with Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras; but the empire, containing one million four hundred thousand square miles, had few carriage-roads. Travellers sometimes made their way from point to point in carts drawn by oxen, but the usual conveyance was a palanquin, borne on men's shoulders. Some of the paths were tolerable in dry weather, but during the rainy season wholly impassable.

Such were the facilities for travel when the project of constructing railroads was agitated. The plan was opposed by many, not only in India, but in England. It was asserted that the natives never could be induced to enter a railway-car on account of their religion, which forbids an intermingling of castes. The Hindoos belonged to a sluggish, indolent race. Contact with Europeans for a century had not quickened the millions of India, and it was doubtful if they could be vitalized by any of the appliances of modern civilization. So incredulous were the public of obtaining any returns for their money, that with difficulty sufficient funds could be obtained for the opening of a short experimental line at Calcutta, and another at Bombay.

Contrary to expectation, it was soon discovered that





the natives were eager to avail themselves of this new mode of travel. The success of the experiment was unmistakable, and measures were taken to develop a grand system of railways, to afford more direct and speedy communication between the chief cities of the seaboard and the interior.

The work was undertaken by private companies. The government aided them, making over the land for a term of ninety-nine years, and also guaranteeing five per cent interest during the same period on the money spent in construction. All income was to be paid into the government treasury. After meeting the working expenses, the remainder was to be devoted to repaying the five-per-cent interest guaranteed for the current year. If then there should be a surplus, one half of it was to be divided between the stockholders and the government,—that for the government being for arrears of interest accumulated while the road was under construction. When all arrearages were paid, the companies were to receive ten per cent; but should the income exceed that rate, the authorities were to have power to lower the fares. The property is to revert to the government at the termination of ninety-nine years. Either company might surrender its franchise after three months' operation, and the government must take the road at its original cost.

Under these conditions several companies were organized. Looking first at the lines radiating from Bombay, we see one running directly up the coast to the three important cities of Surat, Baroda, and Ahmedabad, which lie along the Gulf of Cambay. The line is completed to the last-named city, a distance of three hundred and twelve miles, and probably will be extended to Delhi, about eight hundred miles farther.

The Great Indian Peninsular Railway consists of a

trunk line and two branches. The trunk line is designed to connect Bombay with Allahabad, in the valley of the Ganges; one branch, Bombay with the city of Nagpore, in the heart of India; the other, Bombay with Madras, on the Coromandel coast. The main line, seven hundred and twenty miles in length, was completed during the year of 1869. The branch to Nagpore, a distance of five hundred and twenty miles, is already in use. It is not improbable that this branch may eventually be extended across the peninsula to Calcutta, and become a main line. Thirty-three miles out from Bombay is Calian junction, from which the Madras branch strikes southeast to Sholapore, a distance of two hundred and eighty-two miles. This company will have twelve hundred and sixty-six miles of railway when the several lines are finished.

Looking at the south of India, we see a line already constructed from Beypore on the Malabar or western coast to Madras on the eastern; also a line running northwest from Madras to connect with the road coming down from Bombay. The lines of Southern India are under the control of the Madras Railway Company, which will have eight hundred and twenty-five miles when completed. The distance then between Madras and Bombay by rail will be about nine hundred miles.

The accompanying map of the railway system thus far developed shows that Bombay bids fair to take position in the front rank of great commercial marts. Already the mails for Calcutta, and for every portion of India except the Madras Presidency, are landed here; and when the last rail of the line now in progress is laid, it will become the port of entry and departure for passengers from Europe to India. It will then be easier and quicker to reach Madras and Calcutta by rail than by the present circuitous route by way of Ceylon and the Bay of Bengal.

Going up to the mouth of the Indus by steamer from Bombay, we may land at Kurachee, and travel by rail one hundred and five miles to Hyderabad. We shall find the river at that point four miles wide, up which we may steam, during the rainy season, nearly a thousand miles to Moulton, where we take the Punjab Railway, running northeast to Lahore two hundred and fourteen miles, then turning south toward Delhi. It will soon be in operation to that city, three hundred and fifty miles, making a total of five hundred and sixty-six miles controlled by the Punjab company.

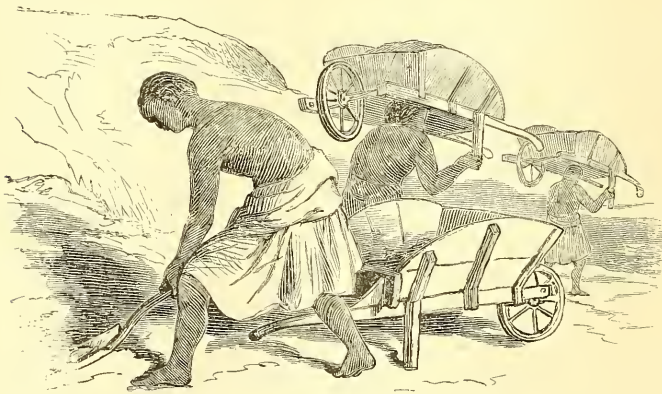
We may go from Delhi by rail down the valley of the Ganges in a southeast direction one thousand and seventeen miles to Calcutta. This line is controlled by the East Indian Company, which has a branch running southwest from Allahabad two hundred and forty-three miles to Jubbulpore, there to connect with the main line of the great Peninsular Railway coming up from Bombay. There are several branches in the Ganges Valley, which increase the total number of miles managed by this company to fifteen hundred. It is one of the great railway companies of the world, — as gigantic and powerful as the Pacific or any other of the important trunk lines of the American continent.

The railway system of India embraces about five thousand miles. A uniform gauge was adopted at the outset by the government, — that of five feet six inches, — a medium between the broad and narrow gauges of England.

The construction of these railways has been beneficial not only to India, but to Great Britain, whence all the materials used in their construction have been transported, giving a great stimulus to British industry, and employing a vast amount of shipping. Between 1853 and 1867 more than three and a half million tons weight of railway material was shipped from English ports.

The grading was done by natives, who at first declined to work for the contractors, fearing that they would be cheated out of their earnings. To inspire confidence, payments were made every night, and this soon brought a multitude of laborers. The wages were about ten cents per day, — a small sum, but the Hindoo at manual labor cannot accomplish more than one third as much as a European, and the cost of his support is comparatively trifling.

We see several thousand men and women at work upon the unfinished lines. They fill their baskets with earth, raise the burden to the top of the head, walk in single file from the gravel-pit to the line of the road, and dump it upon the embankment. One of the contractors distributed several thousand wheelbarrows, and sent word that they must be used. A few days later he went out and found all hands carrying them on the top of the head!



HEAD WORK.

The incident illustrates the tenacity with which the masses adhere to old customs.



There were great difficulties to be surmounted, especially in crossing the mountain range along the western coast, called the Ghats, where eighteen hundred feet of elevation are overcome in sixteen miles,—the average inclination being one in forty-eight, the maximum one in thirty-seven. The Thull Ghat and the Bhoze Ghat inclines required the labor of forty thousand men during the working months of seven years.

When the mutiny broke out all work was suspended, and for nearly two years little was accomplished towards extending railways. On the 1st of May, 1868, about four thousand miles had been completed, and one thousand were under contract, nearly all of which will be finished in 1870.

The cost per mile is about £17,000 (\$85,000).\* The total amount of English capital already invested in Indian railways is not less than three hundred and fifty million dollars. The five thousand miles in progress will ultimately cost not far from four hundred and fifty millions.

A new line of railway, the Oude and Rohilcund, six hundred and thirty miles long, has recently been chartered, and work upon it will be commenced the present year.

The road leading from Bombay to the valley of the Ganges, though opened only a portion of the way, has paid five per cent since 1866; that completed up the valley of the Ganges, and that leading from Madras across Southern India, have likewise earned five per cent.

The chief revenue is derived from third-class passengers. It was early discovered that the natives would ride often if the fares were put at a low rate; and the companies wisely adopted such a tariff as would develop travel.

\* Speech of Mr. Massey, late Minister of Indian Finance, in Parliament, October 29, 1868. See London Times.

In 1867 there were thirteen million seven hundred and sixty-four thousand passengers, and all but about six hundred thousand were third-class. It is five hundred and twenty miles from Bombay to Nagpore, and the fares are as follows :—

First-class . . . . .	\$ 25.00
Second-class . . . . .	12.50
Third-class . . . . .	5.50
Fourth-class . . . . .	3.50

The mail train has first, second, and third class cars, and goes through in seventeen hours. The cooly train has cars for all the four classes, but is thirty-three hours on the way. The Hindoo has already comprehended the truism that time is money; for, notwithstanding he can save a trifle by taking fourth-class passage, he chooses the third instead, and patronizes the mail-train rather than one which is run in connection with freight-cars, and is nearly twice as long on the way.

At the commencement of the railroad enterprise, the Brahmans petitioned for the running of caste cars. They could not come in contact with men of lower grade. It would defile their sacred persons, and unfit them for their high destiny, — absorption into Brahma after death. But the railroad managers had an eye to profits on their investment. They could not put on cars for each separate caste. Such a procedure would be attended with great confusion in management, and increased expense. They therefore adopted the European system of class-cars, and told the Brahmans they could stay at home if they could not accommodate themselves to established rules.

The result is a complete breaking up of caste on the railroad. Now the priest, who is pure enough to enter the most exalted circle of the Hindoo heaven, for the sake of saving a few rupees, can sit all day in a locked carriage on a hard bench, between two outcast Pariahs,

the vilest of the vile, for whom there is no place in paradise. The Brahman may drop off to sleep, and his head rest upon the shoulders of the degraded wretches, yet he is not defiled !

Under Mohammedan rule idolatry was in a great measure suppressed ; but when the English came into power they refrained from interference with religious rites and ceremonies, and the Hindoos became very zealous for a revival of their decaying faith. Suttee was allowed, and there was no check upon infanticide. Temples which had been broken down were repaired, and new ones constructed. The wealthy gave liberally, nor did the poor withhold their contributions, till in every shady grove, and by every running stream, there was a temple to Krishna, Vishnu, or some other deity of the Hindoo pantheon. It is stated that at the present time there are not less than thirty thousand idol temples in the Bombay Presidency alone.

But a great change is taking place among the people. Formerly it was believed that the gods alone conferred wealth, honor, and distinction, but the natives begin to see that steady industry brings wealth to those who have no faith in idols as well as to the most devout worshipper of manufactured deities. Ten years ago five thousand images of the idol Doorga were sold at the annual festival held on the banks of the Ganges in honor of that god ; but since the opening of railroads the sale has almost wholly ceased.

The locomotive, like a ploughshare turning the sward of the prairies, is cutting up a faith whose roots run deep into bygone ages. It is dragging a mighty train laden with *goods* for the whole human race, and especially the millions of this land. The engine does not turn out for obstructions such as in former days impeded the car of progress ; it makes mince-meat of bulls, be they bovine, Brahmanical, or papal. The days of Brahma are num-

bered, and the time is not far distant when regenerated India will clap her hands for joy over the decision of those who directed that there should be no distinction of caste in railway carriages.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION OF THE HINDOOS.

TO arrive at a just estimate of the condition of the people and their prospects, it is necessary to take a brief review of their history. India is known to have been inhabited for nearly forty centuries, yet many of the aboriginal tribes still exist,—the Santhals, Khoonds, Pariahs, Malas, Domes, and Koles. It is from the last-named tribe that we have our modern word “cooly,” a laborer. The ethnological differences between the Hindoos and remnants of the ancient tribes are strongly marked, as are their habits and customs.

Hindoos are divided into castes, while the aborigines have no such distinction.

Hindoo widows do not marry; but those of the native tribes take second husbands, usually a younger brother of the deceased, following the custom of the Jews and Scythians.

Hindoos will not eat beef; but the aborigines have no religious scruples on the meat question, eating all they can get.

Hindoos eat only what is prepared by one of their own caste; while the Khoonds, Santhals, and Pariahs ask no questions about the cook, but eat whenever invited.

The Hindoo religion forbids the use of fermented or distilled liquors; but the primitive races think that the



more liquor they drink the higher their spiritual condition !

The Hindoos have a priesthood of Brahmans, who are greatly venerated ; but the aborigines respect their priests only as they perform wonders in medicine or magic.

The Hindoos dispose of their dead by burning ; but the Santhals and other remnants of the original tribes lay theirs in graves, with bows, arrows, and war-clubs.

The government of the Hindoos, from their earliest history, has been municipal ; while that of the tribes has always been patriarchal.

The Hindoos have their courts of justice, composed of equals ; but the tribes have chiefs who decide matters in dispute.

Three thousand years ago the Hindoos were well advanced in science, art, and literature ; but to this day the aboriginals have made no advancement towards civilization.

The people of Southern India are the Tamils, who in form and feature bear a strong resemblance to the Tartars of Central Asia. Their language resembles that spoken by the ancient Scythians. Their ancestors were in Southern India long before the dawn of authentic history, and there are temples now standing which are as old as the pyramids of Egypt, which, from their massiveness and beauty, attest the greatness of an age of which there are no written records.

By reference to the map on p. 100, it will be seen that a railway has been constructed from Bypore on the western to Madras on the eastern coast. South of that line are numerous structures of wonderful architecture, diverse from that of the Hindoos, and reared by the old Turanians, showing that, long before the appearance of the Hindoos, the country was occupied by a people far advanced in civilization.

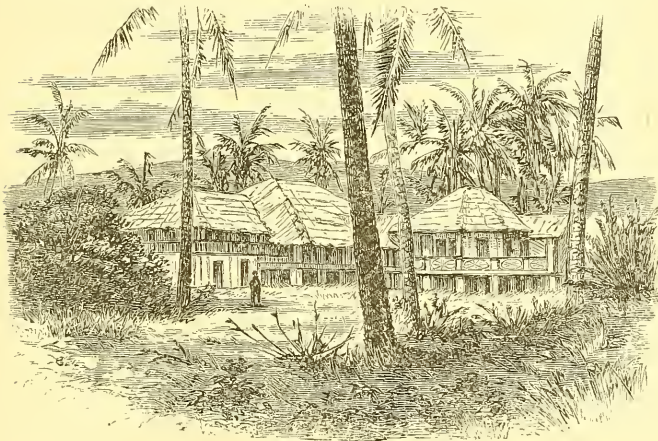
Christian nations accept the Bible account of the rise and progress of the human race as authentic history ; so the Hindoos turn to their sacred books — the Vedas — for a history of their own race. The Vedas are the “fountains of knowledge,” and consist of four books. The oldest is the Rig Veda, which contains about one thousand hymns, ranked among the oldest writings in the world. No definite statements are given as to the early origin and history of the Hindoo nation, but from passages in the hymns it is evident that, about the time the children of Israel left Egypt, one of the tribes which had been dwelling among the mountains of Persia moved southeast, crossed the mountains which lie northwest of the Indus, and took possession of the fertile valley of that great river. They called themselves Aryans. In the hymns, which were composed by their poets at a later period, and were handed down from father to son till committed to writing, we hear them sighing on those heated plains for the coolness of the Northern climes, — for the frosts and snows and life-giving breezes of their native land. They had fair complexions, but the southern sun was marring their beauty. In the summer the ground was parched, the great river dwindling to a narrow stream ; their flocks and herds were dying for want of water, and they sent up their prayers for relief to their god of rain.

“*Sindhu*, renowned bestower of wealth, hear us, and bring water to our broad fields.”

One thousand years later the poets and historians of Greece talked of the *Sindhus* of the far East, and from them we have our modern word Hindoo.

The native houses which we see in the country to-day, sheltered by waving palms, are types of those which stood on these wide plains twenty-five centuries ago. The Aryans, when they entered the valley of the Indus, lived in tents, but they found there a people dwelling in substantial houses.

They were herdsmen and kept cows, horses, camels and humped oxen. Their great ambition was the possession of cows. The Sanscrit word for "war," when traced back to its root, signifies "a desire for cows." They lived in villages, had workers in iron, copper, and gold. They had chariots and tame elephants in war. The women could spin and weave, and were termed the "light of the dwelling." They were not debarred from acquiring knowledge. Society was not divided into castes, and



HOUSE IN INDIA.

the Brahmans were but one of several orders of priests. Men could eat together without defilement. They had thirty-three gods, who are thus invoked:—

“Gods who are eleven in heaven, eleven in earth, and who are eleven dwelling in glory in mid-air, may ye be pleased with our sacrifice!”

The other books of the Vedas were composed at later periods, one of which, “The Institutes of Menu,” is supposed to have been written some five or six centuries be-

fore Christ, or about the time of Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, and Hezekiah in Biblical history.

By another reference to the map, a line is seen running northeast from Bombay, crossing the Nerbudda River. Menu speaks of the country south of it as the *Dakshan*, or Deccan, and describes the inhabitants as barbarians, living in forests, and speaking an unknown language.

Comparing the Vedas with the Bible, we learn that during the six centuries and more which elapsed from the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt to the time when Nebuchadnezzar captured Jerusalem, and carried the people to Babylon, the Hindoos had only grown to be a nation occupying the northern half of India. It was within that period that the Brahmans set themselves up as a holy priesthood, and through them caste had its origin.

There are four principal castes, — Brahmans, or priests ; Chhatteris, or soldiers ; Vyshes, a class of merchants ; and Sudras, including petty tradesmen, clerks, writers, and laborers. Each order is subdivided. Every trade has its caste ; carpenters, blacksmiths, goldsmiths, barbers, fishermen, shoemakers, leather-dressers, tailors, and all branches of industry. The tailor is superior to the leather-dresser ; the carpenter is defiled by coming in contact with the man who keeps cows. The Hindoo clings to caste as he does to life. There is no intermarrying. A woman who is born among the weavers may love a water-carrier sufficiently to elope with him, but to take the marriage vow would be sacrilege ; or a high-caste Brahman may be enamored by the beauty of the swineherd's daughter, and take her for a mistress ; that would not be defilement, but he would lose his chance of heaven were he to make her his wife !

These distinctions are so rigidly adhered to, that though a man may be dying for want of a drink of water, he will not take it from a cup used by one of a lower



order. As a rule, a Hindoo of one caste will not help one of another, though the timely aid might save life. It is stronger than the instincts of humanity. It is master of all trades, professions, and callings. The son is not at liberty to depart from the occupation of his fathers. Nature may have given him capabilities of becoming a Euclid or a Herodotus, but if the father is a driver of donkeys, such must be the calling of the son. It is the mightiest task-master of the ages; body, intellect, soul, are in slavery, and under the Hindoo system there is no emancipation from it for time or eternity.

How the Brahmans obtained their power is not recorded; but inasmuch as they were the learned men of ancient times, and as knowledge is power and ignorance weakness, it is not wonderful that they were able to exalt themselves into a ruling priesthood. There was a time when Rome was only a bishopric, but a few centuries of ecclesiastical assumption and arrogance, enabled popes to put their feet on the necks of kings. There is no instinct so strong as that of religion in the human race; and so the priesthood of Hindostan were able, through the credulity and ignorance of their followers, to create that mighty system of caste which is without a parallel in human history.

Succeeding the poetical period of the Vedas was the philosophical age, which began nearly six hundred years before the time of Christ. While Solon was forming a constitution for his country at Athens the Brahmans were indulging in philosophical speculations, and reducing them to systems which to-day are accepted by myriads of the human race. One might as well try to penetrate the densest jungle of India as attempt to give in detail the schools of Hindoo philosophy. The diversity is as great as that which distinguishes modern theology. An enumeration of the names is sufficient to give us a head-

ache. There is the Nyaya school, the Vaisheiska, the Sankhya, the Yoga, the Puva Mimansa, and the Vedanta. These may be grouped into three classes.

The first speculates upon the knowledge that comes to us through the five senses. The second reasons on methods of inquiry, logic, and justice, — asserting the atomic theory and the eternity of matter, — a system which appears at the present day under the name of realism. The third is Pantheistic, asserting that there is but one real existence in the universe, — the immortal, self-existent Brahma, who is the soul and substance of all matter. All of the schools believe in the transmigration of souls. They do not look upon it as a blessing, but an evil, — a condition of existence to be avoided if possible.

The Sankhya philosophy teaches that all disturbance of the soul is due to the antagonism between matter and spirit; that once they were separate, but being united in this life, the inevitable result is pain, sorrow, disquietude; and that only through successive transmigrations after death can there be perfect freedom.

The Yoga philosophy teaches that immunity from pain, sorrow, and remorse can only be obtained by the concentration of the mind in intense thought on nothing! Devotees of this sect are to be seen in meditative attitude, taking no notice of things around them, their eyes fixed on vacuity, their thoughts on nothing, expecting thus to arrive at perfect bliss! Under this philosophy the idiot should be the happiest of mortals.

Brahmanism has its dissenters and independents, its Ultramontane and Cisalpine parties. Some men believe in obtaining merit through sacrifice, others by pilgrimage, hook-swinging, or costly offerings to the gods. It teaches the deification of heroes, poets, statesmen, princes, — great men, — great in wickedness as well as power, and that there are gods without number.

We can go no further. Beyond us is an impenetrable thicket of speculation, credulity, ignorance, fanaticism, and superstition. Through twenty-four centuries the philosophy of the Brahmans has held sway, except during the period when Buddhism was triumphant; and all progress in search of truth may be summed up in one sentence, "The world by wisdom knew not God."

Nor can we follow the changes which have taken place in the condition of the people under their rulers,—Persians, Greeks, native rajahs, Moguls, and Maharatta princes,—their advancement in art and science, and their retrogradation and decay. We may measure the turmoil and commotion of India by that of Europe during the Middle Ages. Army after army has marched over these wide plains. War has succeeded war. Millions have been slaughtered, and millions swept away by famine. Once it was a great empire, governed by one man, the great Arungzebe, but the fabric crumbled. Once the crescent flag waved from Cape Comorin to Cashmere, and the religion of Mahomet was triumphant over Brahmanism. But the Mohammedan power went down. Its last dying struggle in India was when the mutineers of the late rebellion shot their officers, slaughtered men, women, and children indiscriminately, expecting that by an extermination of all foreigners there would be an end of English rule.

But the hand of the Briton is powerful, and India is more securely fastened to-day to the British throne than ever before. Slowly but surely England is establishing here a new empire, founded on Christian civilization.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THROUGH THE DECCAN.

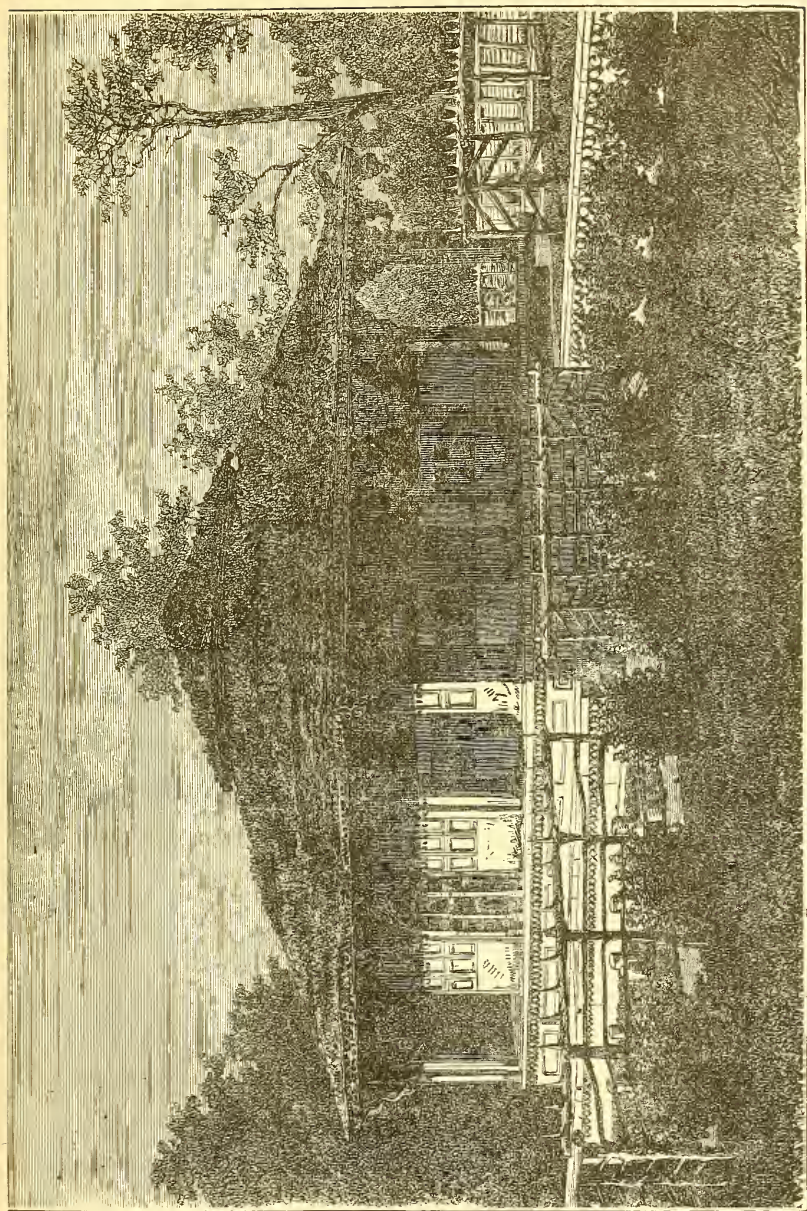
IT is a motley crowd which we see at the railway station in Bombay, where we take our seats in the cars for a trip through the Deccan. Here and there we see a high-caste Brahman holding himself aloof as much as possible from the great herd of natives, but who, inasmuch as he cannot afford a first or second class ticket, is compelled to mix with the crowd.

Third-class passengers are not allowed to roam at will about the station, but are kept in pens, like sheep, till just before the starting of the train, then crammed into cars like those used for the transportation of stock on American roads. The only difference between the conveyance of cattle in our own country and natives in India is this: in the one case oxen and cows are put into the same car, while in the other there is a separation of the sexes.

Leaving the station at Bombay, we sweep through the suburbs, past the delightful gardens of the Parsees, wealthy merchants, and bankers. In one the Mohammedans are keeping the feast of the month, the jolliest of all the year. Whoever dies now will find the gates of heaven wide open.

It is the hour of evening twilight, and in the gathering darkness we behold a crowd of revellers beneath the trees. An hour's ride brings us to the *Ghats*, or hills. We wind through valleys, gradually ascending, leaving the luxuriant vegetation of the sea-coast, and finding instead stunted shrubs, and ground so parched that it crunches





DWELLING-HOUSE IN INDIA.



beneath our feet as we step from the car for a breath of fresh air at the stations.

Mountains with ragged rocks tower above us, deep gorges and beds of dried-up rivers lie below us. Nassick, a town on the summit of the Ghats, is on the verge of the great plateau that extends across the country to the Bay of Bengal, which is as far as from Chicago to Boston. The water that in the rainy season falls in this town reaches the Bay of Bengal through the Godavery river.

Whenever the train comes to a stopping-place, we hear the Hindoos in the cars merrily chattering. At every station there are some to leave,

others to get in. The company have watermen at all the stations, who go among the crowd with leather bottles slung to their backs. When a native wishes to drink, he sits upon his heels, claps his hands to his mouth, presses them firmly against his under lip, thus making a spout into which the carrier slowly pours a stream of water.

We breakfast at the junction of the Nagpore branch with the main line. The country in the vicinity is



TAKING A DRINK.

generally level. Northward we behold flat-topped hills, rising one or two hundred feet above the plain. The last year's cotton crop has been gathered from the neighboring fields, and the snowy product is piled in unpressed bales near the station. Speculators are about, — English buyers from Bombay, — in a great stew because they cannot get it rushed down at once to the seaboard, while high prices prevail.

We speak of fields, but they are not enclosed. There are no fences. Having reached Central India, we confess that our preconceived ideas of the country are all wrong. What school-boy has not received the impression from geographies that it is a country of almost pathless forests, where one is in danger of being trampled to death by wild elephants or devoured by tigers, and where boa-constrictors, winding down from the tree-tops, are ever on the watch to enfold us in their slimy coils, crush every bone in the body, and swallow us at a mouthful!

We find, instead, a plateau, with here and there a grove, sometimes a thicket, and once in a while a patch of woodland. On the mountains there are forests. But a jungle is not always a dark, dense, impenetrable growth of vines, creepers, shrubs, bushes, and trees, but all waste land, even that which in the United States is called pasture-land, is classed as jungle.

Central India is very much, in its general features, like Illinois, except that the palm, the cocoanut, bamboo, and banyan take the place of black-jack, persimmon, and papaw. There is the same scarcity of timber, only a few trees dotting the landscape. We miss the well-swarded fields of the West, the great herds of cattle, neat farm-houses, and wheat-stacks looming on the horizon, — the signs of thrift and enterprise, — and behold instead a wide plain, huts of bamboo, thatched with grass, which a lighted match would whiff out of sight in two minutes,



a few goats and cattle, so lean that they cast but thin shadows, a sharpened stick for a plough, carts of the pattern in use two thousand years ago, with plank trucks for wheels, and a little framework body of bamboo lashed together by cords.

But no Western lady can appear in such gorgeous costume as the Hindoo woman before us, wearing a robe of crimson silk reaching to the knees, trimmed with yellow bands across the shoulder, a yellow skirt edged around the bottom with cloth of silver, beneath which is an under-skirt of purple silk. There is silver enough in the broad rings and bands clasping her ankles for a set of table-spoons, to say nothing of the display on her arms, round her neck, dangling from her ears and nose, and gleaming on her fingers, or of what she has lavished upon the garmentless child toddling by her side. She sits down in the dirt with another woman, and the two examine each other's heads for — phrenological developments, of course!



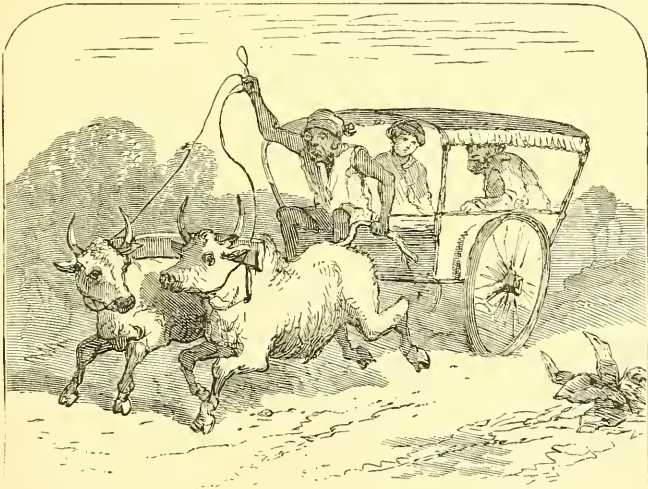
INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

The mercury is  $105^{\circ}$  in the shade,  $130^{\circ}$  in the sun,—weather likely to last through the month. In such an atmosphere the woodwork of houses, furniture, carriages, and everything exposed to the sun, shrinks marvellously. The coachmen and carters wind the spokes of their wheels with straw, which they wet from time to time,—watering their carriages as well as their horses! Hats large enough in the morning are two sizes too small at night, and had ours not been soaked with water before leaving the train, we should have been compelled to ride to the hotel bare-headed. The wind which sweeps over the plain is like the breath of the sirocco. It burns, blisters, and turns the whitest skin to bronze. An English gentleman here, who has been exposed to the sun of India for nine years, has lost all freshness of complexion; the usual floridity of countenance has disappeared, and, so far as color is concerned, we might class him as a half-blooded Hindoo.

It is impossible for one who has not been in India through the hot season to comprehend the intensity of the heat, the mercury during the day registering  $130^{\circ}$ , and  $100^{\circ}$  at night. The scorching air is like a blast from a furnace, and tries the endurance of Europeans fearfully. Great care must be taken to avoid sunstroke. Coverings for the head like trays, made of pith or cork, or patterned after the old Roman helmets, are worn. It is dangerous to go out in the middle of the day unless thus protected. Natives as well as Europeans carry sun-umbrellas. At the station, where we stop for dinner, thick mats, called *tatties*, are hung in the doorways and windows, which, being kept constantly wet, give coolness to the air within, where, though the temperature is  $98^{\circ}$ , it is cold in contrast with the furnace heat outside.

Visitors to India should time their journey so as to be there in winter. The rainy season commences at

Bombay about the 9th of June, and continues till the middle of October. No one can travel with comfort during that period, and little business is accomplished. But November, December, January, February, and March are charming months. The air is clear and calm, the sky serene, the temperature delightful. The lowest range of the mercury in winter is about  $52^{\circ}$ , but in the months of April and May, the hottest of the year, the average heat is about  $100^{\circ}$  in the shade.



A NAGPORE COACH.

It is eleven o'clock in the evening when we reach Nagpore, one of the chief towns in Central India, the present terminus of the railway. We place our baggage in the hands of a native, who is shouting, "Carriage for the Residency Hotel." We find that the coach is a two-wheeled cart, with a canvas top. We enter at the tail; the two lean, white oxen attached to the vehicle start off upon the run down the broad street, the driver

whacking their sides with a bamboo, jerking the ropes in their noses, wringing their tails, and bringing us up to the hotel in grand style.

We can see by the light of the moon that the building is about sixty feet square, of one story, with a pyramid of thatch for the roof, and a wide veranda in front and on the sides. Several tents are pitched near by for sleeping apartments, to one of which we are assigned. It is large, high, with three thicknesses of canvas upon the roof to protect us from the sun. We lie down on cane cots, for a mattress would only add to the heat, and find refreshing sleep. An hour before daylight we hear the gurgling of water, and looking about to see what fountain has suddenly begun to play, discover a Hindoo, with a leathern bottle slung to his shoulders, pouring water into an earthen bath-tub.



OUR QUARTERS.

“Sahib, your bath is ready.” Sahib is the Hindoo word for “master.” A low-class Hindoo has no conception



of the meaning of our word "mister." Centuries of subjection to superior races has obliterated the instincts of manhood, and he only understands that those whom he finds above him are his masters.

It is delightful to sit in the doorway of our tent in the cool of the morning, and look out upon the landscape. The tamarind waves its green leaves above us. Yonder is an avenue of feathery bamboos. In the distance rise long, slender, graceful palms. A huge elephant, flapping his immense ears, and moving with ungainly gait, appears in view. Sparrows chatter amid the shrubs. Crows hop past our door, and stalk into the tent with all the familiarity of the bird of ill-omen which Poe apostrophizes:—

"When with many a flirt and flutter  
In there stepped a stately raven."

They alight upon our chairs, cock their eyes, and caw with hoarse voice. The crickets are chirping. The music of the military band on parade swells grandly on the air, mingling its harmony with the tones of the church-bell tolling the hours. Curiously constructed carts, drawn by oxen on the gallop, dash down the street, the dusky drivers wearing red, yellow, green, or white turbans. Women in gay costume, bearing water-jars, baskets, and bundles on their heads, with little silver bells tinkling at their ankles, gaze at us as they walk past the hotel; while here and there groups of ebony imps, without jacket, trousers, or shirt, roll in the sand and kick up their heels in youthful glee. This scene is so unlike anything to which our eyes have been accustomed, that we wonder if we have not at last reached the land of Jack and his bean-stalk!

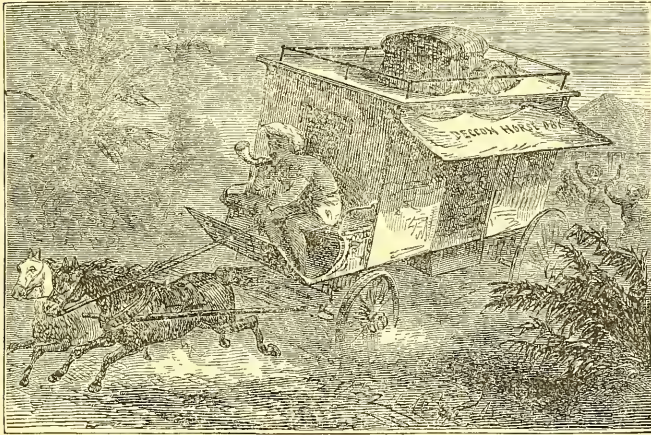
## CHAPTER XIII.

## RIDING IN A DAK.

THERE being no railway communication between Nagpore and Jubbulpore, we pass over this part of Central India in a *dak*. This is a four-wheeled vehicle, not unlike a London cab, except that the body is so arranged that passengers can lie down if they choose. A line of these carriages has been established between the two cities, with stations for change of horses about five miles apart. It is called the Deccan Horse Dak. The distance from Nagpore to Jubbulpore is one hundred and sixty miles, and the advertised time for the journey thirty-six hours ; but at this season of the year we should be baked, grilled, stewed, fried, melted, or dried up, were we to travel by day. No white man would attempt it, unless compelled by necessity. We are to ride by night, and lie by during the day in one of the company's bungalows. These are buildings of stone with rafters of bamboo, thatched with straw, containing four or six rooms. They are built along the route about twenty-five miles apart, and are furnished with chairs, tables, plates, knives, forks, spoons, wash-basins, bathing-tubs, towels, and cots. The keeper can supply chickens, rice, potatoes, eggs, coffee and tea, milk, and cakes made of rice flour, called *chaputies*. At one or two stations beer, wine, and liquors may be obtained, but unless we take canned meats along with us we shall not have a great variety of fare. The charges for what we obtain in the way of food are not exorbitant, and to those who are accustomed to "eat what is set before

them, asking no questions," and make the best of everything, a little daking in India will not be unpleasant, and will furnish incidents of travel not to be met with in any other quarter of the globe.

At six o'clock, P. M., the sun nearly down, all hands at the Residency Hotel come out to see us off. It is an amusing scene. Our dak is hung on elliptic springs, — though one of the party has not, by the sense of feeling, yet discovered that they ease the jolting of the carriage. Its windows and doors are open for the free circulation



GETTING UNDER WAY.

of air, and enable us to take a view of the country as we pass along. Our luggage is on the top. The hubs of the wheels are wound with straw, which is watered the last thing before starting, for everything is thirsty in this land. On each side of the dak is an awning of thick cotton duck, which we can have up or down at pleasure. It bears the words "Deccan Horse Dak." We sit with great dignity and decorum, the observed of a score of

natives, who take as much delight in seeing a dak off as country boys in Yankee-land enjoyed in seeing the stage-coach start from the village tavern before the days of railroads.

We look at the horses, somewhat larger than mice, — one placed outside the shafts, though there is space enough for both between them. Our driver, in a dirty, pea-green jacket, white turban, three or four yards of cotton cloth round his loins, a battered post-horn slung over his shoulder, stout whip with a short handle and lash, mounts the box, winds a blast, long, loud, deep, and chirrup to his mice; but they do not move. The admiring lookers-on put their shoulders to the wheels, the mice are pushed a few steps, and once getting underway start off at a trot. We roll out of the hotel yard, gain the highway, the driver lashing his animals into a run, blowing his horn, and screaming to everybody to get out of the way. “Hy-yi! Hy-yi!” he shouts, driving like a madman, the dak rattling and reeling, and the natives looking on with wonder and admiration.

Our own admiration rises with the occasion. This is romantic, — riding through India, the land of Brahma and Buddha, in such glorious style, — and we half resolve to parody Saxe’s “Riding on a Rail” by a poem called “Riding in a Dak.” But our enthusiasm meets with a sudden chill. A mile of such break-neck speed and we come to a stand-still. A nut has dropped from a bolt, and one shaft falls upon the ground. Jehu dismounts, looks at it, makes a wry face, scratches up an idea from his long black hair, breaks a twig the size of a pipe-stem from a bush, puts it into the bolt-hole, and ties up the shaft with a cord. It is not pleasant to think of going one hundred and sixty miles with such a fix-up. Walking back a few rods, we find the missing bolt. Jehu is delighted. He produces a pair of nippers, examines the



dak, finds a nut which he thinks may be spared, wrenches it from its bolt, transfers it to the shaft, and, having thus repaired damages, puts the mice into a run again, and whirls us over the first stage with but little loss of time.

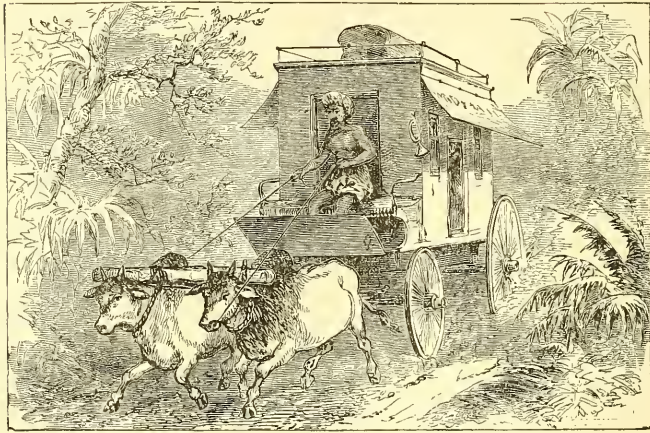
The managers of the dak company have not given much attention to the proper matching of their horses ; one of our second pair is tall enough for a dragoon, the other but little larger than a Shetland pony.

Ten miles bring us to a military cantonment in the village of Kamptel, — a charming place, with wide avenues, shaded by great trees. The residences of the officers are surrounded with flowers and well-kept lawns. Just before reaching the place we pass a church, its tower and spire standing out in beauty against the sky. After having been a wanderer for so many months where there are few churches, it is an unexpected but exceedingly pleasant sight. Beyond the town we have another sensation. Jehu gives a long, loud blast, dismounts, takes his horses from the dak, comes to the window, rattles off some lingo which we do not understand, and disappears with his horses, leaving the dak in the middle of the road.

There are times when the best thing a man can do is to follow the philosophy of Mr. Micawber, and wait for something to turn up. One thing we are sure of, the dak will not run away. In the course of half an hour a native with a pair of diminutive oxen comes up, climbs to the top of the dak, takes a beam which is lashed to the iron railing, and fastens it to the end of the shafts. While thus occupied his oxen go off to pasture, but he brings them back, lashes their horns to the timber, mounts the box, jerks the ropes in their noses, and away we go down a steep hill, through a deep excavation, enveloped in dust and gloom, emerging upon the bank of a river among carts, cattle, donkeys, and dusky crowds of men, biv-

ouacked for the night. They are going to or returning from Nagpore with cotton.

Gaining the opposite bank, our oxman, with his cattle, departs, leaving us as before in the middle of the road ;

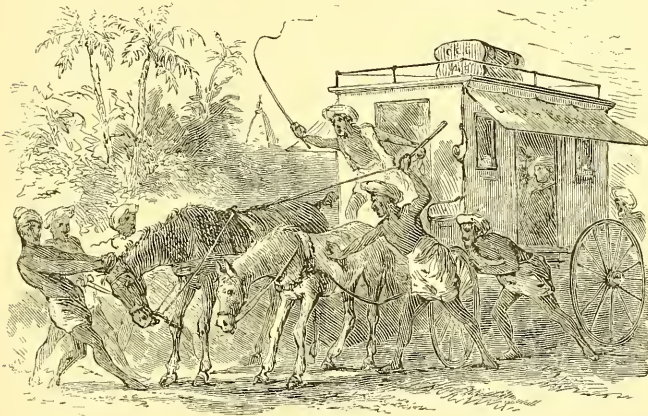


A STEADY TEAM.

but after a while our own Jehu returns with fresh horses, that is, if such skeletons with hides like old hair-trunks, bruised and battered, can be called fresh in any sense. No Hindoo horse starts of his own accord ; he must be pushed a few steps. So we are accompanied by three men, who put their shoulders to the wheels, pull the animals by the ears, strike them with clubs, punch them in the sides, rap their knees, slip a cord around their fore legs to draw them along, and go through many other equally persuasive performances. Once under way, the creatures go as if running for the sweepstakes, till wet with sweat and foam.

So through the night we ride on over a road as smooth, hard, and well built as any turnpike in old England. It

is interesting to see the nondescript vehicles, — crazy concerns, with plank trucks, bamboo frames, and not a pin, bolt, or scrap of iron about them, the pieces of the rickety things all tied together with ropes and strings. With a knife we could in two minutes make one of them as complete a ruin as Holmes's "one-horse shay." We pass numerous villages of bamboo huts, the houses a trifle larger than hencoops. The Mohammedan portion of the community have fires kindled by the roadside, around which they are having a grand religious hullabaloo, — joining hands, dancing, singing, and shouting, keeping up the wake till daybreak.



DEAD SET.

Sunrise finds us at Karyea, one of the bungalow stations, a small place fifty-five miles from Nagpore, at the foot of one of the southern ranges of hills which run across India from the coast, above Bombay, nearly to Calcutta. While spending the day here an Englishman comes to the bungalow who has been in the country twenty years or more, now having charge of hands em-

ployed in the construction of a bridge across a river near by. He has been in close contact with the natives in the southeast, west, and north, can speak the language perfectly, and knows the habits and ways of the people.

Sitting under the veranda, he narrates the story of his life. He was at Cawnpore when the mutiny broke out. Saw his wife and two children cut down before his eyes, hacked to pieces by the swords of the fiends; was himself shot, pitched over a wall, and left for dead.

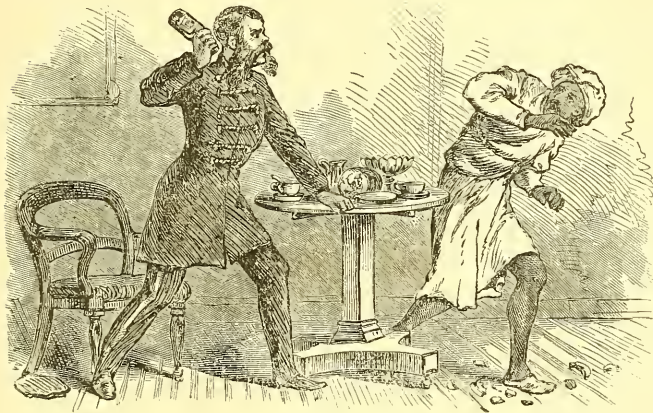
"Ah!" said he, "it was terrible to see my poor wife cut to pieces, — literally chopped up, and my two children also. It upset me. I can't forget it. I was getting along well; had seventeen thousand rupees laid up, but it is all gone. I don't care for money now. Life is a burden."

Though there is a wild gleam in his eyes, yet he has no words of bitterness to utter against the natives. He goes out alone by night into the woods, and thinks over the past, — the dear old times before that tragedy, which put a blight upon his life.

"The natives," he says, "are very kind to me. I never struck one of them. I mean to use them well. There are men in this village here," he points to the collection of bamboo huts, "who would give their hearts' blood for me." He is exceedingly severe upon his own countrymen for their treatment of the natives. "There is a native here who has taken the contract from government to build a bridge for their new road; he is rolling in wealth, has been to London, and was educated there. He has the best of liquors, keeps a good table, has ice brought all the way from Boston, is very hospitable, gives away no end of money, invites Englishmen to dine with him, and to hunt and fish. They come and drink his liquors, and then when he meets them in Calcutta or Bombay they don't know him!"



“Young officers,” says he, “who buy a commission in the army come out here, not knowing a word of the language, and think they can lord it over the natives. They call for this, that, and the other, just as they are accustomed to do at home; the things can't be had, and, more than that, the native, perhaps, does not comprehend one word of the order. The Englishman gets mad, raves,



THE MASTER RACE.

swears, throws a plate or a beer-bottle at the servant, kicks him out of the bungalow, when he ought to be kicked out himself. They do not like us as a nation very well, and I do not wonder at it.”

He says that a great change has taken place since the introduction of railroads. There is a general desire among the natives to obtain an education, and especially to be able to speak the English language. He thinks that it is caste rather than idolatry which hinders progress in India. An educated native usually throws aside idols and becomes a free-thinker. He sees little in the conduct of those who call themselves Christians to commend Christianity.

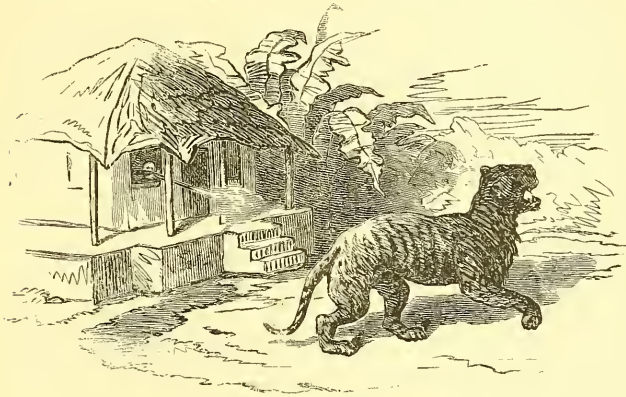
The natives, as a body, take all Europeans to be Christians, but the majority of Englishmen whom they see curse and swear, get beastly drunk, and do many things repugnant to Hindoo notions of morality and religion. This is one reason why missionaries make comparatively few converts. He condemns many acts of British rule as uncalled for, unjust, and sometimes cruel. India has been looked upon as a lemon which might be squeezed for the benefit of Englishmen, but a brighter day has dawned upon this land; the East India Company is no more; a liberal policy has been inaugurated; great public works have been undertaken which will be of incalculable benefit.

“The American war has been the main cause of this sudden advancement,” he says. “When cotton went up in price everybody began to plant; but it cost so much to get it to the seaboard, that the people in the interior could n’t afford to raise it, and thus came the demand for roads.”

Many ryots (farmers) have made money enough since 1861 to become land-owners; they have emancipated themselves from the money-lenders, who are the curse of the country. Formerly seventy-five per cent was the usual price paid for money! The lender did not expect to get back the principal, but he managed to extort the interest, and the ryot remained always poor.

This Englishman has done a great deal of hunting, first and last. He says that we are in the tiger region. Two years ago he saw a tiger shot from the window of the bungalow where we are sitting. It was in the edge of the evening. The dogs of the village had been barking furiously all day; and the horses, sniffing the air, pricking up their ears, just at night took to their heels and left the place. Dogs and horses alike have a keen scent for tigers. The animal came up to the bungalow, stood

within ten feet of it, when a native from the window put two balls through his body, and brought him down. There is a famous old tiger now at large, a "man-eater," who has carried off several persons; for once having had a taste of human flesh, he prefers it to any other. Five hundred rupees have been offered for this ferocious fellow, and parties are getting ready to hunt him down.



A MAN-EATER.

At sunset we are once more on the way, winding slowly over the hills, where about two thousand natives, men and women, are building a turnpike. We pass two abodes of the gods, — one in a ledge, the other in a tree. The worshippers have been rubbing red paint on the rocks and trees. This is the work of the Hindoos, but the Mohammedans, equally religious, are dancing in commemoration of the death of Hassan.

The half-way station on the route is at Seonee, a large town, the centre of a great traffic. With our horses upon the run, our driver blowing his trumpet like a trooper, we rattle down a hill, and come to a halt amid a multitude of carts and wagons, nearly all loaded with cotton. It is

a calm, clear, moonlight night, and the scene around us is of great interest. Numerous fires are kindled, around which swarthy Hindoos are seated. Some are eating supper, and others lying down to sleep. This is the grand bivouac ; but near by are the town's-people keeping the festival.



MIDNIGHT FESTIVAL.

Groups of women are crouched around *tarboots*, — boxes adorned with red, yellow, and green paper, and silver tinsel, — before which a lamp is burning. From every quarter of the town we hear the rub-a-dub-dub of drums and the squeak of flageolets.

We have an hour's detention for the greasing of dak-wheels ; but when the time expires there is no harnessing of horses, or indication that we are to go on. We make signs and motions in the most expressive panto-



mime to those around us, not one of whom can speak English. There are loud words among themselves, and evidently a hitch of some sort. We are perplexed, but, making the best of the situation, wander for a half-hour amid the crowd, solitary among the thousands. But now to our relief and satisfaction an Englishman, who is on his way home, making all haste to reach Bombay before the sailing of the steamer, drives up. He can speak the language of the country, and informs us, after inquiry, that the driver whose duty it is to take us on will not go; that the Moonshee, the man in charge at this station, is a forceless fellow, and cannot start the obstinate driver, who wants to stay and have a good time during the festival.

“The only way,” he adds, “to get along with the rascals is to give them a good stirring up.”



STIRRING UP A HINDOO.

Having coaxed in vain by pantomime, we conclude to act upon the suggestion. We find the Moonshee, a thin-faced, gray-headed Hindoo, cooking his rice over a

fire on the ground, where he sits in a contented, meditative attitude, his hands clasping his knees, looking at the flickering light. We can hardly make up our mind to disturb such peace and contentment. But that man was a fool who went out and sat down upon the bank of a great river and waited for it to run by before attempting to cross. The contentment of a Hindoo is equally without end; it lasts forever. Necessity in such a case knows no mercy. We spring towards him like a tiger, shake our fist within an inch of his nose, and shout, "Put on the horses quick, or you'll catch it!"

He leaps like a scared antelope, and points to a black fellow who is having a jolly time with half a dozen comrades. He is the intractable rascal who had blocked our way. Seizing him by the shoulder we set him spinning like a top, shake our fists, and scream again at the top of our voice. The effect is magical. In a twinkling the horses are harnessed, and we are on our way, laughing at the ludicrousness of the whole affair.

We drop off to sleep, but awake after a while to find the carriage standing in the middle of the road, without any horses. We are in the predicament of the man of whom everybody has heard, who either had lost two horses or found a cart. Horses and driver are gone. We wait patiently for further developments. An hour passes, and then the driver appears with a yoke of oxen, and gives us to understand that the horses balked, and that he has been back to the station for another team.

We are under way once more; but soon come to a dead stop, for one of the wheels is just ready to fly from the axle. The whole concern is so rickety that we only escape wreck by constant watchfulness. We tie one part with ropes, and tinker another with a hammer which keeps flying from the handle. But as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, so is it of security in travelling by

dak in India. By unceasing care and frequent hammering we at length reach the station, thus ending our second night's experience late in the forenoon, when we should have been there at daybreak. Fortunately the sky is cloudy, and we do not suffer greatly from the heat.

An opportunity is afforded us at this station of seeing our dinner prepared. All hands — father, mother, and a half-dozen little Hindoos — gather to run down a chicken. It is an exciting chase, — cockerels and hens flying, fluttering, cackling; escaping this way, chased that, till at last one is captured.

Two women seat themselves upon the ground, with a mill between them, grinding the rice for our cakes, just as eighteen hundred years ago the women of Palestine prepared their food. The scene calls to mind the words of the Saviour: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill."

A half-hour later, and we are eating stewed chicken and *chaputies*. The station agent sets before us *ghee*, or clarified butter, but we prefer sugar on our cakes; and though there is not a great variety upon the table, hunger has sharpened our appetites, and we make an excellent meal.

While here we have an opportunity of seeing the mail-carts pass. They have two wheels, and are drawn by a span of horses that are changed every five miles. The steamers which sail from Bombay take all the mail-matter from Northern and Central India, and the mails are expressed from Calcutta across the country. Each driver carries a post-horn, which he blows constantly to warn people to get out of the way. He goes at a break-neck speed, up hill and down, the horses upon the run. In those sections of the country which are infested with tigers, a native runs before the carts, at night, bearing a torch to frighten them away.

We have another night's ride before us. The driver

sets himself to work to make the dak last till we can reach the repair shop at the next station. Although the distance is only fifteen miles, we are several hours on the way, fixing the wheel, which persists in working from the axle. We reach the station at midnight. An extra dak is there; but no persuasion can induce the Moonshee to permit an exchange, — we must wait while ours is repaired. We do not altogether regret it, for it gives us a chance to see native industry. Two Hindoos do the work, assisted by fifteen others, who do the talking, each one showing how it ought to be done, pointing to this, that, and the other thing. We watch the trumpery repairs with many misgivings, and at times feel like thrusting them all aside and becoming blacksmith ourselves for the moment. But the Sahib would lower himself in their estimation. It will not do.

The moon is at the full, pouring its rays from the zenith straight down upon us, with a power which is almost as unbearable as that of the sun at midday. There is no heat in its rays, but they have great effect upon the brain. The blood rushes to the head, and there is a sense of fulness and pressure, which, although not attended by acute pain, is exceedingly unpleasant. We find it necessary to keep our umbrellas spread at midnight as well as at midday. It is dangerous to sleep in the moonlight in the tropics. In this country we can see new beauty in those words of the Psalmist, expressive of God's care for those who love him: "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

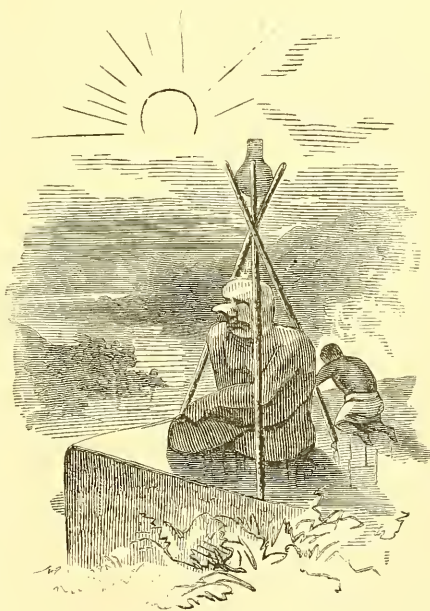
At one o'clock in the morning we start upon our last stage of forty miles, dashing down a hill with our horses on a run, through a valley, descending another hill, holding up just in season to escape a smash-up. The wheel is all but off the axle, and the repairs have amounted to nothing. The driver puts a boy on one



horse, sends him back to the station, throws himself upon the ground, and in two minutes is sound asleep. Another hour, and the boy comes back with the other dak. We are transferred to it, but we cannot sleep. We are too wide awake; the atmosphere is close, stifling, hot, and almost burning to our vitals as we inhale it. On we go, the driver making up for lost time by lashing the horses into a gallop. Now we have oxen, and we go down into the valley of the Nerbudda River, enveloped in a cloud of dust.

It is daylight when we reach the stream, which, running westward from the heart of India, discharges its waters into the Gulf of Cambay. It divides India nearly in the centre. South of it is the Deccan, while to the north is Hindostan. At this place it is a small stream during the dry season, but when the rain commences it will swell to a mighty flood.

Close down to the water's edge, upon the solid rocks, are tomb-like structures, six or eight feet square, three or four in height, with images in stone not in the likeness of anything in heaven or



PROTECTION AGAINST SUNSTROKE.

earth; above them a tripod of sticks, supporting porous earthen dishes, from which water slowly drips upon the idols.

These structures are built by wealthy natives, who pay an attendant \$2.50 a month to keep the bottles filled with water. It is an act of devotion to protect the gods from sunstroke.

Upon the opposite bank, beneath palm-trees, are numerous temples, — most of them small, whitewashed structures, at a little distance presenting by their whiteness a pleasing contrast to the greenness of the foliage. But now, with a fresh team, we enter upon our last stage, — the horses upon the run, the driver blowing his horn; everybody making haste to clear the track, for the dak is a privileged vehicle, and has the right of way; so raising a tremendous dust, we whirl up the streets of Jubbulpore, and reach the end of our journey and of our three nights of curious entertainment, which we would not have missed, but do not care to enjoy a second time.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### IN THE HEART OF INDIA.

**J**UBBULPORE has long been a military station. The grounds occupied by the troops are spacious, regularly laid out, and beautifully shaded by grand old trees. The officers' quarters are elegantly arranged. The premises are large, and set off with every variety of tropical trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers. The parade-ground is an immense park, level as a floor, and surrounded with groves. Nothing can be more delightful than to

stroll down the long avenues, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers, hearing the crows cawing above us, and myriads of sparrows and birds of the tropics chirping and singing in the bamboo thickets, and look out upon a landscape dotted with palms, waving their broad green leaves. The band attached to the brigade plays every evening in the public garden, and at that hour all the Europeans in town — officers and their wives, sons, and daughters — gather in the garden for promenade. If Mr. Emerson were to visit India, he might perhaps find material enough for an additional chapter on "English traits." It is amusing to see the young officers, with enormous side whiskers, dressed in white jackets and pants, strutting over the parade-ground, clanking their swords, jingling their spurs, manifesting in every feature, in every glance of the eye, every movement of the body, the intensesness of their nationality. A surly watch-dog, pacing to and fro in front of his kennel, with ruffed mane, and conscious that he is master upon the premises, does not manifest a greater sense of his importance than do these young gentlemen, a few months out from England. None of the ancient Moguls could surpass them in playing the nabob. Here and there we see one who has been long in the service, who has passed the puppy period, and become a regular old mastiff, treating all who approach him, be they Europeans or natives, respectfully.

It is quite natural that those newly arrived should have a high estimate of their importance. Britons have conquered India; why should not they feel well under the circumstances?

A large party of men are at work upon the railroad, and we stroll along its line to observe this great iron highway. The embankments are of necessity much wider than those upon railroads in the United States.

The torrents which pour from the clouds during the rainy season make sad havoc with earthworks, unless they are well constructed. All masonry must be laid on solid foundations, and the cement must be of a character to stand the extremes of dryness and moisture incident to the climate. Brick is mainly used, instead of stone, in the construction of culverts and small bridges. The work is done in the most thorough manner, and the superstructure of this and other roads is probably superior to that of most railways in our own country.

Jubbulpore being an important station, large buildings have been erected by the company. The passenger depot is spacious, but want of adaptation is manifest in the arrangement. In a country where the sun in summer burns like a red-hot ball in the heavens, and where for three months in the year the rain comes down unceasingly, common sense would have erected some sort of shelter over the platforms of the station-houses; but such protection is wholly wanting. The station-houses are brick buildings with solid walls, which act as radiators to the heat of the sun, and passengers waiting for the starting of the train are baked in the oven-like heat. It is so at all the stations between Jubbulpore and Allahabad, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles.

When the road is completed down the Nerbudda to Bombay, Jubbulpore will be one of the principal stations. It is in a well-watered and productive country. The hills bordering the valley are from two to five hundred feet high, with natural terraces along their sides, showing distinctly the ancient water-marks of a time when the river was two hundred feet above its present level. As we move northeast we gradually leave the fertile soil, gain the plateau between the Nerbudda and the streams which empty into the Ganges, and find a sterile region, destitute of wood, and supporting a sparse population.



This section of the road passes through a province still held by one of the native rajahs. He has nothing particular to do, but is kept in place by the government, because descended from the ancient rulers. His royalty is acknowledged by the English everywhere. When he travels it is in great state. He is saluted by the garrisons. He was loyal during the mutiny, and is receiving his reward.

It is amusing to see the monkeys in the groves scampering away and climbing the highest trees as the train dashes past them. They abound in this section of the country, and play the mischief with the garden-sauce and field products of the natives. They steal everything they can lay their paws on. They are as adroit in their thieving as the experts of the human species. A fellow-passenger informs us that it is impossible to travel in some parts of India without a native to keep constant watch upon everything. Were we to go out upon the plains and pitch a tent, or lie down to sleep, in a few minutes several score of these light-fingered, fleet-footed gentry would come to pay us their respects, forming a ring around the camp, sitting in solemn state, gazing at everything going on. They are sober gray-beards, harmless, innocent, sitting at respectful distance, as silent and grave as Indian braves around a council-fire. Gradually they draw nearer, watching to see who is asleep, who awake. If the coast is clear they make a sudden spring, seize whatever they can, and are off in a twinkling. They are a nuisance to cultivator and traveller.

As we near the valley of the Ganges vegetation is more rank, the foliage greener, and the soil more fertile. We pass rice-fields, where men and women are plashing in the water, weeding the young grain. The country is more densely populated, and there are signs of increasing thrift now that the railroad has been opened.

The full moon is just rising in the east as we come in sight of the Ganges, — the most sacred of all the rivers of the world, — looked upon by more than one hundred millions of the human race as the river of life. There are some remarkable similarities between the religious legends of the Hindoos and the writings of the Bible. We have not space to dwell upon them; but it would not be a difficult matter to show from the ancient literature of the Hindoos, that before the rise of Brahmanism the people worshipped only one deity; and there are also evidences to show that India has had an acquaintance with the religion of Jesus Christ.

“It is generally supposed,” says Marshman, in his history of this country, “that St. Thomas introduced Christianity into India, where he obtained many converts. The Hindoo legends present so many points of similarity with the facts of the New Testament as to leave little doubt that the events connected with the life and death of the Saviour of mankind were widely disseminated through India, and embodied, though in a distorted form, in the writings of Hindoo poets and sages.”

Every religion has more or less of the poetic element. It abounds in the Jewish, also in the Hindoo.

“Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn when thou hast so provided it.”

So sang the Hebrew poet; were we to read the passage to a Hindoo, he would believe it to be a description of the sacred Ganges. Or read to him from the Book of Revelation the sublime description of the river of life, and he would assure us that it had reference only to this mighty stream, rolling its everlasting flood onward to the sea, an emblem of the final absorption of himself into the bosom of Brahma.

A few miles south of Allahabad is the junction of the

Jubbulpore with the great Peninsular line of railway, running from Calcutta to Delhi. The train winds along the bank of the river till it reaches the Jumna, the main branch of the Ganges. It is a stream as wide as the Connecticut at Springfield, spanned by a costly iron bridge, supported by piers of stone. The Jumna, like the Missouri, is subject to capricious freaks, — scooping its bed of quicksand full of holes, cutting off a slice of land on one side, carrying it over to the other, running away from towns, and doing other truant acts. The engineers went down seventy feet to find firm foundations for their piers, without reaching solid earth. They drove piles, sunk iron shafts, and resorted to various expedients, and have reared a splendid structure; but no one has much confidence in its permanency. It may tumble in a night during some great flood. The engineers on the route between Jubbulpore and Bombay have encountered the same difficulty on the Nerbudda, and one expensive bridge and several small ones have already fallen.

We glide into the station, — a spacious structure, containing a large restaurant and hotel; but the landlord has no accommodations.

“A great many travelling now,” he says. “Cotton speculators are rushing like mad bulls all over the country. People have been telegraphing for rooms all day.”

But there are public houses in the town; so stepping into a *shigram*, we are carried through cross-streets and by-ways to the “Great Eastern Hotel.” It is a large square edifice, with a wide veranda supported by tall Ionic columns, and presents an imposing appearance.

A half-dozen Englishmen are sitting at table, in the centre of the great hall, drinking brandy and water. A tall Hindoo shows us to our room, the door of which is a red curtain. Partitions separate the rooms, but there are no ceilings overhead. We can hear much of

what is going on in the other apartments, and doubtless our neighbors' ears are as sharp as ours, and they can guess whether we are splashing in the earthen bath-tub or breathing hard while asleep.



RAISING THE WIND.

A punka hangs over our bed, kept in motion through the night by two bronzed creatures who sit beneath our window, each taking turns at a rope, which runs through the wall. Fanned by the machine, inhaling the sweet fragrance of oleander, magnolia, and laburnum, we lie down to rest, but not to slumber. We need no covering. The thinnest sheet is a burden. The couch itself could not be hotter even if a warning-pan filled with live coals were passed over it. We toss and tumble, wipe off the perspiration oozing from every pore, and it is not till the midnight breeze sweeps up the valley from the distant sea that we are able to get a wink of sleep.



## CHAPTER XV.

## SCENES IN ALLAHABAD.

IT is charming in the cool of the morning to ride down the broad shaded avenues of this chief mercantile city of Central India, the Ganges laving the eastern and the Jumna its western border. It occupies a favored place in Hindoo estimation. The Ganges is the type of the eternal. It has flowed from the beginning of time, and will roll on forever. The Jumna is its mightiest affluent, and its wooded banks are hallowed by the loves of Krishna and Buddha, who once dwelt on earth, but who are now immortal.

Beneath the luxuriant palm-trees of the Jumna, in bowers adorned with flowers of every hue, the fabled Naiads danced and sang, long before their voices were heard amid the Grecian groves. At every step of our journey in this Oriental land we meet with myths which, before the Pelasgi were driven from Hellas, were rehearsed amid these scenes. Like the odor of sweet flowers pervading parlor, hall, drawing-room, and chamber of a beautiful mansion on a gala-night, so these legends give perfume to literature, science, and art. The flower of ancient Hindoo poesy gives fragrance to every page of history.

See how Indra has come down to us. To him one hundred and seventy-eight of the hymns of the Rig Veda are addressed. He was the god of air, — the ether, ethereal. He was the Zeus of the Greeks.

“Zeus,” says Max Müller, “was not an invention of Homer. Jupiter was not borrowed from Greece. Long before the Aryans immigrated into Greece and Italy, they

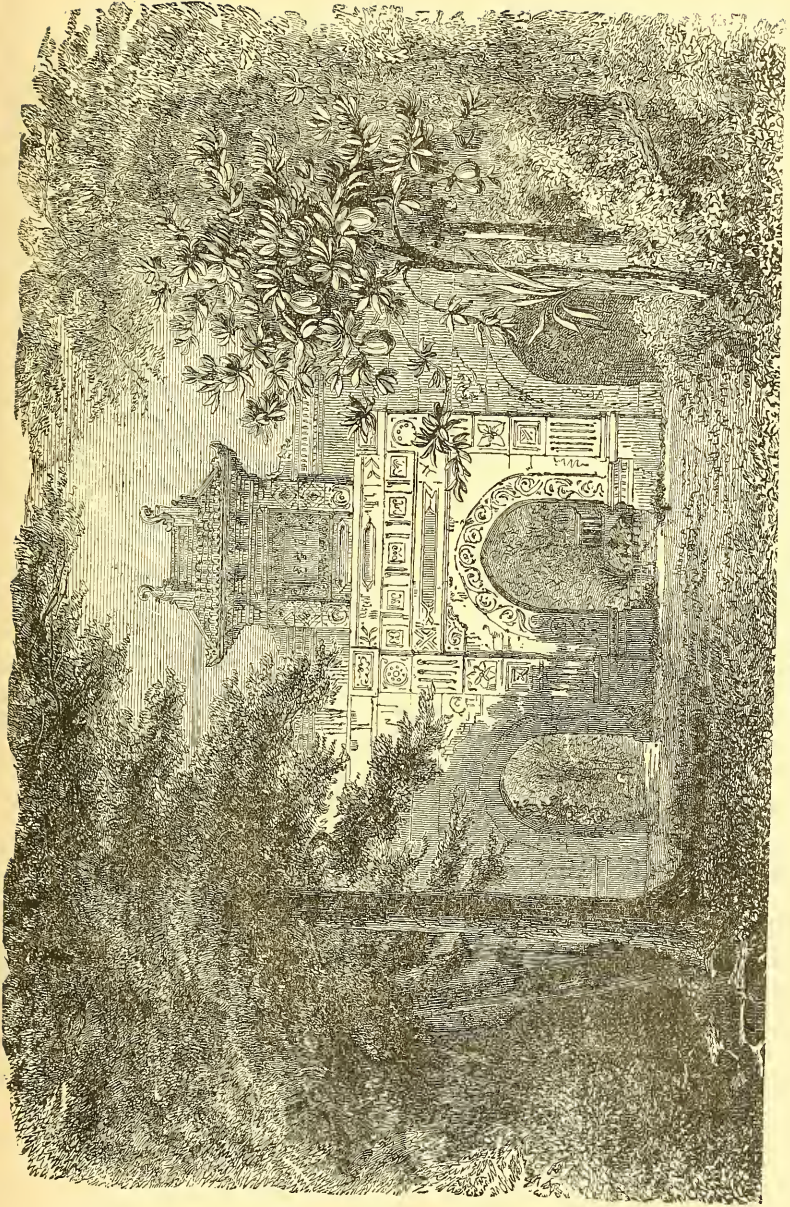
worshipped the same god under the same name. Brahmans, who migrated towards the south, invoked him along the river of the Punjab."\*

Modern astronomy has given this deity a place among the spheres, assigning him the largest planet of the solar system. The numerous asteroids wheeling above us are, some of them, only Grecian incarnations of gods, worshipped ages before the schoolmaster Cadmus, as Mr. Motley calls him, carried his writing-book from the Nile to the Peloponnesus.

Thousands of years ago Pruyag, the Moon god, lived here where the turbid Ganges and the sparkling Jumna join their waters, and the place is holy. Superstition has made it a spot where human beings can be purified from sin. All who have their heads shaved at this junction of the rivers will secure one million years' residence in paradise for every hair which falls into the sacred waters! Always there are pilgrims to be shaved; but in the month of January, when the moon is full, a grand festival commences in honor of the god who once condescended to live here. The fair, or *mela*, lasts about two months; acres of ground are covered with tents, and the place is crowded with devotees, beggars, and merchants. It is therefore the greatest barber's shop in the world, and those who handle the razor do a thriving business.

Allahabad, being situated on the tongue of land formed by the two streams, has always been a stronghold. The fort which now rears its massive walls near the town was a Hindoo fortress thirty centuries ago. The Moguls, when they came into power, strengthened it. When the late mutiny broke out it was the only place, except Lucknow, in Upper India, which did not fall into the hands of the rebels. "Keep Allahabad safe," was the despatch sent

\* Edinburgh Review, October, 1851.



INDIAN GARDEN SCENE.





from Calcutta by Sir Henry Laurence; and it was held by the heroic little band against all assaults, till Neill came up the river with reinforcements and raised the siege.

Inside the fort stands a pillar forty-two feet high, — a beautiful monolith of dark granite, slightly tapering towards the top, and covered with inscriptions. Successive generations have gazed upon it, wondering when and by whom and for what purpose it was erected. It was not till a few years ago that the characters were deciphered; but a pundit, learned in obsolete Indian literature, came along one day, and discovered that the writing was the ancient Pali, and that it was erected by the Rajah Asoca, almost 250 B. C. The inscription is a royal proclamation, prohibiting cruelty to animals, and calling upon the public to erect hospitals and other charitable institutions. In those ancient days, before the art of printing was discovered, princes thus promulgated their decrees.

It was at Allahabad that the Greek Ambassador Megasthenes resided 300 B. C., and wrote out those accounts of India which have come down to us through Greek historians.

This was a stronghold during Mohammedan rule, and the old building called the Jummah Musjeed still stands, a silent witness of devotion to the faith in those days. It was a stately mosque; but during the late mutiny English soldiers ate their rations of salt-pork beneath its lofty dome, and made it forever vile to the followers of the Prophet. Strange are the contrasts of religious belief. To the Mohammedan pork is an abomination; but three minutes' walk from this mosque brings us to a temple where the Hindoos bow down to the image of the sacred hog Baraha, — which is the second incarnation of Vishnu, who rooted the world up from the bottom of the sea! For that

service he is greatly beloved. Men present potatoes, mangoes, and rice to his hogship; women sprinkle his sacred head with holy water brought from the Ganges, and garland his snout with flowers! So man wallows in degradation, and blindly gropes his way to deeper darkness, when he once turns away from God.

We reach the market-place, where noisy purchasers are chaffering with hucksters, who sit beneath wide-spread umbrellas as awnings, supported by bamboo sticks. Some of the women are tattooed with fantastic representations of fish, fruit, or flowers. The operation is performed when they are quite young. Blue, red, and yellow colors are used, and face, neck, arms, and body are subjected to the process. To us it seems a ridiculous custom; but we dare say these Hindoo women, observing that we have our ears bored, wonder we do not also adorn our persons by wearing jewels in the nose, or have flowers pricked in India ink on our foreheads.

Some of the mothers carry their infants on the head in a basket; others bear them on the hip, the little bronzed creatures clinging to the shoulder of the mother and riding at ease.

In the centre of the market-place is a deep well, with a passage leading to the water down a long flight of stone steps. During the late mutiny, when the garrison in the fort was holding out against the infuriated rebels, one of their leaders, in order to incite the people to insurrection, and influence their fanaticism, had a magic carpet spread over the well, upon which he seated himself, and was sustained, as the bloodthirsty fanatics believed, by the power of God. Such an evidence of supernatural aid was proof that they would win the victory, and their attacks upon the fort were renewed with greater ferocity.

But Neill was on his way from Calcutta with reinforcements, and scattered the mutineers like chaff. Allaha-



MOTHERS OF INDIA.

bad was the first place relieved. Had it fallen before the arrival of Neill, far different perhaps would have been the state of affairs in India to-day. The valley of the Ganges would have been in the hands of the mutineers to the very suburbs of Calcutta, and the rebellion would have obtained such a prestige and power, that a longer and harder struggle would have been required on the part of England to subdue it.

From the market-place we pass through a lofty gateway into the Chusero Bagh, a beautiful garden laid out when the Moguls were in their greatest power and glory. The gate itself is of wood, — solid, enduring teak. It was erected more than two hundred and fifty years ago; has

withstood the burning heat of the sun, the parching winds, the soaking rains, through all these mutable years, yet the grain of the wood is firm and compact as when hewn from the forest.

The garden is bounded on one side by three stone mausoleums, erected by the Mohammedans several hundred years ago. They are spacious and lofty, with panelled walls, upon which are graven the virtues of two deceased princes and the Begum of Jehangeer, for whom they were erected. A square cupola, elaborately ornamented, surmounts the flat roof of the edifice. The interior still bears traces of its adornment by cunning hands when India was ruled by the followers of the Prophet, and when the crescent flag waved over every inch of territory between the turbid Brahmaputra and the verdant vales of Andalusia.

But the Englishman is here, and cares little for relics of the past that do not glorify his own national history. He has put up his billiard-table beneath the sculptured roof of one of these magnificent tombs, and we hear the clicking of the ivory balls where the Mussulman once rehearsed the virtues of the deceased princes. The Englishman intends to make this tongue of land, so sacred to the Hindoo, and so hallowed to the Mohammedan, a busy mart of traffic. The courts, now held at Agra, are to be held here, and it is proposed to make this the capital of the Northwest Provinces. It will soon be the great railway centre of the empire. Real estate is rising, and men who are conversant with political affairs predict that ultimately the Governor-General will reside here instead of at Calcutta.

The present population is about one hundred and ten thousand, and is rapidly increasing. The railway station, though spacious, is to give place to one of greater capacity for storing merchandise.



But the increasing heat warns us to return to the hotel; besides it is the breakfast hour.

A Hindoo waiter, with a turban shaped like a soup-plate, who stands behind us at the table, says, "American ice, sir!" as he drops a lump into my tumbler. Looking out from the veranda to the next house we see a sign, "American Ice." Mr. C. L. Brown is here, agent of the Tudor Ice Company of Boston. He has been fifteen years in India. The company are extending their operations to the interior. Heretofore the cities up country have been supplied by "machine ice," which has been used by the Europeans, but which the natives will not purchase. They are afraid it may contain something that will make them unclean; but American ice is pure, and they have no scruples about using it. Mr. Brown has orders from Jubbulpore, Agra, Lucknow, Delhi, and other cities along the different lines of railway. Travellers send letters requesting him to have a supply at the station on the arrival of the trains. They look upon it, not as a luxury merely, but as an article that cannot be dispensed with. In this climate it is a tonic. Men do not exert themselves and get overheated here as in the United States, and then cool off by drinking ice-water, which, under such circumstances, brings on cholera and fever; but they keep off such diseases by reducing the system to a lower temperature by its use. Mr. Brown gives the go-by to ale and brandy, the common drinks of Englishmen; takes ice-water freely, eats very little meat, but lives on rice, bathes every morning, and has had no sickness during the fifteen years of his Indian life.

The ice in our tumbler is three years old, having been harvested in 1865. The most extravagant tale of the Orient is not more romantic than the story of this solidified water from Wenham Lake. It is a piece of impris-

oned cold, a fragment of a bygone winter transported by sea and land to this city of Central India, to minister to our health and comfort.

How romantic to think of it!— of boyhood's rosy cheeks and girlhood's laughing eyes, the joining of hands, the swiftly flying feet sweeping the gleaming field, the linking of hearts for a wider curve across the stream of life;— a picture of happiness without a counterpart in the world, and as much in advance of life in this tropical land as the Sistine Madonna of Raphael is superior to the figures on a Chinese tea-chest!

Call it rhapsody, sentiment, what you will; how can one help this outburst of enthusiasm with a piece of ice from Wenham Lake clinking in his tumbler, melting in his mouth, cooling his parched tongue, and bringing to his soul a breeze of old associations?

Blessed be the ice, and prosperity to the Tudor Company!

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## CHAPTER XVI.

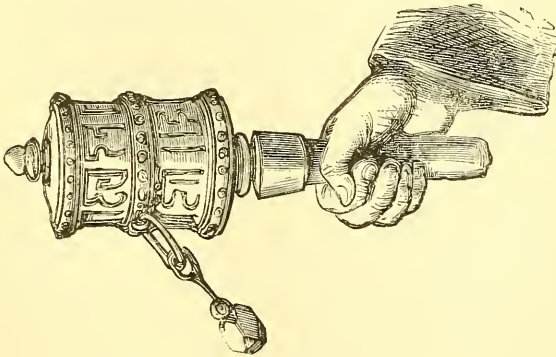
### NATIVE SCHOOLS.

ALLAHABAD being centrally situated is a convenient place for educational and missionary operations. English and American missionaries have been some years on the ground, not only preaching, but sustaining schools, which are exercising a beneficial influence on the community.

The American Presbyterian churches have two missionaries in the city, Rev. Messrs. Owen and Walsh, both of whom have been here about a quarter of a century. We find Mr. Owen hard at work in his library on

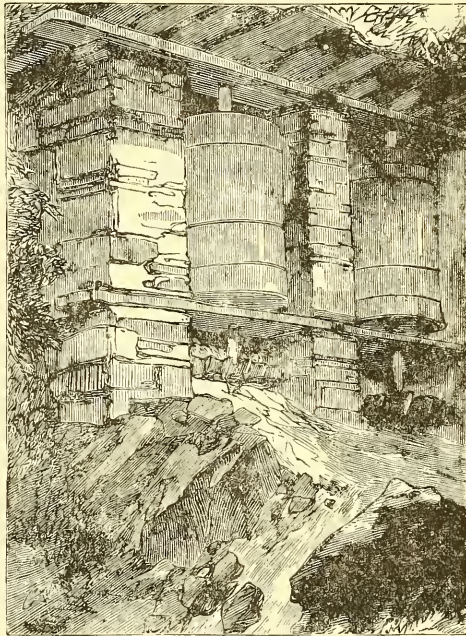
a new translation of the Bible. His time is given to labor of that sort and to preaching on the Sabbath. He had a translation nearly completed at the time of the breaking out of the mutiny, when his house was sacked all his papers destroyed, and his work of years entirely lost. It is very interesting to hear him recount the story of the mutiny, while sitting at his breakfast-table, — the trials of those dark days, the fidelity of the native Christians, and to listen to his account of a recent journey to Thibet. An English officer last summer was ordered to make an exploration of the country of the Himalayas bordering on China, and invited Mr. Owen to accompany him. They went up to Delhi; to the valley of the Sutlej; followed up that river; climbed the mountains, over passes twenty-two thousand feet high, and reached the borders of Western China; but here they were turned back by the authorities.

It is a country where men pray by machinery; sometimes by water, but oftener by hand power. Dr. Owen brought down one of their prayer-wheels, which is somewhat like a watchman's rattle, only it makes less clatter. It contains a strip of paper or parchment, on which



PRAYING BY HAND.

prayers are written. Swinging it is praying, just as the counting of beads in Catholic countries is devotion. More powerful praying machines are turned by the mountain streams, which weary not, but make continued supplication day and night. Between beads and wheels, the last is the more ingenious, and doubtless quite as effective.



PRAYING BY WATER.

From this gentleman we obtain many facts in regard to missionary operations in India, as well as of other important movements for the enlightenment of Hindoos. He informs us that the natives have a great desire to obtain an education. He received a letter last week from a native who had been educated in the mission



school, and who had obtained a place on the railroad. He had been promoted, and his salary advanced from \$ 75 to \$ 100 per month. The letter contained \$ 25, and reads as follows :—

“ My dear old master, please accept the increase of my salary for one month as a thank-offering to the Lord.”

Yet this man is not a Christian. Although he does not worship idols, he has not embraced the Christian religion. He has only arrived at a state of *betweenity*. He knows the benefit of an education, probably looks upon the Bible as superior to the Shasters ; at any rate, he gives a prize of one dollar per month to the scholar of the class who shows the most proficiency in Biblical knowledge. Caste, and the influence of friends, prevent him from openly committing himself to the Christian religion.

And so with many native gentlemen. They hold the missionaries in high esteem, and encourage their good work in many ways, but they cannot wholly break away from their idols, and range themselves in the ranks of the Christians, — forego the love of friends and neighbors, and be classed with the low and vile.

Riding through the native portion of the city, past bazaars, markets, and temples, we reach the house of Rev. Mr. Walsh. He came from Newburg, N. Y. ; is hale, hearty, energetic, and has a countenance fresh and fair, after a quarter of a century of labor under the sun of India.

The mission premises occupied by him are situated on the bank of the Jumna, and formerly belonged to the government. They comprise a church, a court-house, several bungalows for officers, a garden, and an extensive park, planted with shade-trees. The buildings cost a large sum of money, but some wise engineer informed the governor that in a few years the whole would be tumbled into the river ; therefore a new site was selected for the public offices.

The missionaries were better acquainted with the eccentricities of the river, and, having confidence in its integrity at that particular place, purchased the entire estate for two thousand dollars. They can sell it now for fifty thousand.

It is a charming locality, with shady lawns and wide-spreading trees, beneath one of which we find Rev. Mr. Walsh, at six o'clock in the morning, taking a cup of tea.

"I have about four hundred boys," he says, as we pass across the lawn to the old court-house, "of all ages, shades, and castes. You will see for yourselves what they are and what they promise. There is such a demand for English-speaking natives that I cannot graduate a class. They are snapped up as soon as they can say, 'How do you do?' and 'Good morning.' A great many who have gone out from this school are getting far greater pay than I am."

We reach the door of the building — a one-storied edifice, with a thatched roof — in season to see the scholars trooping into the large hall by classes. They rise and say, "Good morning." Then comes the reading of the Bible, and a prayer in Hindostani by Mr. Walsh; then all except the first class retire.

The first exercise is in reading, with *Paradise Lost* for a text-book. The lesson for the morning is from the Second Book, the description of Chaos:—

"Behold the throne  
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned  
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
Oreus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next and Chance,  
And Tumult and Confusion all embroiled,  
And Discord with a thousand various mouths."

Here is something not found in the Shasters; yet the

scholars understand the meaning of the poet, and analyze the sentences quite as correctly as those of our normal schools.

“Who are the people mentioned here, and where do they live?”

“They are not people, sir; they are personifications.”

“Is this poem wholly a fiction?”

“No, sir; it is based on the Bible.”

Other questions elicit intelligent answers, as will be seen in their explanation of the following passage:—

“Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned  
Charybdis, and by the other Whirlpool steered.”

We question them to learn what they know of Homer and the Odyssey, or of geography.

“Who was the person here referred to?”

“He was one of the characters in Homer’s poem.”

“Who was Homer, and where and when did he live?”

“He was a Greek poet, who lived more than two thousand years ago.”

“Where are the localities here mentioned?”

“In the Straits of Messina, which separate Sicily from Italy.”

Near the close of the book are these lines:—

“This pendent World, in bigness as a star,  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.”

They offer us the opportunity of inquiring what the pupils think of the Hindoo cosmogony, which makes the earth a broad, flat surface, surrounded by seas, with a great mountain, one hundred and twenty-two thousand miles high, in the distant North, around which the sun revolves, thus producing day and night; the whole supported on the back of a great turtle. Above the earth are crystal spheres, where the gods dwell on green islands, surrounded by oceans of melted butter. To us of the West their

terrestrial and celestial physics seem on a par with the description in *Mother Goose* of

“ The man in the moon  
Who came down at noon  
To inquire the way to Norridge.”

One of the pupils gives, at our request, an outline of the Hindoo belief in regard to the structure of the Universe. He hangs his head while speaking, as if ashamed of his former ignorance. Their ideas of distance and magnitude are limited. They never have travelled, never have been far from their native city. The full moon to them is no larger than a dinner-plate. The ninety million miles of space between us and the sun is an incomprehensible distance; but they have correct notions of the solar system, of balls whirling in space around a central orb.

Noticing that one of the class has a watch, and having been talking about the celestial scenery, we gradually approach the subject of natural religion.

“ Does your watch keep good time ? ”

“ Pretty good.”

“ Does it lose or gain ? ”

“ It gains.”

“ Did you ever see one that kept exact time ? ”

“ No, sir ; I don't think it possible for a man to make one.”

“ Why not ? ”

“ Because of the difference of temperature at times, and for want of skill.”

“ Does the earth revolve around the sun without any variation ? ”

“ Yes, sir ; and so do all the planets.”

“ May we infer anything from this ? ”

“ Yes, sir ; I think that we may infer that there is a God.”



He has not studied Butler or Paley, nor any other author on natural religion; but it is the conclusion arrived at by the education he has received in the school, with the Bible for one of the text-books.

It is not possible for us to fully understand the workings of their minds. They are young men, — the oldest perhaps twenty years of age; many of them married, some of them fathers. Those not married are betrothed; though who they are affianced to, where she lives, how she looks, whether beautiful or ugly, they know not. The fathers have done all the business. They have been brought up to worship idols; their parents bow down to Vishnu; their sisters lay flowers on the shrine of Krishna; their friends and relatives and acquaintances believe in those deities, perform ablutions, and attend festivals. They see the absurdity of their former belief, and are ready to laugh when Mr. Walsh holds it up to ridicule.

The next exercise is on the Mind, with Abercrombie's Philosophy of the Moral Feelings for a text-book. The lesson of the morning is in regard to Testimony, the credibility of direct and circumstantial evidence.

Upon this they are at sea. The Hindoo is wanting in all sense of moral obligation. His sacred book — his Bible — contains no code of moral laws. His priest sets him an example of duplicity. He never trusts his dispute with his neighbor to the arbitrament of a native judge, who has ever an open palm for him who will pay the highest fee.

A missionary travelling through the country protected himself from the noonday heat by lying in a stream; while in that rather unmagisterial position the people of the neighboring village came with their disputes, made him their judge, and accepted his decisions. They have perfect confidence in European, but none in Hindoo jus-

tice. They do not wish to see natives, no matter how learned they may be in the law, put upon the bench.

“How would you get at the truth in a court of law?” we ask.

“We must make witnesses swear upon what they hold to be most sacred.”

“What would that be?”

“Some would swear upon the Shasters, others by the Ganges.”

“Do the Shasters make men better? or does the Ganges make men morally responsible?”

“No, sir; but whatever men believe to be sacred we must make them swear by.”

Another one says that we must judge of the credibility of the witness from his previous character; while the third claims that we must judge by the general appearance of the man.

Passing into the room occupied by the second class, we find them reciting in algebra, one of their number at a black-board solving a problem. They are boys from twelve to sixteen years of age. As a test of their ability to apply their knowledge of mathematics to practical life, we inquire how, if they were building a house, they would ascertain mathematically the length of the rafters of the roof. The answer is given quickly and correctly. The Hindoos excel in mathematics, and command high salaries as clerks and accountants. Some who obtained an education in this school are receiving a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum. This is a stimulus to the native mind. Formerly it was difficult to obtain pupils, but there is no need now of urging parents to send their boys to the mission schools, which are preferred to those established by the government, notwithstanding the missionaries make the Bible a text-book, and teach the doctrines of the Christian religion

as laid down in the catechism of the Westminster divines.

A journey from Bombay to this city, and our morning's visit to this school, gives us a broader view of the material and moral forces at work for the Christianization of India. The success of this mission is the best answer to all doubters of the efficiency of the means and the men employed in regenerating this ancient land of Buddha and Brahma.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### FROM ALLAHABAD TO BENARES.

**B**EFORE turning our faces southward from Allahabad, down the valley of the Ganges, it will be interesting to glance at that section of India which lies northward of this city. We behold a vast plain, watered by the Junna, the Ganges, and their numerous affluents. It widens toward the north, and the whole of the immense area is densely populated. It has been a human hive for forty centuries. When the Aryans — the ancestors of the Hindoos — entered the valley of the Indus, it was thickly inhabited, and ten centuries passed before they were powerful enough to obtain possession of the country. No portion of the globe, unless some sections of China may be excepted, has sustained an equal number of human beings.

The exceeding fertility of the soil, the industry and art of the people, the rich fabrics of their looms, the diamond mines of Golconda, made India, in bygone ages, renowned as the richest of all lands. It ever excited

the cupidity of the nations. There is evidence that Sesostris once sent an expedition hither. Certain it is that the Scythians and Persians successively swooped down upon these treasure-fields. Alexander almost reached them, and probably would have done so had his life not been cut short at Babylon. The Mohammedans came, fertilized the soil afresh with blood, ruled with an iron hand, till their Empire crumbled through old age, when the English took possession of the magnificent domain.

To comprehend the density of population here, we may think of the six New England States and New York as containing thirty-three million inhabitants,—all of the people of the United States crowded into that small area! Or if the present population of the Union were living in Illinois and Iowa, those States would not contain so many human beings as are now living on less territory in the Northwest Provinces of India!

The plain is alluvial, and would sustain a countless multitude if there were a constant supply of water. But the summers are dry, crops sometimes fail, and myriads of the dusky race at times have been swept away by famine. A canal four hundred miles in length has been excavated to bring water from the Himalayas, irrigation companies formed, and it is the intention of the government to establish a system of water supply, which will add immeasurably to the productive capacity of the soil.

Formerly the products of this section found their way to the seaboard only by tedious and uncertain transportation down the Ganges, while British goods were still longer on the way up the stream from Calcutta. The cost of freighting was so great that the inhabitants could not afford to purchase the manufactures of Manchester and Birmingham; but the railroad has worked a wonderful change. The natives cultivate cotton, which



is taken to England, wrought into calico, brought back again, and sold in the village whence the snowy product was sent away. Land and labor have advanced in value. Men who barely obtained a living before the opening of the railroad are now beginning to accumulate money.

It would be interesting to visit Cawnpoor, Agra, and Delhi, and behold those places, made forever memorable by the events of twenty-five centuries, and more especially by the mournful and heroic scenes of the late mutiny; but our course is down the valley of the Ganges.

It is past midnight when we enter the railway station at Mirzapoor, fifty-five miles south of Allahabad, and find the carriage of an English missionary awaiting us.

At sunrise we are abroad with Rev. Mr. Lambert, riding through that modern town, which stands on the west bank of the Ganges. A multitude of natives are filling their water-jars at the river.

The city is one of the best points for traffic in Hindostan. The country around is very productive. About one sixth of all the cotton and grain of India comes from Mirzapoor, and the warehouses of this city supply goods to fifty millions of people! A visit to these stores lets us into the secret of England's prosperity. In every village of this empire goods of British manufacture may be found. In every native hut something is seen which has passed through the hands of British workmen. The strip of cotton which the cooly wears for decency was woven in an English loom; the little brass image of Krishna before which the Hindoo woman bows in worship came from a Birmingham workshop.

The town has no ancient renown, but has grown up since the occupation of India by the English. The present population is about eighty thousand.

A short distance out of the town is a hill upon which

stands the temple of Kali, the goddess of murderers. Here, in former years, the Thugs came with their offerings, laid them at the feet of the idol, worshipped, and then went out to knock their victims on the head and tumble them into the Ganges. It is said to be the only temple to that goddess now standing in India. The government has hunted the last Thug out of the country, and human life is as well protected here as in any other country.

We are kindly entertained by Mr. Lambert, who is connected with the London Missionary Society, and who confirms the view already advanced, that railroads are breaking up caste and revolutionizing society.

Seated in his pleasant parlor, with the punka in motion over our heads, he gives us valuable information in regard to the social life of the Hindoos. We have supposed that a Brahman was only defiled if brought in contact with those of lower caste, but they are dishonored as well. If a woman of the higher classes uncovers her face before strangers, she disgraces her husband as well as herself.

An Englishman at Mirzapoor whose windows overlooked the garden of a wealthy Hindoo was ungallant enough to use his opera-glass one day while the wife of his neighbor was walking beneath the trees without her veil. The result was domestic discord and unutterable woe. The wife threw herself at the husband's feet, hiding her head in shame; and the man, with a broken heart, rushed to the Englishman's residence, crying, "I am forever dishonored. Everybody will laugh at me. I never shall go into good society again!"

The tyranny of caste is inconceivable till one comes in contact with it. If a Hindoo woman of high caste wishes to travel in the cars, she is taken to the station and put, palankeen and all, into a freight-car.

It shows its power among the servants. There is no

such thing as a general house-servant in India. One man sweeps, another brings water, a third blacks our boots, the fourth answers the door-bell. There is no interchange of work. Men labor in-doors, while their wives are cultivating the land. Women can earn, by hard work, four cents a day. They live mainly on rice, the poorest quality of which costs two and a half cents a pound. There cannot be much variety in their fare; and at the close of December, as to wealth, they are where they were at the beginning of the year. On such a pittance they do well to keep soul and body together.

Another ride of forty miles by rail brings us to the station of Mogul Serai, where we leave the main line. A branch four miles long, over a fertile plain, where numerous jackals are ranging through the fields, takes us to the Benares station, on the west bank of the Ganges. Stepping from the car, we have a view before us which has thrilled the souls of countless millions. What Jerusalem is to the Christian, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Benares is to the Hindoo, — the holiest spot on earth. The city is one of the oldest in the world. Twenty-six centuries have passed since Rome was founded; but before Romulus was heard of Benares was an ancient town. Long before the shepherd-boy of Bethlehem tended his father's flocks on the Judæan hills, before Jerusalem became the city of the Lord, pilgrims visited this sacred shrine. Romans; Greeks, Jews, Assyrians, Egyptians, with their religions, have disappeared as nations, but the Hindoo people still exist, numbering as many to-day probably as at any period of their history. Their religion remains, and Benares is now, as it has been from the earliest ages, a city of temples.

Tall, white minarets, golden domes of mosques, and temples and princely palaces rise before us. At our feet the Ganges rolls its mighty flood. Many a pilgrim, from

the remotest province of India, measuring his weary way, by prayer and penance, through months and years, beholding those gleaming spires has been thrilled with joy unspeakable. Paradise was before him. The Ganges was the river of eternal life. In its flowing water the sinful soul would be cleansed from every stain, and in yonder holy city he would find everlasting peace.

A bridge of boats crosses the river, over which we are taken in a carriage. Hundreds of Hindoos are bathing along the shore, or plunging from the boats, paying no attention to a swollen and disfigured corpse floating down the stream. The government is endeavoring to put a stop to the practice of throwing dead bodies into the Ganges; but the river is so holy, and the custom so ancient, that the police cannot wholly prevent it.

Several elephants, in charge of their keepers, are sporting in the current. They disappear beneath the surface, till their masters are knee-deep in water. When in playful moods they shake them off, then pick them up as tenderly as a mother her child. No animals are more fond of bathing. They are exceedingly serviceable in transporting artillery across the country. So tractable and docile are they, that when caparisoned, and on parade, at the word of command every animal salutes the reviewing officer by elevating his trunk.

We ascend the steep bank on the eastern side by the aid of a half-dozen Hindoos, who push at the carriage-wheels, and thrust their hands into the window for annas. They call us Sahib respectfully, ask beseechingly, and are so thankful for what they receive, that it is a pleasure to put the diminutive copper coin into their hands. Two cents will give them a good dinner. Who would not make men happy when it can be done at so cheap a rate?

Up a broad street, beneath palms and pepul-trees,



through dust ankle deep, we ride to the Victoria Hotel, in the northern suburbs. It is a small, one-story building, with a thatched roof. The accommodations are not sumptuous, for few Europeans have business at Benares, and there is no call for a spacious hotel. Our landlord, James Ebenezer, a native Christian, does his best to make us comfortable, sets a good table, and is very courteous.

It will add to the interest of our visit if, before strolling through the streets, we take a look at Benares as it was twenty-five centuries ago.

In the earliest Hindoo records it is spoken of as the great city Kasi, supported by Shiva upon his trident. To him its shrines and temples are dedicated. Memphis, Babylon, and Nineveh were its contemporaries, but they have disappeared, while Kasi remains to attest the preserving power of this mighty god. Its modern name is derived from the Barana River, an affluent of the Ganges, which winds past our hotel.

The institutes of Menu were written, as is supposed, about 700 B. C., and in them we have an account of Benares. It was one of six independent kingdoms in the valley of the Ganges. Looking westward from our hotel, we see at the confluence of the Barana with the Ganges, the site of the fortress which in those times was the stronghold of the kingdom, and within which stood the royal palace. The writer of that ancient volume brings before us the assembling of the royal guards, with shining sabres and iron-bound war-clubs; sentinels with scymitars guard the gates; warriors with immense bows, and arrows six feet in length in their quivers, stand upon the turreted walls; cavalry, armed with spears, sweep the wide plain; the sovereign goes forth from his palace with a train of elephants, richly caparisoned, and sabres on their tusks, mowing down the opposing squadrons; war-chariots, drawn by strong horses, dash into the ranks of

the enemy. Such is the ancient picture of military array.

Two hundred years before Plato opened his academy in the olive-groves of the western suburbs of Athens Benares was in the zenith of her literary fame. The streets were crowded with scholars, who flocked from all the East to attend the seven hundred seminaries of learning! The Tamil drama, "Arichandra," pictures to us the wealthy mansions of the Vaisas, the shops and stalls, money-changers, and their heaps of gold and silver.

Here Buddha taught his atheistical doctrines; here Brahmans and Buddhists, learned in philosophy, held discussions as keen as ever were heard in Athenian groves.

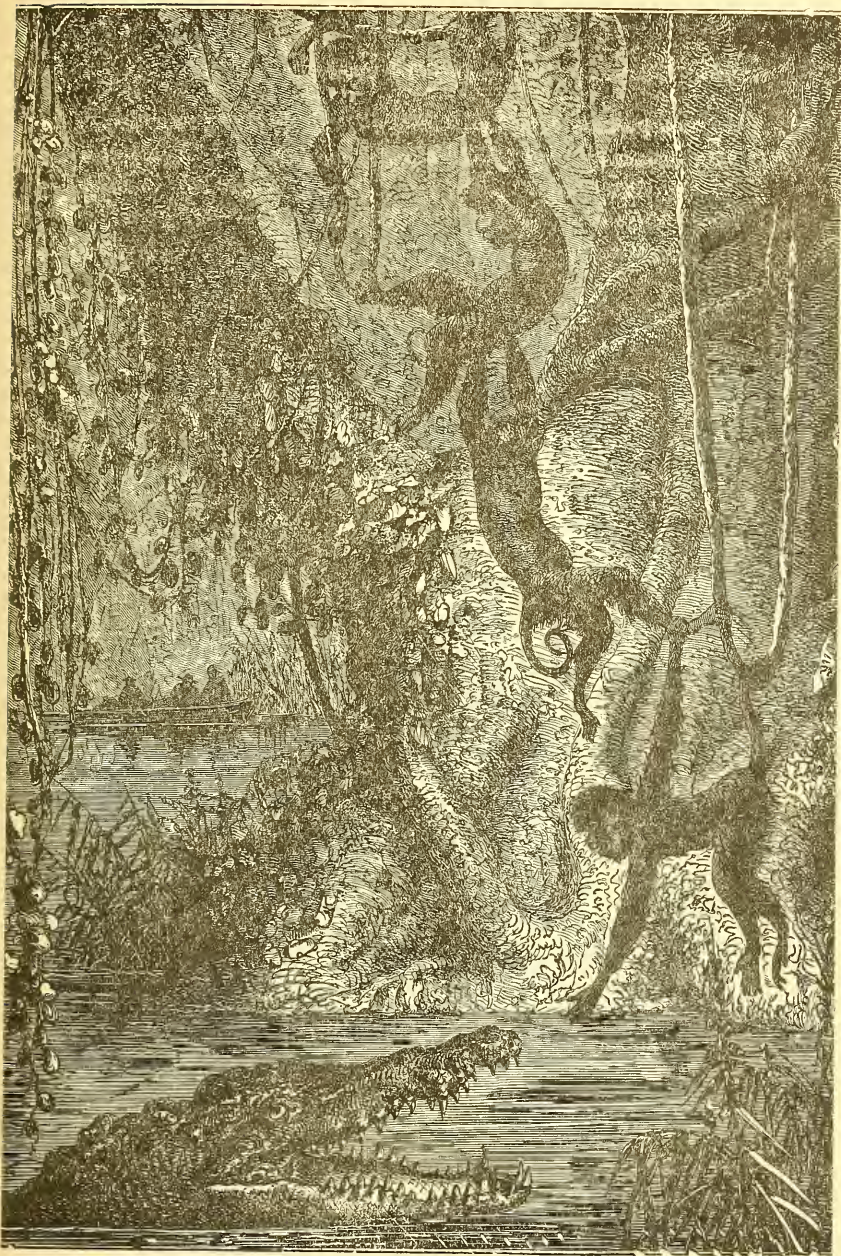
From Chinese, Hindoo, and Mohammedan history we have accounts of this holy city, which, through the mutations of time, changes of dynasties, and commotions of war, has maintained in some degree its ancient splendor, and to-day awakens in the hearts of one hundred and fifty millions of the human race the most sacred associations.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE CITY OF BENARES.

"SAHIB, it is four o'clock!" We had given instructions to the servant at the hotel to call us at that early hour, and he is prompt to a minute in doing his duty. A half-hour later we are riding through the streets, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Hewlet, of the London Missionary Society, to take a look at the city. Nu-



THE MONKEY IN HIS NATIVE JUNGLE.







merous adjutant-cranes are in the fields and gardens and on the house-tops. They have long slender legs, and stand motionless by the hour, or cock their eyes at us with a knowing look. The English soldiers contrive to kill time by tying pieces of meat together with several yards of cord between. They are gobbled down by the birds. Then comes the tug of war, on the ground or in the air. They rise, one aiming for a tree, the other for a house-top. Up they go, pulling, fluttering, losing their balance, turning topsy-turvy, till a sudden jerk by one causes the other to disgorge his breakfast, and the first, not being able to carry the dangling weight, comes head-long to the ground.

No Hindoo kills a bird. Myriads of sparrows chirp amid the shrubbery. There are kites by the thousand, crows by the ten thousand. With the jackals, which come in from the fields at night, they keep the streets clear of all garbage. There never is seen in an Indian town such filth as is common to the streets of New York.

We are on our way to the monkey pagoda, where Hunnooman is worshipped in the form of a monkey. This god was an ancient warrior who, early in Indian history, conquered Ceylon, the inhabitants of which were so small of stature that he compared them to monkeys. As the years rolled by, and his exploits were handed down in story and song, the people thought of him as a deity, and represented their ideal by a monkey. Not only at Benares, but throughout India, his image, in brass, wood, and stone, is worshipped in public temples and at family shrines. Because he bears an apish form, monkeys are kindly cared for, and the grand temple of Hunnooman is their favorite resort.

Before reaching it we see the animals sitting on walls, grinning at us from the tops of the houses, or hanging by

their tails from the branches of the trees. Two of them jump suddenly from their perch upon the wall, seize a



ON THE SLY.

melon from a tray, and are up again before the unsuspecting market-woman whom they have plundered is aware of her loss.

At the corners of streets, in gardens and shops, are shrines dedicated to this monkey-god.

Flower-sellers have set up their stalls by the entrance to the temple, for every worshipper is expected to give a flower to the god. He does not live on flowers alone, but accepts

melons, squashes, cucumbers, rice, or eatables of any kind, which the priests take into their own quarters, after Hunooman has finished his repast.

The monkeys gnash their teeth at us as we approach the gate. One of them opens his jaws as if to swallow us at a mouthful; but a flourish of an umbrella sends them all scampering to a safer distance.

Old devotees, smeared with paint, are sitting by the gateway. Their foreheads are streaked with red, their bodies with yellow. Their only clothing is a yard of cloth

around the body. They have cocoanut-shells in their hands, into which they expect you to drop money, or rice, or something good to eat. They are poor, half-starved wretches, but esteem themselves to be very holy.

We step inside the gate, and find ourselves in a yard about fifty feet square, containing a pagoda in the centre. We look through the open door and see a hideous idol, before which a lamp is burning. Two or three worshippers are there, offering flowers and sprinkling water. One of them comes out, strikes a bell, and begins to walk round the pagoda, which is his manner of worshipping.



DISPUTED TERRITORY.

Meanwhile the monkeys are having a gay frolic, running about the pagoda, leaping from the wall to the ground, from the ground to the wall, or climbing into the trees, the old monkeys carrying their little ones.

Benares is so holy that the Brahmans say if an Englishman or an American dies here, though a disbeliever in the Hindoo religion, he will be saved. In Hindoo literature the city is always spoken of as a place of holiness and heavenly beauty.

A short ride brings us to the Ganges, at the northern border of the city. The river sweeps past with a majestic tide, and the whole water front of more than three miles is before us. Thousands of boats of various forms are in view, — canoes dug from the trunks of trees, skiffs, sailing vessels, with pointed prows, high and wide sterns, and with rudders as large and unwieldy as the great doors of an American barn, and slender masts, bamboo yards, and sails of India matting. Stately stone steps



THE SACRED STREAM.

lead down to the brink of the river. Thousands of the natives, old and young, are bathing in the stream, or washing clothing, brass pots, and earthen pans. Mothers souse their babies, and scrub them with sacred mud. The little ones kick and scream and splash, but only by this thorough ablution can a child be cleansed from sin. Old men scour their mouths, cleanse their ears, and run their fingers briskly through their hair. If there is any efficacy in the mud and water of the Ganges, they are bound to get rid of all defilement.



Taking a boat, we float slowly down with the current, and have an excellent opportunity of beholding the city from the river. We pass the place where the bodies of the dead are burned. They are brought to the bank of the river and covered with wood. The flame is kindled by the chief mourner; then the friends sit down, wait till the body is consumed, and gather the ashes and cast them into the stream, to be borne out into the ocean. So the spirit of the departed floats on the eternal tide, till absorbed forever into the self-existing Brahma.

A river-bank is the most attractive place in the world for a Hindoo. Bathing is a religious rite. To erect a ghat, by which worshippers can reach the sacred stream, is a meritorious act, which the gods will remember and reward. Hindoos are animated by a religious zeal quite as fervent as that which prompts good people in America, and in other parts of Christendom, to erect churches, or establish religious institutions of any kind. To the people of Benares there are no places so near heaven as these magnificent flights of stone steps. Their happiest hours of life are passed here. In the early morning they come to bathe, and offer a prayer; and when the blazing sun wheels down the west, and the shadows begin to lengthen, here they gather once more to gossip upon the events of the day; youth, beauty, fashion, all alike make it a resort, and human nature manifests itself much the same by the flowing Ganges as by the seaside at Newport or Long Branch.

Benares sets the fashion in India. Paris has no power here. The beauties of this old city are considered the queens of Hindoo society. Here may be found the rich, the learned, and the polite men of the nation; here, better than anywhere else, can be seen the India of the past.

In our course down the stream we pass numerous

pagodas, built by wealthy men for the benefit of the millions of pilgrims that from time to time throng Benares. Grand palaces adorn the banks, erected by princes and rajahs, who wish to spend their last days near this sacred stream. One of the finest of the ghats, undermined by the floods, has slipped down the bank into the river, and others are just ready to follow,—fit emblem of the change which has already commenced in the Hindoo religion, which is being swept away by the mighty current of Christian civilization.

“The time was,” remarks our kind conductor, “when the Brahmans carried things with a high hand. When I first came to this city, several years ago, if a priest was passing through the street, and saw a Sudra advancing, he had only to clap his hands, and the trembling creature turned back till he reached a side street, that the Brahman might not be polluted by his presence as he passed! And I have seen them wade into the water up to their necks, or throw themselves under the hedges, that their shadows might not contaminate the holy man.”

On one of the ghats we see a white bull, standing on a broad step, contentedly chewing his cud, lashing his sides with his tail, and looking down upon the multitude as if lord over all. Not long ago one of these sacred animals broke into the garden of a native Christian, and ate up his vegetables. The native revenged himself by splitting open the skull of the intruder. Of course there was great commotion among the Brahmans, who were indignant at such an insult to Shiva. They dragged the Christian into court, and made complaint.

“Who owned the bull?” asked the judge.

“Shiva,” replied the Brahman.

“Then let Shiva appear and make complaint,” said he; and there was an end of the case, but not an end of its



NATIVE COTTAGES.





influence. From that time to the present bulls and Brahmans, like the ghats, have been slipping down, and will be at the bottom by and by.

Dismissing our boat, and ascending the steps, we reach the Madoo-rai-ke-dharara, a Mohammedan mosque, with two slender white minarets, which rise two hundred and twenty-five feet from the ground. Over the doorway leading to the interior wasps have built an enormous nest, and buzz about our ears as we approach. The mosque is not much used by worshippers now, for Benares is a Hindoo city, and an uncomfortable place for a Mussulman. The antagonism is as strong between the believers in Brahma and the followers of the Prophet as was that between the Jews and Samaritans.

Climbing the winding stairs in one of the minarets, we reach the highest balcony, and look out upon one of the most charming views in all India. The city, with its vast expanse of tiled roofs, its minarets and its spires, and the domes of pagodas and temples, is spread out before us. Four hundred feet below rolls the mighty flood of the Ganges. We can trace its winding course far away, through green fields, fertile meadows, and groves of tufted palm. In the heart of the city in the Biseswara pagoda, its roof of burnished gold dazzling our eyes with its brightness. To the Hindoo this temple is as dear as was the house of the Lord on Mount Moriah to the ancient Jews, as sacred to him as St. Peter's to the most devout papist entering the walls of Rome.

Beyond the city are groves and gardens and native villages, with their white pagodas; and away to the northeast we catch the outline of the Himalayas, towering in unapproachable grandeur. The hum of thousands of voices, the tramping of feet, and the hubbub of the street, rise softened to our ears. From this balcony the muezzin calls the hour for prayer.

Standing here we can cast a glance into the past, and recall the time when the great Aurungzebe ascended the throne. It was in the year 1630,—that year when Governor Winthrop and his hardy followers were settling the little town of Boston,—that he, through treachery, hypocrisy, and blood, obtained the object of his desire. The Brahmans felt his power. Hindoo temples were demolished, idols overthrown, the property of priests confiscated, and Mohammedan mosques set up in the most holy places of the Hindoos. On this spot, close by the Ganges, one of the most sacred sites in the world, stood a temple dedicated to Vishnu, which was constantly thronged with pilgrims. Aurungzebe pulled it down, and erected this mosque, whose lofty dome and minarets overlook every holy place in the city. Keenly the Brahmans felt the humiliation and disgrace; and now with no little satisfaction they point to the last letters of the monarch, written just before his death, when the Mahratta power was rising in the West and threatening his overthrow, and say that Vishnu was troubling his soul. “Wherever I look,” wrote this ambitious, unscrupulous man, “I see nothing but the Divinity; I have committed numerous crimes, and I know not with what punishments I may be seized. Come what may, I have launched my vessel on the waves.”\*

Descending and passing along narrow streets, by shops where thousands of idols are exposed for sale, past devotees, with painted foreheads, sitting in silent meditation, we reach the court of the Biseswara, or the golden pagoda of the holy bull. Near the gateway, once glittering with precious stones, but now despoiled of its riches, sit several musicians, one with a two-stringed instrument, a cross between a guitar and a violin, one beating a small

\* Letters to Azim and Cambaksh.

drum, and a third striking two small bells with little hammers.

Entering the gate we find an open court, with the pagoda in the centre of the area. The edifice is not more than thirty or forty feet square ; but whatever is wanting in magnitude is made up in richness and beauty. The dome-like roof is surmounted by four tall minarets, and roof, minarets, and spire are overlaid with purest gold !

Near by stands his godship, — a great clumsy stone bull, — with wreaths of fresh flowers on his horns, festoons about his neck, bouquets tied to his tail or wedged into his nostrils. A Hindoo woman is bathing his hoofs and spattering his sides with water just brought from the Ganges. She bows before the idol, walks around it, and again sprinkles the water upon the senseless stone, in earnest devotion.

An orchestra of eight persons occupies a balcony overlooking the court. Their instruments consist of a fiddle that must have been patterned after a crook-necked squash, a tambourine, and six kettle-drums ! The drummers make an intolerable amount of noise, and the violinist a faint squeak of melody.

A few steps from the idol is a well in which the god once took refuge, when Benares fell into the hands of an enemy, and which to the Hindoo is as sacred as the bit of time-yellowed cotton cloth, — the last rag of the Virgin's chemise, — carefully preserved in the church of St. Maria Maggiore at Rome ! Here sits an old Brahman, with a bucket of holy water by his side, a cocoanut dipper in his hand filling the cups of pilgrims with water drawn from the sacred well, into which each pilgrim drops a flower. Looking into the well, we see a mass of withered and decaying flowers, mingled with fresh ones, floating in stagnant, slimy water. A green scum has gathered on the surface ; fungi grow on the walls ; a

sickening odor pervades the air. We turn hastily away from the nauseating cesspool, while pilgrims in an endless line present their cups to the old Brahman, and drink the filthy mess. To them it is the elixir of life, the purifier which will cleanse from all sin!

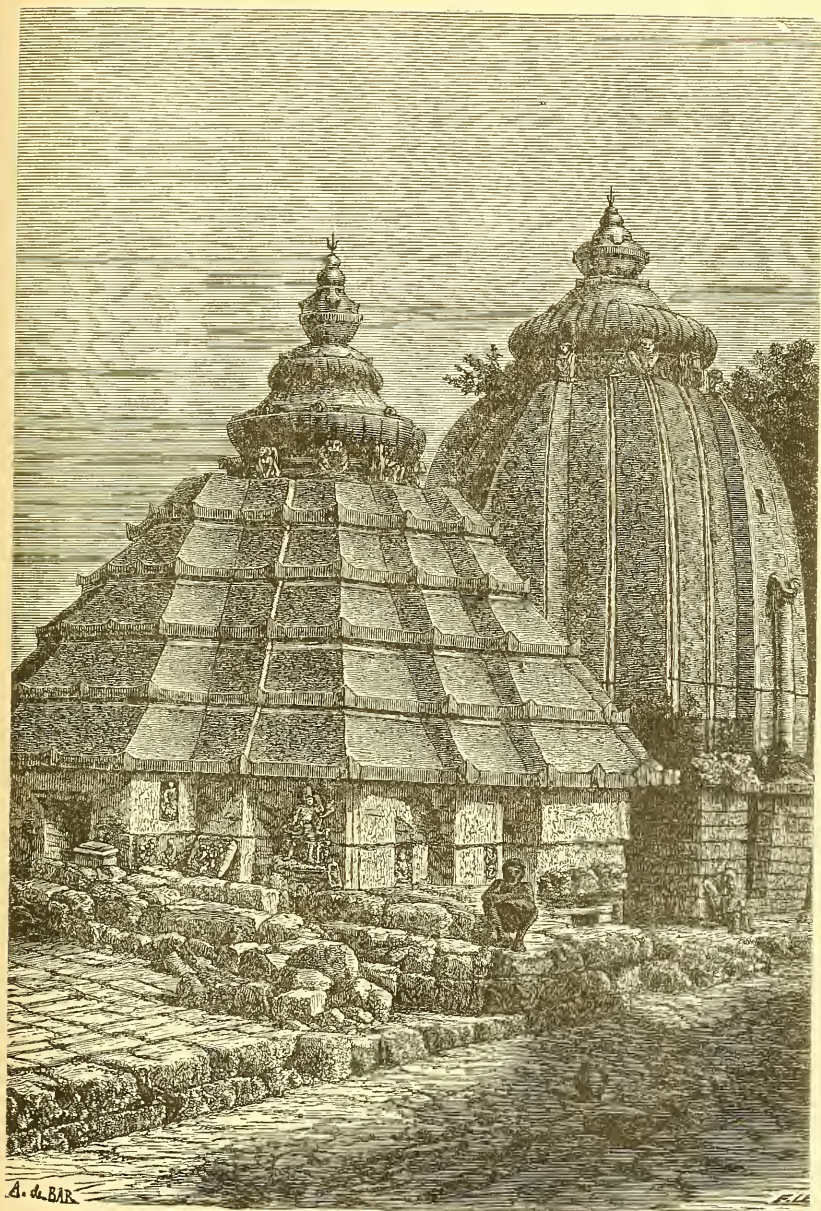
Going to another quarter of the court, we stand in the presence of the great Shiva himself, seated on his throne, with half-closed eyes, and expressionless countenance,—the image of a besotted beer-drinker in the sleepy stage of drunkenness. Above him rises the gorgeous golden dome. The spot on which this temple stands has been his home for a hundred million years! Here for nearly thirty centuries worshippers have bowed down to him.

He has food without stint,—several baskets full of wheat, rice, and melons are placed before him, given by devout worshippers. The priests will clear away the table after Shiva has satisfied his appetite,—a happy expedient for providing themselves with a donation!

The place is thronged with women, not worshipping Shiva so much as the representations of Ling, which are numerous around the court. We may not give a description in these pages of this object of worship. Some inferences may be drawn as to its character when we consider that motherhood is the great desire of the female sex in the East. It is as strong a passion among the women of India to-day as it was among the mountains of Judæa a little more than three thousand years ago, when a childless woman bowed before the ark of the Lord at Shiloh, and asked for a son.

A few steps farther along a narrow street, thronged with worshippers, and we are at the temple of Una Poorena. It is larger than the golden pagoda, less costly, but more imposing. This is a favorite shrine with the women. The idol is a female figure, with four arms.





EAST INDIAN PAGODA.



A curtain hangs before it, but in courtesy to us Christians it is drawn aside that we may behold the countenance of the divinity. Its robes are like those of a modern Hindoo lady of the upper class. Its head, neck, and arms glitter with jewels; lamps are burning in front, and the crowd of devotees are casting flowers before it, and sprinkling the shrine with water from the Ganges. Brahmans reading the Vedas are seated beneath the surrounding balconies, with basins before them, into which enraptured pilgrims toss copper coins for the benefit of the holy men.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE BABOOS.

WEALTHY baboos congregate at Benares, to spend the evening of life in a city which is so much nearer heaven than any other in India. Many of them are well educated, can speak English fluently, and are well informed in English literature.

While standing in the court of the temple just described, we hold a conversation with a tall, dignified Hindoo, who informs us that he has read the Bible and knows what it teaches, but he has made sure of several hundred thousand years of life in paradise by the good deeds he has done that morning!

He contends that it is not the idol that he worships, but the spirit which is enshrined in the image, and which pervades the universe. This is the belief of an intelligent Hindoo, but the mass of the people have no such conceptions and make no such distinctions. They believe that the deity enters the idol only when requested by the

Brahmāns. They soon weary of their gods, and are ever making or buying new ones. Old ones, of wood and stone, are kicking about the streets in all states of dilapidation. We might gather second-hand gods by the cart-load.

A lecture given by a native who has discarded idols, though he has not yet embraced Christianity, contains the following paragraph:—

“The mothers themselves being uneducated, and unacquainted with the mode of infant training, naturally leave their children in the hands of their maid-servants, whose iniquities, immoralities, and excesses defy description, and who, as a matter of course, lay in those children a foundation of all that is bad and poisonous. If the thus *fledged* young men have a city like Benares for their scene, it is adding fuel to the fire. Ill-starred is he who has his children in this *holy city* of Benares, where there is more vice and crime than has ever been named by man.

“Our ideas of godhead are confined to the rooms in which we worship these idols; we are saints so long as we are seated near these idols and are worshipping them; but the moment we lose sight of them, we are the most abandoned profligates and sinners. We lie; we steal; we deceive; we commit rape; we murder all day long, and all night long; and then early in the morning we bathe in the Ganges, whose filthy waters wash away our sins, and then worship our idols, who pardon us. Preposterous and absurd! There cannot be a more conceivable folly than this. Purity of personal character is nothing to many of us; the Ganges and our idols help us to heaven.”\*

Stopping at an idol shop as we pass out of the temple,

\* Lecture before Benares Institute, by Laksh Maji Garu in 1867.



our missionary friend asks the keeper why he sells these images. "I do it to get a living," is the reply. He has a great variety, but seeing that we are foreigners he wants to speculate a little. For a small brass Krishna, with the face and tail of a monkey, he asks \$ 1.25, but will let us have Shiva for seventy-five cents! At the suggestion of our conductor, we do not purchase, but leave that for our landlord, who supplies us with half a dozen at the price asked for the monkey-god.

Another walk brings us to an ancient Hindoo observatory, called *Man Mundil*. It is not known certainly when or by whom it was erected, but it is supposed to have been the work of the celebrated Rajah Manu, a patron of literature, science, and art, who had fifteen hundred wives, — beating Solomon and Brigham Young in his matrimonial alliances. He had about two hundred and fifty children. Ascending a flight of stairs in a large square tower we gain the roof of an old stone building, where astronomical instruments are found, consisting of a graduated circle fifteen feet in diameter, a zodiac, meridian line, sundial, and other marks and lines which we cannot comprehend in the brief time allotted to our visit. The characters on stone are weather-worn and time-stained, but indicate the advancement made in astronomy before Galileo pointed his little telescope to the skies. Centuries before that astronomer, rising from the torture of the Inquisition, uttered his thrilling exclamation, "It moves!" the astronomers of India had calculated the precession of the equinoxes and the rotation of the earth upon its axes.

From the observatory we walk through the streets to the shop of a silk-merchant, who received a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition for the excellence of his fabrics. We enter the establishment through a low doorway, ascend a narrow flight of stairs, and are ushered into a

large room, where we are courteously received by the son of the proprietor, who seats us upon a divan, makes a profound salaam, and spreads before our wondering eyes fabrics of silk interwoven with the finest threads of silver and gold, wrought with stars, spangles, and flowers of the most delicate workmanship. The sight of them brings to mind Macaulay's glowing description of Benares, and its "silks, which went forth from the looms of this city to adorn the halls at St. James and Versailles."

The sun is pouring down its fiercest rays, and we hasten to our hotel. It is pleasant to hear the prattle of children's voices in the Orphans' School, issuing from the open windows as we pass the school-house, which stands on the spot where many a Hindoo has lost his life at the hands of the Thugs, who threw the bodies of their victims into a deep well, which still remains in the enclosure. Lying on a mattress in our darkened room, the punka fanning us and cooling our blood, which has been sent up to fever heat by the exercise of the morning, we review the changes which have taken place in India during the century.

While our own country has been making unparalleled progress, India has been rising from her degradation, not by her own efforts, but through intercourse with Christian nations; although the dealings of the English with India have been anything but Christian. We have only to read the arraignment of Warren Hastings by Burke, or the review of his trial by Macaulay, to get a glimpse of the tyranny and rapacity of the East India Company and its servants. Perhaps it is well for the world that the full record of crime is never made public; if it were, the administration of the English in India would be one of the darkest pages of modern history. Yet it is morally certain that if England, or some other Western power, had not stepped in and taken possession of this country, it

would have been a chaos instead of an empire under a strong and energetic government. There was not vitality enough in the Hindoo people to emerge from the darkness of superstition which enveloped them. There never was any patriotism in the people of this country.

“Rich as the Sanscrit is,” says Baboo Chunder, the learned Hindoo traveller, “the vocabulary of the Brahmans has no word for patriotism. The range of Sanscrit poetical literature extends from the simplest fable to the loftiest epic. But in the whole compass of that literature there is not one spirit-stirring war-song like Burns’s ‘Bannockburn’ or Campbell’s ‘Battle of the Baltic.’ The Hindoos may have produced the first lawgiver in the world, but in their political jurisprudence there is not the slightest exposition of the principles on which are based the Magna Charta of Right and the Habeas Corpus Act. The Upanishads and Dursanas have, indeed, received the favorable verdict of the most competent judges; but nowhere in their philosophy do the Brahmans inculcate the sentiment, ‘better death than slavery.’ In their history is found no one instance of political martyrdom, like Cato or Sidney. Of what good, then, will the Sanscrit be to help India in her social reform, in her political aspirations, in her efforts to keep pace with the nations of Europe? The Sanscrit may improve the head, but will not purify the mind or purify the heart. The effects of the Sanscrit are best visible in a modern pundit, who is good only for wrangling and quoting ancient texts, but not for originating a new institution, or embarking in a new project for national progress. . . . The Sanscrit belongs to the age of the bow and arrow, and of travelling in caravans: the English belongs to the age of Armstrongs, railways, and electric telegraphs.”

Unchristian as the dealings of England have been, yet she has laid the foundations of a new empire in the East,

which is developing with wonderful rapidity. "What shall we do with it?" is a question which ere long will demand the consideration of British statesmen. The present style of arrogance and assumption will not always be tolerated. An Englishman expects every Hindoo to make a respectful salaam as he passes. We have been astonished to see everybody bowing to us on the streets, but upon inquiry find that such homage is exacted by the English. A rich native merchant from Calcutta narrowly escaped a horsewhipping lately, because he did not stop his carriage and make obeisance to an officer of the army who was riding along the same road. Men whose names are good at the counters of the Bank of England for millions of dollars, who are learned in a half-dozen languages, who can read the Rig Veda, or Shakespeare, Racine, Humboldt, Cicero, and Homer in the original, must take the wall, and bow in humble supplianee to the merest stripling of an ensign with epaulets on his shoulders! It will not always be so. Seventy thousand Englishmen in the country will not forever administer law to one hundred and eighty millions of people. Christian civilization will infuse new blood into these ancient Aryans. The time is not far distant when natives will have a voice in the government. With each year there will be modifications in the laws to suit the advancing wants of the people. Since the East India Company has passed away the laws have been more justly administered. Officials can no longer plunder as before, but are held by the home government to strict accountability. But though wrong has been done by unscrupulous men in power, yet no one in reading the history of India can come to any other conclusion than this, that through all the past the country never has been so well governed as at the present time.

Our reflections are interrupted by the beating of a



drum under our windows, and looking out we behold two natives making low salaams. They are snake-charmers. The tallest, a fellow with thin cheeks and sparkling eyes, has a boa-constrictor, almost ten feet in length, coiled around his neck. The head of the boa appears above that of the charmer, and his snakeship looks at us with flashing eyes, squirming, twisting into the shape of a corkscrew, unwinding himself slowly, and sliding to the ground. Upon each arm is coiled a snake of a different species,—one of a greenish hue, which glides to the ground, wriggles between the man's legs, and advances to make our acquaintance, but turns back again at the voice of his master, who puts down an earthen jar, from which two cobras raise their hooded heads and hiss at us. At a whisper they creep out of the vessel, wind themselves up in coils, quicker than any old salt could lay up a rope, and work themselves into a fierce rage under the tormentings of the showman. The other native has an earthen vessel full of scorpions. He takes them up as fearlessly as a crab-catcher or lobsterman the spoil taken in their nets. They cling to his fingers and creep over his arms. He hangs them on his ears, plays all sorts of pranks with them. They are as tractable as trained mice.

It is not a pleasing sight, and we care not for its repetition. We toss the charmers a few annas; they make low obeisances, gather up their scorpions, wind up their snakes and disappear.

A short walk from our hotel brings us to the Barana River, and crossing it to the northern bank we are upon the site of the ancient city of Sarnath. Quite likely many who read these lines never before heard that such a city ever existed, but here it stood. Though its walls, its palaces, its convents and schools have disappeared, the world still feels its power. It may be questioned whether Memphis, Babylon, Nineveh, Athens, or Rome have

sent forth influences affecting the welfare of the human race that have been so widespread as those emanating from this city, nothing of which remains except here and there a crumbling ruin.

Somewhere near the time when Esther was queen of Persia, and Mordecai prime minister of that realm, a prince named Gautama, who lived in Nepaul, at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains, became tired of the vanities of the world, and determined to live a life of strict seclusion. His father opposed it, but the young man left his wife and family, eluded the vigilance of the guards which had been placed over him, and in the darkness of night fled to an old Brahman. He studied under various teachers, passing from this to that sect, but only to be dissatisfied with them all. He rejected the Brahmanical religion, and established one of his own, teaching it here at Sarnath. It was a system of religion antagonistic to that taught by the Brahmans. He would have no caste, no sacrifice of blood : there should be no destruction of animal life. Man did not give life : he had no right to take it. Mosquitoes might bite, bees sting, parasites swarm, pests innumerable multiply : they must be borne. He taught strict morality. To get rid of sin, all natural affections must be subdued ; and holiness could only be secured by taking the monastic vow, and living retired from the world. The new religion gained adherents. The people were weary of their priests. Thousands flocked to the sage, who taught the new way of life beneath the shady groves along the banks of the Barana. Benares, the holy city of the Brahmans, was near by, and here the old theologies were discussed with intensest bitterness. Not only here, but in other places, Gautama taught his doctrines, and at his death his teeth and bones were distributed throughout India as holy relics. For more than one thousand years the religion



BUDDHIST TEMPLE.





taught by Gautama Buddha was in the ascendant. Countless millions embraced it. It was the prevailing religion of India in the time of Christ. When the fame of the Christian religion, at the close of the first century, had reached China, the Emperor Ming-ti sent commissioners to the West to ascertain its merits. They came to Sarnath, and supposing that they had found that which they were searching for, carried the religion of Gautama to their native land.

The Brahmans were too powerful to be put down by the new religion. Theirs was aggressive. They lighted the torch of civil war. The great city of Sarnath, with its temples, its colleges, and its hospitals for pigs, monkeys, chickens, donkeys, rats, and mice, was swept out of existence. In the eleventh century a rajah came into power in this section of India who was a strong believer in the old religion, and the Brahmans determined to embrace the opportunity to revive their ancient faith. Benares, on the south side of the Barana, was the centre of the old orthodoxy, while Sarnath, on the north bank, was the chief city of the Buddhists. Taking arms suddenly, the Brahmanical party attacked their neighbors with fire and sword, applied the torch to every building, slaughtered the surprised, frightened, unresisting multitude, and wiped the plague-spot from the face of the earth. From Sarnath the war extended to other Buddhist cities. The persecution was fierce. Temples were destroyed, idols broken, convents given to the flames, priests killed, and the land purged of the heresy. Nothing is left, except here and there a mound, to tell where Sarnath stood. When the present bridge was erected over the Barana, the ruins of the old city served for foundations to the piers; and tons of idols, worshipped through those distant years, are beneath our feet as we stand upon the structure and gaze upon the site of the ancient city.

## CHAPTER XX.

## DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE GANGES.

**B**ENGAL occupies the Lower Ganges country. In going southward from Benares we come upon a population vastly different from that of Central and Northern India. In form and feature, in moral and intellectual qualities, the Hindoos are superior to the Bengalese. Macaulay has given in strong colors a picture of a native of Bengal:—

“The physical organization of the Bengalee is feeble even to effeminacy. He lives in a constant vapor-bath. His pursuits are sedentary, his limbs delicate, his movements languid. During many years he has been trampled upon by men of bolder and more hardy breeds. Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavorable. His mind bears a singular analogy to his body. It is weak even to helplessness for purposes of manly resistance; but its suppleness and its tact move the children of sterner climates to admiration, not unmingled with contempt. All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak are more familiar with this subtle race than to the Ionian of the times of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the Dark Ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges. All those

millions do not furnish one sepoy to the armies of the company. But as usurers, money-changers, or sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear any comparison with them."

The Bengalese occupy the valley, but the hills which rise on our right as we travel southeast are inhabited by an entirely different people, the Santhals. They are descendants of the hill tribes, which lived in the country when the Aryans came down from the region of the Caspian and settled in the valley of the Indus. Physically, morally, and socially they are unlike the Bengalese and Hindoos. Their religion, though it has been influenced by contact with Brahmanism and Buddhism, has not been affected by that of Mahomet.

Baboo Chunder has pictured the Santhal in colors almost as brilliant as those with which the master-hand of the great English essayist has those of the Bengalese.

"Naked, snake-eating, and unlettered as he is, the Santhal has a code of honor and morality. He is distinguished for nothing so much as his truthfulness. The civilized man hates lying, but the pure-minded and straightforward Santhal knows no lying. He is no more truth-loving than he is inoffensive, grateful, and hospitable. The virtues of the untaught savage are few but genuine. His religion is pure and unsophisticated. No atheistical doubts ever come across his mind. He professes no doctrinal creed. His faith, founded on the monitions of conscience, is as unostentatious and sincere as is the faith of a child in his Creator."

The Santhal women do not veil their faces, but are quite as fond of jewelry as their neighbors the Hindoos and Bengalese. An English officer once weighed the ornaments worn by a Santhal belle; she had *thirty-four* pounds of bracelets, anklets, bangles, rings, and chains about her person. Almost every woman in comfortable

circumstances carries at least twelve pounds of ornaments.

Like all aboriginal races, the Santhals deteriorate when brought into intercourse with Europeans. They copy the vices, but not the virtues, of modern civilization.

We pass Moorshedabad, not much of a place at the present time, but half a century ago one of the most important towns in the valley of the Ganges. It was the capital of the Mohammedan rajahs. Here stood the magnificent palace of Suraja Dowla, whose name is closely interwoven with the history of India by his atrocious treatment of his own people, as well as by the horrors of the Black-Hole of Calcutta, which the eloquence of Burke and the rhetoric of Macaulay have so vividly painted. Cruelty was a pleasure to him. He delighted to see a boat filled with men and women overturned in the Ganges. The dying struggles of the drowning was pleasing to his eyes, their shrieks for help the sweetest music to his ears! It was equally a pleasure to walk through the streets with a drawn sword, splitting open the heads of those who did not render him sufficient homage. Not daring to trust himself to a guard of his own sex, he filled his palace with Amazons from Tartary and Abyssinia.

He scraped the wealth of Bengal into his coffers. It was in this palace that Clive stood amazed amid the glittering heaps of gold and silver, diamonds and precious stones. He took forty million dollars for the East India Company, and between one and two millions for himself, and afterwards expressed astonishment at his moderation!

It was here, too, that another Mohammedan ruler, Cooley Khan, took vengeance on tenants who did not pay their rent by putting live cats into their breeches!

The railway from Benares to Patna, following the bank of the Ganges, runs due east one hundred and thirty-one



miles through the opium district. When the poppies are in full bloom, travelling by rail in the Patna district is like riding through a flower-garden. The warehouses where the opium is stored are at Bankipore, six miles from Patna. The cultivation of the poppy and sale of the drug is wholly in the hands of the government, which derives one twelfth of its revenue from the traffic.

We are on an express-train, which stops only for wood and water, and at the principal stations. As we are whirled along we look eastward towards the field of Plassey, which has been classed as one of the turning-points in the world's history. The battle, which was only a smart skirmish, took place in 1756. Clive halted the morning before at the town of Cutwa, and it is there, rather than at Plassey, that the turning-point should be fixed. He had but a handful of men, — three thousand in all, — and of these only one thousand were English. Suraja Dowla was on the opposite side of the river with forty thousand infantry, fifty pieces of heavy artillery, drawn by oxen and elephants, and fifteen thousand cavalry. Should he fight or retreat? Clive called a council of his officers; the majority decided not to fight, and he gave his own vote against moving on. The officers went to their quarters, while Clive walked out, sat down in a grove and reflected an hour. Within those sixty minutes lay the future of India, — the prestige and power of the British nation, the welfare of nearly two hundred millions of the human race. His dauntless spirit, which for a moment had quailed before the tremendous responsibility, asserted its supremacy once more. His decision not to fight was reversed, and he returned to his tent with proud step and determined purpose. The little army crossed the river; the Thirty-ninth Regiment, its soul and centre, fought the battle, won the victory. The magnificent domain of India, — a grand empire, — a vast and valuable

appendage to the British crown, the advancement of civilization and Christianity throughout the benighted region, every hope of the present, all the possibilities of the future, hung on the decision of that one controlling mind!

“If I had taken the advice of the council,” said Clive, “the British would never have been masters of Bengal.”

During our ride of more than five hundred miles we have opportunities of seeing the contempt with which the Hindoos sometimes regard a drunken Englishman. In the compartment adjoining our own one of the lordly race attracts attention by drinking brandy, abusing the native attendants, staggering in and out of the carriage at the stations, and cursing all around him.

At the stopping-places are natives in uniform whose duty it is to see that the passengers are all aboard before the train starts. It requires a good deal of gentle persuasion on their part to get him into his compartment. Any use of force would subject them to kicks and blows from this run-crazed Briton. We can see their lips curl with scorn as they close the carriage door, and turn the key in the lock. Is it strange that the “heathen” are slow to accept the teachings of missionaries sent out by England to convert them to Christianity? This besotted representative of Western civilization, after stretching himself upon the seat in the carriage, tumbles headlong upon the floor, makes two or three ineffectual attempts to get up, mumbles a curse, drops off to sleep, and snores all the way from Burdwan to Calcutta.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## OUR FIRST NIGHT IN CALCUTTA.

THE sun is setting when the train enters the station, opposite the city of Calcutta. A glance at the freight-house as we pass along the platform reveals immense piles of cotton, in bales, waiting shipment to England, and pyramids of freight ready for transportation to the interior. Vessels are at anchor in the Hoogly, discharging or taking in cargoes; steam-tugs are breasting the current with newly arrived ships in tow; take it all in all, it is a lively spectacle.

A steam ferry plies between the railway station and the city, which is on the east bank of the river. Shigrams are at the landing, the coachmen wearing immense turbans, and as wide-awake for passengers as hackmen in American cities.

While at Allahabad, we made the acquaintance of Miss Britton of New York, in charge of the American Mission Home in Calcutta, and whose pleasant company has beguiled the hours of our passage hither. The kindest hospitality awaits us.

A bath is the first necessity. How delicious to stand in the great earthen basin up to our knees in water, dashing it over us by the bucketful! But our pleasure has a sudden interruption. While in the ecstasy of enjoyment the bath-tub breaks asunder, the little sea of water is let loose, the premises overflowed, and there is a

“Wreck of matter and crush of worlds”

as we come down upon the broken pottery!

*Mem.* — Don't use earthen bath-tubs.

We hear the blaring of trumpets, beating of drums, crashing of gongs, squeaking of flageolets, and scraping of violins in the street. Stepping out upon the veranda, we witness an approaching wedding procession. Colored



WEDDING PROCESSION.

lights flare in the darkness and illumine the surrounding scenery. Following the torch-bearers are the musicians, the trumpeters blowing their loudest blasts, the gongs and drums thundering a deafening din, while no cater-wauling can surpass the screeching of flageolets and violins.

The bridegroom is rich. His marriage is the great event of life, and he makes it a magnificent affair. His friends ride in a triumphal car in the shape of a peacock, the sacred bird of India, the favorite of the gods. It is drawn by milk-white oxen, such as in ancient times were



sacrificed to Indra. The young men within the chariot wear costly robes, ornaments of gold, diamonds, and precious stones. They carry flags and banners, and toss bonbons to the admiring crowd.

Following the car are boys in crimson tunics and gold-banded turbans, walking beneath purple canopies. A company of men bear a platform on their shoulders, upon which the bridegroom is seated in a golden chair. Two pages stand by his side. A gorgeous pagoda, its golden roof spangled with silver stars, shelters him from the evening air. His robe and turban are of cloth-of-gold. An embroidered mantle of finest silk is flung over his shoulders; a crimson sash, a massive gold chain, and a necklace of pearls adorn his person.

He is on his way to the house of his bride, whom he has never seen. She is only eleven or twelve years old, — a child who knows nothing of life, and who has no acquaintance with the world. Her conception of its magnitude is limited to the little she has seen in Calcutta, or what she may have learned from her few acquaintances. When the feasting at her father's is ended she will go to the house of her husband, and the world will hardly know of her existence from that hour till her body is borne to the river-side, covered with blazing fagots, and her ashes cast upon the tide.

The work which the American and English women of the Mission Home have undertaken to do is the elevation of their sex in India. They have left friends and all that is dear to raise the degraded by planting the cross in this heathen land.

"Missionaries are humbugs," said a red-faced, beef-eating surgeon of the Indian army on board the steamer from Suez; "India would be much better off without them."

"The missionaries have not accomplished much; the money sent out for their support is all thrown away,"

said another surgeon, for there were several among the passengers.

“There are some very fine men and women among them,” said the captain of the steamer, “and they have done a great deal of good.”

Facts and figures are better than opinions and prejudices. The census returns give the number of native Christians connected with Protestant churches in India and Burmah at about two hundred thousand, — the result of missionary effort. That is only one feature, for it does not give the great number of children acquiring an education in missionary schools, which are acknowledged to be far superior to those established by the government. No census can give the facts in regard to the moral influence which has gone out from these schools, but it is so great that army officers cannot now, as in former times, have Nautch-girls to dance for them, except in those districts where there are no missionaries.

The time was when there were no European women in India, and officers and soldiers, from Lord Clive down to the buglers of the regiments, had native mistresses. All Englishmen were Christians in the estimation of Hindoos; they were beef-eaters; drank strong drink, and a great deal of it. Beef-eating is an abomination to the worshippers of sacred bulls; and, according to the Shasters, hard drinkers will find it difficult to enter paradise. Hindoo artists pictured a Christian as an Englishman seated at a table eating roast-beef and drinking brandy, or with a Nautch-girl on his knees.

The missionaries came upon the moral battle-field opposed by idolatry, ignorance, degradation, hatred of the English name, and these false, distorted notions of Christianity on the part of the natives; also the hostility of a large portion of the English army, rank and file, especially the rank. But there were some godly men in the army, and all honor to them for their example and influence.





AN EAST INDIAN BAYADERE.





One of the most painful contrasts which forces itself upon us is that between the condition of woman in America and India. Caste here holds them in its unrelenting grasp with all the concentrated despotism of the ages. Woman cannot rise. The immobility of the Hindoos, their slowness to feel the tides of time, to be moved by the mighty pulsations of this century, though in contact with the progressive spirit of the times, is comprehended in this one sentence: "As our fathers did, so do we."

To comprehend the condition of the highest classes of Hindoo women, look for a moment at native society, — to the baboos, or wealthy princes and merchants, men worth from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000. They speak English as well as Bengali and Hindustani. We find many of the new books published in England in their houses. Opening the daily papers of Calcutta, we read that Baboo Jodoonath Ghose is to give a lecture on the wants of India, or that Baboo Dooga Chuen Law offers to give \$25,000 to the Hoogly College to found scholarships, the nominations to remain in the hands of himself and his descendants. The baboos are exceedingly anxious to have their sons educated, not in Bengali alone, but in English.

Upon their book-shelves such works as Beeton's Universal Knowledge, Euclid, Algebra, and Blackstone, Selections from the British poets, Cowper's Poems, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary may be found, besides newspapers and magazines.

Education has made great progress among the natives. There are several newspapers published in Bengali, which discuss the questions of the day with ability, — with as much vigor of thought as their English contemporaries. The *Dacca Prokash* in a recent number objects to the plan of establishing a University for Bengali vernacular,

because suitable books cannot be obtained, the native cannot acquire a superior education in an institution where English is not taught, and because the natives preferred to study English.

The discussion of English politics is intelligent and creditable. We might make this plain by quotations from the *Bigyapunee* and also the *Grambarta*. These papers are published in the Bengali language. In Hindustani there is the *Ukbar Alun*. A recent number has an excellent editorial on the advantages of travelling, showing that the Hindoos stay at home in the women's apartments when they ought to be abroad informing their minds by seeing the world. Men who have thus moved up are beginning to feel that they stand alone. Their wives are where the women of India have been ever since the jolly god Krishna broke the hearts of the milkmaids, and turned the whole female sex to himself.

To comprehend domestic life among the Hindoos, let us take a look at one of their homes. The family is patriarchal. The father is the head; his sons, one after another, marry and bring home their wives. The women of the household mingle freely together, but the brothers never see each other's wives. Six or eight families, and three or four generations, are sometimes gathered under one roof. When the house becomes thus over-populous, the patriarch of the household has quite as much as he can attend to in settling family disputes. Think of the life of these women. They are ignorant; they know not a letter of their language. Why should a woman learn to read? What good would come of it? They cannot go upon the street. If they visit a neighbor, it must be in a close palankeen, their faces veiled. They know nothing except family gossip. They cannot do the plainest sewing. The little tow-head on the lowest seat of an infant school in America, sewing patchwork, can use the

needle more deftly than most of the wives of these millionaire baboos.

A Hindoo girl is affianced by her parents at the age of four or five, and is usually married at twelve. Being a wife, she is shut up for the rest of her days with nothing to do. She has no knitting, no embroidery, no needlework; is surrounded with books, yet not knowing how to read. Her room is a blank wall; her only duties are the performance of the daily *poojas*, — worship of a little brass or stone image in the form of a monkey, or a figure with six arms and four faces; hanging flowers round its neck, sprinkling it with water, bowing before it, walking round it, talking to it as little girls talk to their dolls, lighting wax-tapers; nothing but this, except to dandle her children, bring food to the husband, eat her own, and rearrange the folds of cloth which serve for a garment; doing this and sleeping the rest of the time, from morning till night, from night till morning, through the twenty-four hours, the weeks, the months, the years, from childhood to old age! Such is the unvarying life of the women of the upper classes.

Hindoos who read the Rig Veda, Macbeth, Faust, the Inferno, Orations of Cicero, and the Odyssey in their original languages are beginning to feel that there is an awkward gap in their system of life. The Hindoo upper classes are too intellectual to be grossly sensual. They are not polygamists, are fond of their wives, treat them with respect, and love their children, especially if they are sons. But there is no Eve in their Eden. They come home from the counting-house when the day's work is ended, read a play from Shakespeare, an article from Blackwood, or Longfellow's last poem, and then arises the painful reflection that, so far as this is concerned, his wife is an idiot!

Many of the baboos are now anxious to have their

wives instructed ; but the women, knowing nothing of the sweets of knowledge, as a rule manifest but little desire to obtain an education. Yet they have a strong desire to learn embroidery, and those who have undertaken to raise them from their degradation have seized upon it, and are using it to great advantage.

Mothers make a nation ; and among a people where filial affection is one of the cardinal virtues the apothegm is of mighty import, and may be turned to great account. The Hindoos are an affectionate race, and the children show great respect to their parents. But these women can only be reached by their own sex. Caste and custom are in the way, and will not permit a woman to show her face to any man other than her husband.

Two years ago Dr. Valentine, physician and missionary of the Scotch Free Church, was travelling through the territory of the Rajah of Jeypore, one of the up-country provinces ; the Rajah's wife being sick, he sent for the Doctor, but the fair patient would only permit him to see the tip of her tongue through a hole in a screen, and to put his fingers on her pulse ! The woman would have preferred death rather than that he should have seen her face. But she recovered her health under the Doctor's treatment ; and the Rajah was so grateful that he would not hear of his going away, offered him \$ 3,000 a year if he would stay in his territory, told him that he might preach the Gospel when and where he pleased, — conditions which were accepted.

The operations of the American Union Mission have been attended with success. The Association has eleven ladies employed, who, besides their direct labors, have the supervision of thirty-five native teachers, who have about eight hundred women of the higher classes under instruction. They do not go to every house, but five or six women of a neighborhood meet in the house of one



of the baboos, and receive instruction in plain sewing and in reading and writing, — some in English, and all in Bengali.

Miss Britton, the energetic head of the mission, was formerly on the west coast of Africa. She gave her strength and patriotism to help on the war in one of the hospitals during the late Rebellion in America, and now is here laboring to raise the women of India from their fallen condition.

In one of the lower rooms we see a dozen or more native women, Christians, receiving instruction, — some studying the large maps on the walls, others with slates. They all learn needle-work of some kind. They are preparing themselves for teachers, and soon will be instructors in the baboos' houses. The women gone, a class of girls come in.

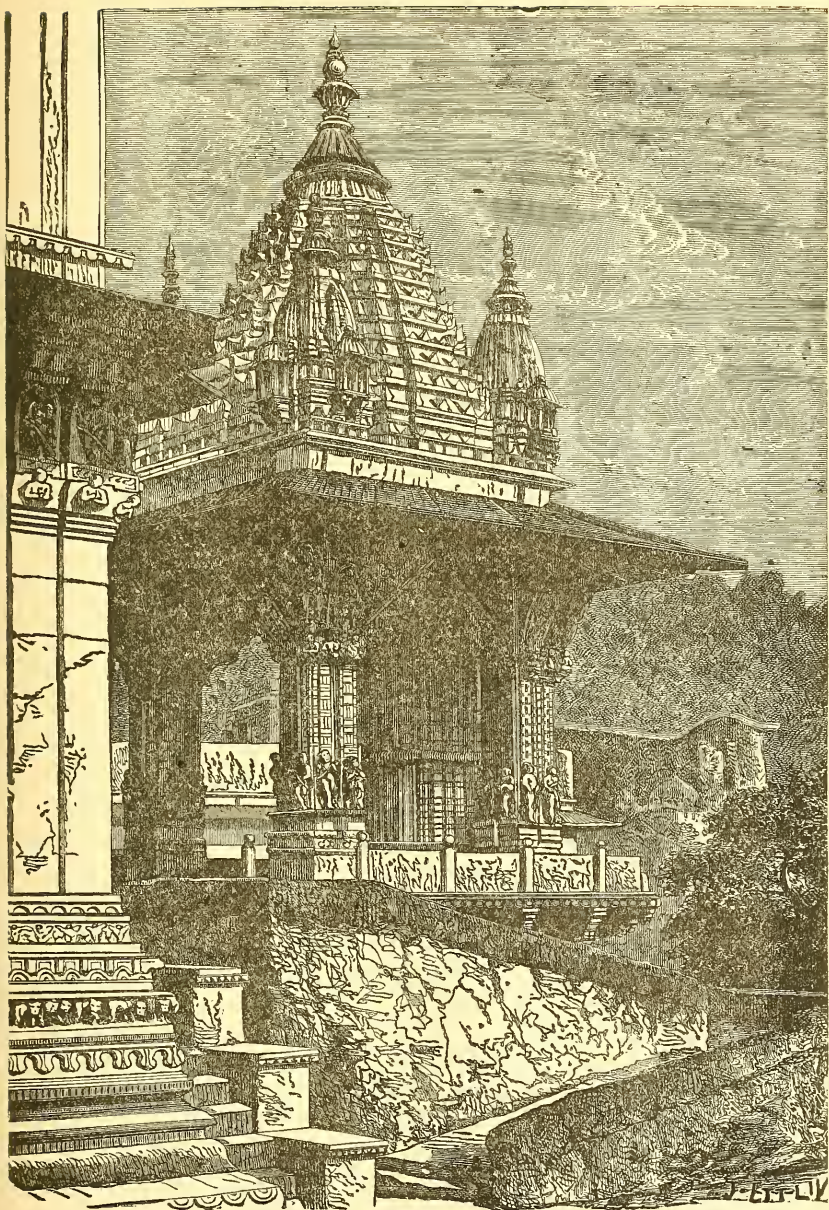
We talk with a pundit, an outcast, because he has rejected idol-worship. His wife has been taken away by her friends; he cannot enter the houses of his old acquaintances; every door is shut against him, every face averted, no hand gives him welcome. He is morally a leper, unclean in the sight of those to whom he was once most dear. His wife was five years old when she became his bride. She is now thirteen, and he twenty. The marriage was planned, as all Hindoo marriages are, by the parents, and the parties had no choice but to obey.

He has determined to make an effort to see his wife. He believes that she is not averse to living with him, but is kept away by her parents. If such be the case, he intends to test the matter in the courts, and see whether the arm of the law is not strong enough to break down this barrier of caste.

After breakfast the teachers start for their day's work. They are welcome everywhere. Entering the houses where the women assemble for instruction, the only chair

of the apartment is given to the teacher. Her class sit at her feet, — children in mind, though adults in body, and immeasurably behind the lowest class in a girls' grammar school in America. Their chief desire is to learn embroidery ; but the rule is imperative that they must first learn the alphabet, then easy reading, then plain sewing, and so on step by step. Some give up, discouraged, in three weeks, but most persevere till able to read fluently in their own language. So from house to house go these indefatigable teachers, — the mercury at 90°, — energy oozing from every pore.

Theirs is a great work. Educate the women of India, and we withdraw two hundred millions from gross idolatry. This mighty moral leverage attained, the whole substratum of society will be raised to a higher level. The mothers of America fought the late war through to its glorious end. They sustained the army by their labor, their sympathy, their heroic devotion. The mothers of India are keeping the idols on their pedestals. For twenty-five hundred years the Brahmans have kept the land in darkness, but these devoted women of the United States and England have got into the *zenanas*, and the days of the Brahmans are numbered. Their Christian work commends itself to the people of America. It is one of the great enterprises of the day, and productive of immediate results.



EAST INDIAN KIOSQUE.





## CHAPTER XXII.

## MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

**I**N surveying missionary operations, we must not underestimate the difficulties which have been encountered. To reach all of the one hundred and eighty millions of this country, the Bible must be translated into many different tongues. Dr. McLeod, who was sent out by the Church of Scotland to visit the missions of British India, says:—

“This vast country is occupied by various races, from the most savage to the most cultivated, having various religious beliefs, and speaking languages which differ from each other as much as Gaelic does from Italian, most of them broken up by dialects so numerous as practically to form probably twenty separate languages.”

But a greater obstacle still in the way of reform is the strong hold their religious opinions and practices have upon them. Theirs is a very ancient religion. For nearly a hundred generations the Hindoo has laved in the sacred waters of the Krishna and the Ganges, and offered his oblations to images which to him are symbols of deity. Their sacred books, their traditions, all their habits, their joys, their sorrows, whatever is dear to them in life or hopeful to them in death, bind them down to idolatry.

We should not be surprised at their aversion to a religion which sweeps away caste, overthrows idols, subverts the whole order of society, and reduces the sacred Shasters to a fable. Religious convictions, however erroneous, are not readily given up by any portion of the human race.

In considering what has been done, or whether anything has been accomplished, we are to take into account the difficulty of inducing the Hindoo to forsake the ways of his fathers, sever the ties that bind him to kindred and friends, and accept the spiritual worship of an unseen Jehovah.

The subject demands careful consideration before the enterprise is pronounced a failure. Moral ideas are of slow growth. Seed-time and harvest are far apart. All the circumstances of this people must be taken into account in making up our estimate of progress.

The whole Bible has already been translated into fourteen of the languages and dialects of India, the New Testament into several more. Among all classes there is a desire to obtain an education. This is true of Mohammedans as well as of Hindoos. Mr. Herrick, of the Madura Mission, was recently requested to furnish a Christian female teacher to take charge of a school for Mohammedan girls.

Speaking of the eagerness of the young to avail themselves of the privilege of receiving instruction, Dr. McLeod says:—

“Right missionaries can, by means of the school, secure a large and steady assemblage, day by day, of from five hundred to one thousand pupils, representing the very life of Hindoo society, eager to obtain an education.”

Some of the converts are engaged in preaching the Gospel to their countrymen. “The schools have already raised from among their converts an intelligent, educated, and respected body of native clergy,” says the author above quoted.

The school has been a most important instrument in spreading intelligence among the people. It was found that withdrawing children from the corrupting influences that surrounded them in their heathen homes, and

placing them under the immediate instruction of Christian teachers, was one of the most successful means of bringing the truths of Christianity into vital contact with the Hindoo mind. The pupils have been prepared to act effectually on those still in darkness. They know the strength of the chains that bind them to their idolatrous practices, for they have been in the same thralldom themselves. Hence, from the first, the teacher has been considered as essential as the preacher. The wives of missionaries, as far as their duties would permit, and other persons, have engaged successfully in this work.

As early as 1828 Miss Farrar was sent out by the American Board, and other teachers have followed. Through the influence of schools woman is rising to a better position. As the pebble dropped into the calm lake sends its wavelets to the distant shore, so will the influence of those who have given their lives to this work ever widen. Those who have contributed to send the Bible to this people will not regret any sacrifice they may have made.

The Roman Catholic Church has had missionaries in India from the time the Portuguese settled at Goa. For a long while they had good success, because they gratified the native taste for ceremony and display. Goa is still the centre of their operations.

The Times of India has an account of the exorcising of devils, as lately practised. A cross was erected, and effigies of the Virgin and the Archangels Michael and Gabriel. The women afflicted with devils kneeled before the images, weeping and wailing. The priest plucked out handfuls of their hair, thus relieving them of the wicked spirits. Some of the women got rid of six, others eight, some ten, and one of twelve devils!

Such a performance commends itself to the ignorant; but educated Hindoos are more averse, as a rule, to Ca-

tholicism than to Protestantism. They are intellectual enough to accept a religion of ideas, and having turned from their images, reject everything that approaches idol-worship. We are assured by those who ought to know, that Catholicism is not making much headway at the present time.



CASTING OUT DEVILS.

The intelligent natives who renounce idolatry, and do not embrace Christianity, become Deists or Pantheists. Those who are best acquainted with this class say that Theodore Parker's works and the writings of John Stuart Mill are extensively read. The Hindoo who accepts Christianity, attends church, and receives the rite of bap-



tism, is ostracized ; but he may reject the absurdities and myths of the Hindoo religion, and adopt rationalism, without losing his social position.

Many of the Baboos believe in the existence of the Supreme Being, but reject the Bible and its teachings.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### LIFE IN INDIA.

TRAVELLERS in the tropics, though they may be charmed by the luxuriance of nature, will miss the changes which mark the year in temperate climes. Here nature has no dividing line. Flowers are always in bloom, trees ever putting forth their leaves. The sparrows never cease their chirping in the thickets. The Hindoo minstrel chants no such songs of the seasons as are sung around our winter firesides. To him Whittier's "Snow-Bound" would be an unmeaning myth. He has no conception of a country in which the earth suddenly puts off her green robe, and all the genial aspects of nature change in a night to

"A universe of sky and snow."

There are no such wonderful manifestations of vital energy as mark the resurrection of flowers and growth of vegetation in cooler climes, —

"No sweet decay and dying of the year."

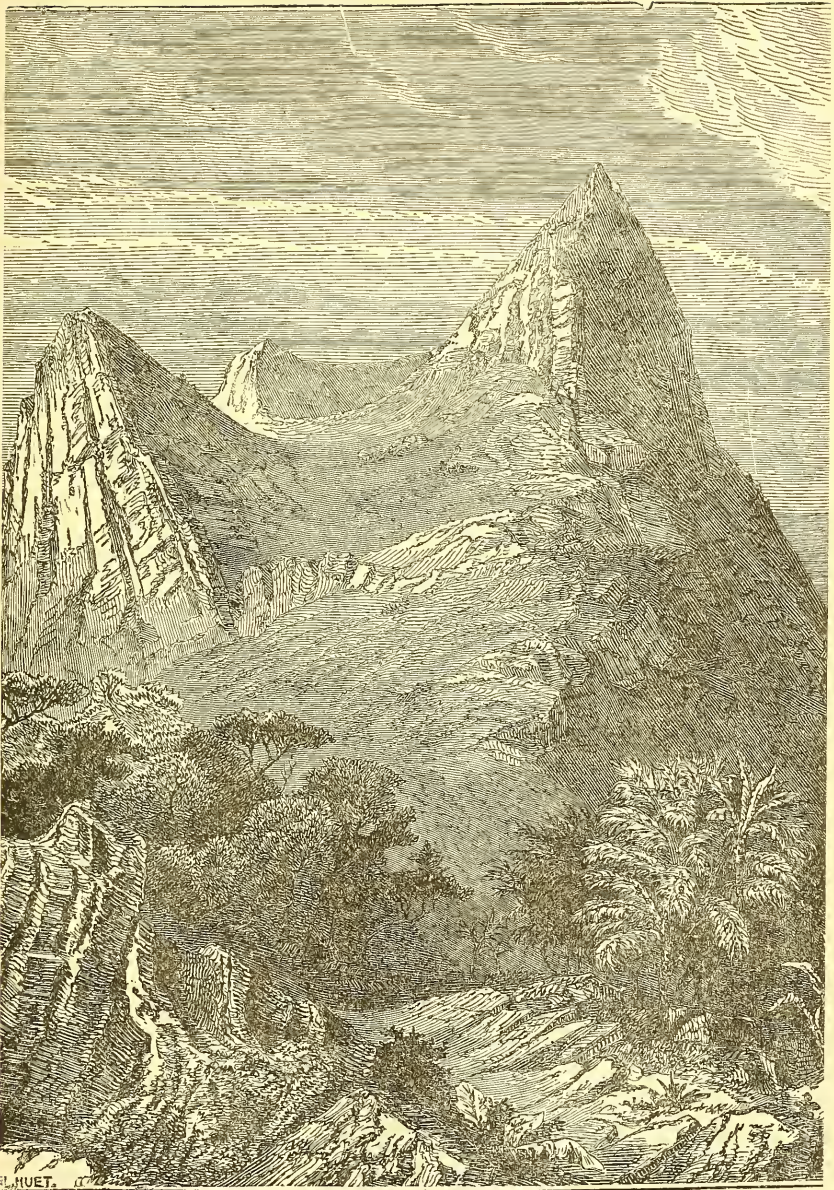
There is no winter, spring, or autumn in the Indian calendar. The year is divided into hot, rainy, and temperate seasons.

The hot period commences in April and lasts till July.

This part of the year tells most severely upon Europeans. All who can leave the city. Women and children are sent to England. The exodus begins in March. We met the fugitives at Suez, and every steamer since then has been crowded. Many of those who remain in India hasten to the mountains. Some of the foreign residents of Calcutta flee to the Darjeling hills, — the outposts of the Himalayas. The Europeans of Southern India seek health among the Nilgherry hills of the Malabar coast, where, at the height of five thousand feet, they inhale the fresh breezes that herald the approaching monsoon. Bombay, being on the western coast, first feels the periodical gale, and the hot season there is not so long or so severe as in the valley of the Ganges. Western India has its Sanitarium in the mountains near Poonah. Continued residence in the lowlands thins the blood. One or two years may be passed without much effect upon the system ; but lassitude creeps on ; men find it easier to be indolent than active ; and before they are aware their native vigor is gone, to be recovered only by returning to the land of their birth.

The rainy season lasts from July to November. Fitful breezes from the southwest begin in May, but the monsoon does not set in till a month later. On the western coast it begins about the 10th of June. It is preceded by light clouds, that move rapidly up from the southwest. As an army throws out its videttes while preparing to march, so these swiftly-flying pioneers of the gale flit over the heated land.

The breaking of the monsoon upon the mountains and plains of India is grander than the onset of armies. The elements wage mighty war with flaming lightning, crackling and deep resounding thunders, with the breeze increasing to a gale, rising to a tempest, becoming a hurricane, — demolishing houses, sweeping away forests, leav-



MOUNTAINS OF INDIA.





ing desolation in its track ; rain pouring in torrents, washing down the mountains, drenching the highlands, and flooding the plains ! There is not a continuous fall of rain, but a succession of heavy showers, with alternations of sunshine.

Mists rise from the ground. The air is steaming and sticky. Dampness creeps into houses, and musty smells pervade the apartments. Green mould gathers on clothing in the driest presses. Boots, though highly polished, grow a crop of fungi in twenty-four hours, if unused. The whitest walls become spotted with yellow, as if the plague had suddenly made its appearance. Roaring fires must be kept in the rooms, braziers of burning charcoal in the closets, to keep everything about the premises from turning to mould.

There is a sudden swarming of insects. They are innumerable ; creeping, hopping, flying, buzzing in the ears, diving into the food ; taking possession of bed and bedding ; biting, stinging, pestering ; giving no rest to the weary. When those that bite by day cease their annoyance, a hungrier set torment us when night comes on.

More destructive than all others are the white ants. Their teeth are sharp enough to gnaw anything, unless it be stone, brick, glass, iron, or other metals ; everything else is food to them.

“ We have put down,” said a railway engineer, “ wooden ties, but the white ants eat them up in a few weeks. We are obliged to build iron bridges, and eventually shall have to resort to iron ties.”

Grain of all kinds, sugar, clothing, bedding, furniture, books, are destroyed by them. “ They devoured,” said a gentleman, “ a large library for me in three weeks.”

Clothing must be kept in camphor-wood trunks. Food can only be preserved by placing it in earthen jars. Bed-

posts must be set in glass or iron dishes, filled with salt water. Only by the utmost watchfulness can clothing and furniture be protected from their ravages.

When the rainy season sets in, all labor ceases. There is no travelling on country roads. Before the construction of railroads, there was little communication through the interior from July to November. The cool season, which begins in November and lasts till April, is the time for active work. Then India is a paradise. It is the time when travellers should visit this wonderful old land. The air is fragrant with the odor of sweet flowers. The trees bear their greenest foliage. The slight coolness of the night gives keen relish for the enjoyment of the day. The sun shines from a cloudless sky. The days are serene; and at night the heavens are studded with stars of the first magnitude, while the southern cross and the constellations around it are more brilliant than those of more northern latitudes.

India, although so attractive during a portion of the year, has its drawbacks. Along this coast the cyclones sweep with unparalleled force. They usually occur between the monsoons. The year might be divided by these alternate winds, which blow from June to October from the southwest and from November to May from the northeast. They do not shift at once, but are variable for a few weeks; and during the change, or before the monsoon has fairly set in, the hurricanes sweep along the coast.

Walking through Calcutta, we see the effect of the cyclone of last year. On every hand are wrecks of buildings, trees torn up by the roots or twisted like withes. The storm lasted but a few hours, yet ships were sunk in the river, others dismasted, some driven from their anchorage high upon the beach. The water of the Bay of Bengal, swelling up the Hoogly and the

mouths of the Ganges, inundated all the region of the Sunderbund. Thousands of the natives perished in the lowlands. When the tornado had passed, many of those who survived its violence found their houses gone, their fishing-boats high and dry on the land, or floating seaward in splintered pieces.

During the winter slight frosts sometimes occur upon the high lands of the interior ; but in the valley of the Ganges, and here at Calcutta, the greatest cold sinks the mercury only a few degrees. Although the rainy season is attended with so many discomforts, no one among the hundred and eighty millions of India but looks forward to it with anxious longing. If the clouds should fail to come up from the sea with their freight of moisture, famine would stalk over the land, as it has frequently in the past. Several times since the English have occupied the country the laws of nature have failed to perform their customary work, and hecatombs have perished in consequence.

In the great famine of 1770 it is estimated that not less than thirty million of people perished in the valley of the Ganges alone. In 1866 nearly a million starved to death in Orissa, in Southern India. In that province less rain always falls than in other parts of India, owing to its peculiar situation, the mountains on the western coast intercepting the clouds. It is an out-of-the-way province, and there are no means of reaching it from the sea-coast. It was not known that there was a scarcity of food ; and when the terrible fact became known to the government, the officials were so slow to act, that before relief was given three fourths of a million had perished.

In 1770 there was no means of communication with the interior except by the river Ganges. The government at that time was not only forceless, but wicked. There was but one animating motive, — to wring from

the millions of India the greatest possible amount of revenue. The account of that famine, the indifference and heartlessness of the East India Company, is one of the saddest pages that darkens the history of modern times. Notwithstanding thirty-five per cent of the population perished, and though one half of those who tilled the soil were carried off, only five per cent of the land tax was remitted during the year; and in the year 1771, when the whole country was desolate and poverty-stricken, the company not only demanded the full tax, but ground out from the struggling population ten per cent additional! When the famine was at its worst; when natives were living on roots, grass, and leaves of trees, and devouring even the bodies of the dead; when the Ganges was filled with floating corpses which the jackals and tigers of the jungles could not devour, the government met in council and voted to distribute \$20,000 worth of rice a month among thirty millions of people. The grant, which may seem munificent when reckoned by thousands of dollars, *gives only a cent's worth of rice per day to five hundred starving inhabitants, — the fraction of a kernel to each person!*

But those years of maladministration have passed away, and it is hoped the days of famine may never return.

Free ports, free trade in breadstuffs, railroads, steamships, and telegraphs have made it almost impossible that there should be a long-continued famine in any country.

Riding down the banks of the Hoogly, we stop in front of a gateway opening into a yard where the bodies of the dead are burned. Venders of wood are waiting beside their piles of fagots for the arrival of funeral trains. A brisk fire is burning in the centre of the enclosure, and amid the crackling flames is the half-consumed body of



an adult. A sickening odor pervades the air. Near by sit the sorrowing relatives, one of whom kindled the fire as a last loving act towards the dead.

The odor being very offensive, the government has recently erected tall chimneys, and are constructing furnaces enclosed in iron cars, which can be run into ovens, so that the noxious gases will no longer endanger the health of the community. The natives themselves are much pleased with the change, as it will be more economical.

Returning, we pass the government buildings, which are extensive and imposing, and kept up at great expense. The Governor-General has a salary five times that of the President of the United States. Calcutta being the political capital, a great deal of pomp and show is maintained, not only by the officials, but by the merchants, who live in princely style, and have large retinues of servants.

"You will see some very handsome uniforms, Mr. Weller," said Mr. John Smauker, as those two gentlemen entered the little green-grocer's shop to attend a *soirée*, as narrated in the Pickwick Papers; and the same remark will apply to servants and footmen in Calcutta.

Nearly every evening the military band plays on the Chowringhee, a beautiful park where the aristocracy appear in coaches blazing with armorial decorations. Chaises and dog-carts abound. The foreign residents of Calcutta live high. A dinner is a formidable affair. There is no letting up of etiquette. Though the mercury may be at 120°, gentlemen must appear in full dress suit of black with white cravat, and go through all the courses of soup, fish, flesh, pastry, and dessert, with a variety of drinks, — claret, old sherry, or Bass & Co.'s ale.

The English do not change their customs. Native

customs must bend to theirs, — theirs to the Hindoo never.

We shall not soon forget the experience of our last night in Calcutta. It has a very agreeable beginning in the parlors of an American resident, where, while the hours fly swiftly by, we make the acquaintance of ladies and gentlemen from the United States. It is midnight when we bid them farewell to go on board the steamer which is to leave at daylight for Singapore and China.

Our Bengalese coachman starts off at full speed ; but there is a sudden halt. His horse refuses to go in the direction of the steamer. He will go in any other. We pass up a short street to the right, turn round and come back again, go in a circle, backwards, sideways, up a street to the left, then back again, once more in a circle, and finally come to a stand-still. The driver chirrup, clucks, utters a variety of Hindoo words, but the beast is totally depraved. We are fixed in the streets. A thunder-shower is coming up, and by the gleaming lightning we can see the perverse animal with legs firmly braced, determined not to advance another inch.

The driver has a whip, but dares not use it. He comes to the carriage, makes doleful lamentations in Bengali, of which we know as little as of Timbuctoo.

Getting out of the carriage, motioning the driver to his seat, and seizing the whip, we try its effect. Stolid indifference a moment, then kicks, snorts, shakings of the head, backing, turning round, plunges at one end, and kicks at the other ; standing on two legs, — antics too numerous to be mentioned. The coachman holds up his hands in supplication. He will take us back, the horse will go in that direction. But we are going to the steamer. The lean, lank, spavined old rackabones has always had his own way, and does not mean to yield ; but finally thinks better of it, makes one last despairing kick, and plunges madly down the road.

We have barely time to leap aboard. He tears up the road, the sparks fly beneath his hoofs; now we are in the gutter, the carriage reeling. We turn a corner and barely escape a capsize. But all is well that ends well, and so we reach at length the river-bank, and find quarters on board the steamer.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### ACROSS THE BAY OF BENGAL.

WE have tossed and tumbled, fought fleas, and waged a sanguinary war with innumerable mosquitoes through the night, and now at daylight are upon the deck of the *Clan Alpine*, to take a farewell look at Calcutta.

We float past a fleet of merchant vessels lying in the stream, with topmasts and spars sent down to the deck, a precaution against the cyclones. The river is alive with native craft. At this early hour the followers of Brahma are on the bank, thousands of them taking their morning bath. Stately adjutant-cranes look down upon us from the neighboring houses; kites scream over our heads; crows make themselves at home on the deck of our steamer. The bustle of the day is beginning in the streets of this lively city of India.

The tide is in our favor, and we glide rapidly away from the town,—past the beautiful parade, or common; the cathedral, with its tall spire and turrets; the fort, its ramparts bristling with cannon,—the place where, two centuries ago, the East India Company first got foothold on Indian soil; past the dock-yards of the Peninsular

and Oriental Company, where one of their noble steamers is taking in coal for her long trip down the coast to Ceylon, then to Suez; past the docks of the Messageries Impériales, where another steamer is receiving a new coat of paint after a voyage to Japan; past beautiful residences, and lovely gardens, and well-kept grounds, where peacocks and monkeys are sporting among the shrubs and flowers, where elephants, like the Hindoos, are taking a morning bath in the Hoogly.

The river has many a graceful sweep, but the banks are low, and there is no background of hills to set off the groves of cocoa, palm, and plantain. We look upon rice-fields; upon fishing-boats high and dry on the shore, fifty rods away from the river, swept up there in the great storm of last year, which made terrible havoc at even this distance from the sea.

The Clan Alpine is rated a fast steamer; she is freighted with opium, for which the Chinese are hankering. The government of India holds an auction of the drug on the 9th of every month, and on the 21st the houses of Jardine, Skinner, & Co. and Apar & Co. despatch a fast steamer to Hong Kong. These two steamers sail for China direct, but indirect communication is had by the Peninsular and Oriental Company *via* Ceylon, and once a month a steamer creeps along the coast of Burmah to Singapore, where the voyager must wait to hit the regular liners.

It is mid-afternoon when we pass from the fresh water of the river to the salt water of the Bay of Bengal. While asleep in our state-room, making up what was lost in the battle with the mosquitoes of the night before, there is a sudden explosion like the discharge of a cannon, a hurrying of feet overhead, and shrieks of agony. The steward rushes past our door.

“What is the trouble?”





MOSQUE AT HOOGLY.



“The boiler has —” He is gone, the sentence unfinished. A cloud of steam rushes into the cabin. We leap from our berth, and hasten to the deck. Mrs. C. is there. Our startled imagination hears only her voice in the wild shrieks of agony, more piercing, more painful than all the others. We reach the cabin stairs, and are met by the hot vapor rolling down the gangway. Instinct is quick at such times. We crouch low, covering our face, creep up the stairs, crawl along the deck, gasping, panting, inhaling air that sends a sharp pain through the lungs. We reach the chair in which she sat when we went below. She is not there. The cries are fainter now. We can see nothing. The white cloud is impenetrable to the sight,—so thick that we convulsively clutch at it to tear it away, as if it were a curtain, or something palpable to the grasp.

We call: no answer. Again; then a faint “Here!”

Creeping along, with face close to the deck, we reach the stern of the vessel, where the captain, the chief engineer, and the five or six other passengers are standing on the taffrail, with their heads above the awning, and thus protected from the steam: among them Mrs. C. unharmed!

O, how long it takes for that cloud to clear away! It seems an age. Little by little we see what has happened. One poor fellow is writhing in agony at our feet,—face, hands, and breast parboiled. Going forward, and looking into the engine-room, we see that one of the superheaters has burst, pouring a volume of steam into the apartment, and completely enveloping the engineers and firemen. One by one the poor creatures are brought up; some are dead, others dying; some with skin hanging in shreds and patches, countenances disfigured beyond the possibility of recognition, flesh burned away, leaving tendons and bones bare. There are nineteen

victims in all. They are all natives except one, the fourth engineer, who is a Scotchman. Tablecloths are torn up for bandages, oil is poured upon the wounds of the sufferers; everything possible is done for their relief; but for thirteen of them human aid is of no avail.

The chief engineer states that there were but eighteen pounds of steam on at the time, and that he has frequently run the engine with twenty-five. It is the "priming" of the boilers consequent upon passing from fresh into salt water that caused the explosion; but an examination of the fractured iron shows that under the superheating process the life of the metal has been gradually burned out.

Having two boilers still intact, and the engine uninjured, the captain decides to go on, though our voyage will be delayed two or three days in consequence of the accident.

The bodies of the dead Hindoos are committed to the deep without any religious ceremony, for they have no funeral rites. But a sad group gathers amidships at sunset, — the captain, the officers, the passengers, and the Malays and Hindoos, who are curious to see how Christians dispose of their dead. Father, mother, relatives, and friends of his youth are far away in his native land. A few strokes upon the bell, a few words from the burial-service, read with faltering voice by the captain. Tears course down the bronzed cheeks of his brother officers as they bear the body to the vessel's side, and commit it to the deep.

"O mother, praying God will save  
Thy sailor, — while thy head is bowed  
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud  
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."



## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE SPICE ISLANDS.

OUR course is southeast, across a smooth sea. Five hundred miles bring us to the Andaman Islands, a group which lies west of the coast of Burmah. On the map they are represented as being near the main-land, but it is full two hundred miles across to Rangoon. They are of volcanic origin, heaved up from the sea ages ago, but clothed now with the rankest tropical verdure.

There is a light-house on Cocoa Island, maintained by the English government. A ship calls there three or four times a year, sent out by the India Light-house Board; but the five or six individuals composing the colony live by themselves during the long months, without other intercourse with the world. On one of the southern islands of the chain the East Indian government has established a penal colony. Birds are flying along the shores; monkeys without number are chattering in the green forests; but there are no signs of human life, — no roads winding up the hillsides. The wild men who people this group occupy only the largest islands, which lie out of our track, and are as wild now as their ancestors were a thousand years ago.

Nature has put a great block in the path of commerce here, as she has also at Suez and Panama. The Malay peninsula is a narrow tongue of land, only twelve miles wide at one place; if it did not exist, or if there were a canal across it, vessels bound to or from China might save a thousand miles of their voyage.

This is a land of enchantment. We never weary of

gazing upon its hills and mountains, — some so high that their summits are lost in the clouds, — clothed in the richest verdure, from wave-washed base to cloud-capped peak.

We look into deep ravines, through lovely vistas, varying every moment, and revealing new beauties, which are succeeded by others before we have time to express our admiration of them.

These are the “spice islands,” — of nutmeg, clove, pimento, and cinnamon, — fanned by balmy breezes, laved by gentle waves, reposing beneath skies ever beautiful, — islands that have enchanted us in poesy.

But there is another side to the picture. The mercury is ninety-three in the shade, the atmosphere steamy and sticky. Wipe ourselves thoroughly dry with a towel, and in five minutes we are again reeking with perspiration. Energy evaporates. We feel like doing nothing, but would give a good price for a cool place to do it in. The breeze, so balmy over the poetic page, is hot and penetrating; we would like to carry out the idea of Sydney Smith, and take off our flesh and sit in our bones.

Were we to take up our residence upon the islands, we should find snakes, scorpions, centipedes, lizards, and all sorts of vermin, making themselves free with our premises. We should have wood-leeches creeping into our nostrils while asleep, and absorbing the best blood of the brain. The deadly cobra would wriggle into our bed-chamber, without asking our leave; spiders, with legs three inches long, bodies the size of a small teacup, would spin webs over our windows, or look down upon us with hungry eyes from the corners of the room. Swarms of flying ants would come into the dining-room at dinner-time, and light upon the roast mutton; white ants would bore out the table-legs, gnaw away the pillars



VALLEY OF THE IRAWADDY.





of the house, or carry off our best suits of clothes in a single night; bugs, flies, fleas, beetles, cockroaches, lice, — blue bugs and black bugs, yellow bugs and green bugs, little bugs and big bugs, — creeping, flying, skipping, hopping, jumping, running, — coming at morning, noon, and night, — especially at night, when we are sweating, tossing, turning, and tumbling, and trying to get a wink of sleep! How nice to have a great spider straddle over your face, cockroaches as large as mice skip across the dinner-table! If these seem to be exaggerations, go into a Museum of Natural History, and there see what company the people of the tropics are compelled to put up with. The lands of spice are delightful, as seen by the poet's eye. The natives undoubtedly think there are no climes so beautiful; and some Englishmen profess to like these lands better than their own misty isle. It is well for the world that tastes differ.

A change of course, and a few hours' steaming, would take us up the Gulf of Martaban to Burmah, to the mouths of the Irawaddy, to Rangoon and Maulmain; but our course is towards the equator. We have a view of Port Cornwallis, — the penal settlement of the Indian government.

Steaming southeast a few hours brings us in sight of the mountains on the main-land, which rear their lofty summits high above the sea. Approaching nearer, we gaze entranced upon the scene. We are sailing over smooth waters, —

“Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest.”

The air is loaded with perfume from the shore; a varied verdure meets the eye, — palms on the low land, betel, cinnamon, nutmeg, clove, dorian, and mangosteen upon the slopes; shades of deep green in the ravines, fading to

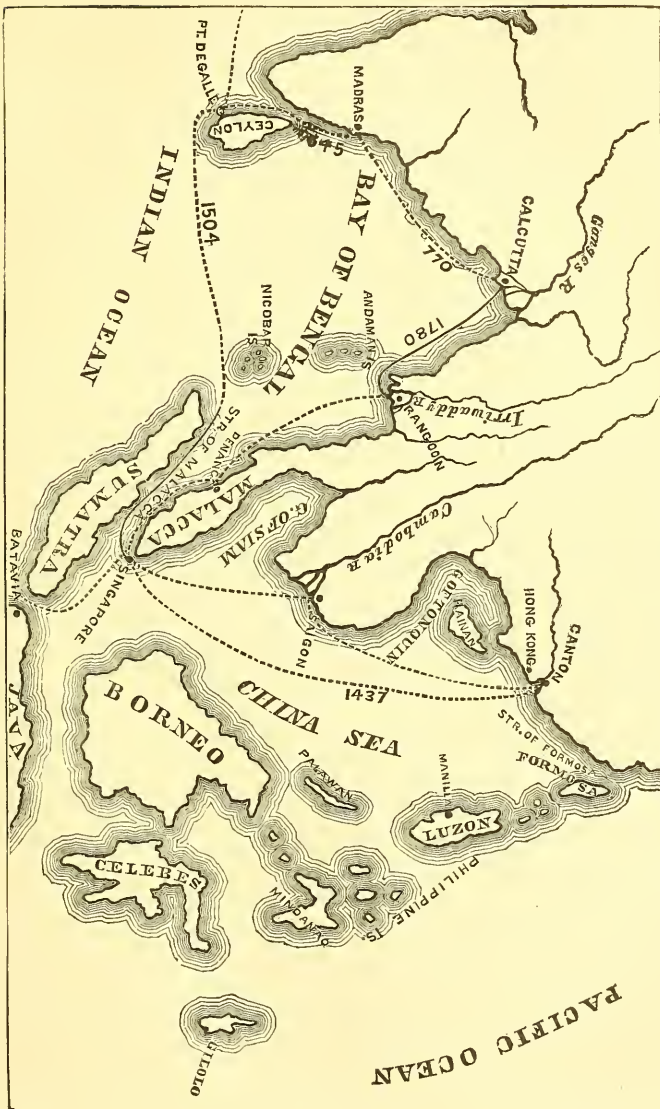
lighter hues higher up the mountain-sides. No fields or farms or villages fill up the panorama. Native huts are seen along the shore, but the Malayan attempts no conquest of nature. The sea gives him fish, the forest fruit; thus he is provided with food. A mat affords him shelter. So the hand of man has wrought no changes in the landscape. It is as it has been since the morning stars sang together.

Opposite the northern end of Sumatra, close under the coast of Malacca, is the island of Penang, about thirteen miles long and eleven wide, separated from the mainland by a narrow strait. It was taken possession of by the East India Company in 1786, and was held by that corporation till 1857, when it became a dependency of the British crown. A few years ago a strip of the mainland was obtained, — ceded to the British government by the native rajah, Queda, who has placed himself and tribe under English protection. The island and the ceded territory are known as the province of Wellesley, and have together a population made up as follows:—

Malays . . . . .	72,000
Chinese . . . . .	39,000
Natives of India . . . . .	14,000
Asiatics and Europeans . . . . .	1,700
	<hr/>
	126,700

The number of Europeans does not exceed one hundred; but they are sufficient to maintain order even in such a mixed population. There might be a different story were it not for the presence of war-vessels and the cannon of the fortress, which overlook the town as well as command the strait.

The harbor is on the east side of the island, completely sheltered from the monsoons, which never are violent in this region. We sight the island before the sun goes



down, but it is nearly ten o'clock before we drop anchor in the harbor. We do not regret it, for we sail over a phosphorescent sea.

“ O hundred shores of happy climes,  
 How swiftly streamed ye by the bark !  
 At times the whole sea burned, at times  
 With wakes of fire we tore the dark.”

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### PENANG.

WE are surrounded by boats, which put out from the landing, and long before we can discern the dusky forms of the rowers, or the outline of the craft, we can see their oars dip up the liquid light ! Every fish darting through the water carries a torch. We behold lines of light curving and turning, now slow, now darting with the rapidity of lightning, line cutting across line in endless streams. A shower comes on, and every rain-drop turns to fire as it touches the sea, as if a hand unseen were sowing the deep with diamonds ! Hour after hour we gaze in wonder and delight. The boats have gone to the shore ; the steamer swings at her moorings ; the tide is setting past ; as the eddies come and go, we behold as it were the unwinding of webs, the unfolding of scrolls of light over the broad surface of the deep.

In the morning we find ourselves lying east of a low fort, — a green esplanade in front, the town south of it, two church-spires outlined against the dark green of the mountain beyond, which rises two thousand feet high. A few vessels are anchored in the harbor, hundreds of row-boats around us, a Chinese junk near by.



We have reached the western verge of the Flowery Land. We might say that that land had bloomed over its own borders, and its blossoms had fallen here. Our waiters on the steamer are Celestials with pigtails.

We go ashore in a boat rowed by a Chinaman with a hat three feet in diameter, shaped like the cover of a huge sugar-bowl. His sampan, or boat, has two eyes painted at the bow.



"NO HAVE EYES, NO CAN SEE."

"Why do you have eyes to your sampan?" we ask.

"No have eyes, no can see," is the reply of the good-natured fellow, who puts on a broad grin every time we look at him.

A Malayan duck-pedler — a lad with a large basket filled with the fowls — is on the pier when we land, ready to drive a good bargain. He has obtained a cast-off English soldier's cap, of which he is as proud as an American juvenile with a pair of new boots. He has a pleasing countenance, and is bright enough to drive a sharp trade with the steward.

We land at a little jetty, or pier, the only one of the port. The water is deep enough to admit our steamer alongside; but this pier is never put to such a vulgar use



POULTRY BOY.

as the loading or unloading of merchandise. It is reserved for his Excellency the Governor, who lives at Singapore, and who visits the place once a year to see how Penang is getting on. His puissant mightiness has ordered that no vessel shall be permitted to drop anchor within five hundred yards of the pier. He cannot have it contaminated by being made the depot of rice, sugar, and other merchandise, nor can he be bothered,

although he comes only once in a twelvemonth, by having a steamer or a ship in the way of his landing. When he arrives, the cannon of the fort boom their loudest thunders, and all Penang stands trembling in his presence.

Arrogance flourishes out here. It grows luxuriantly in English soil, and loses none of its vigor by transplanting.

Penang has one hotel. Our captain's recommendation of it is laconic, if not elegant. "You will," said he, "find it a mean, dirty, stinking hole."

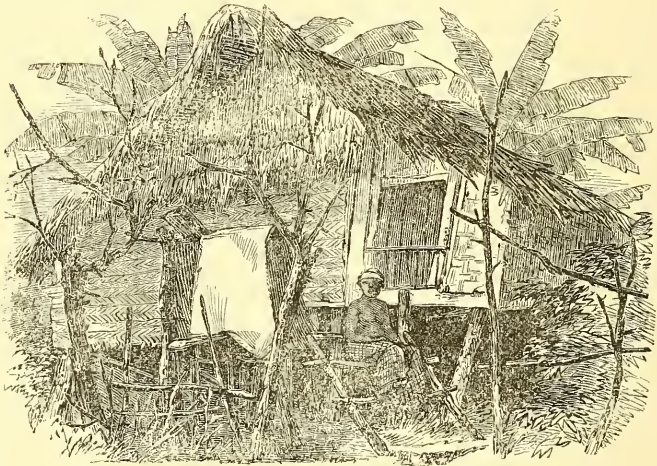
Riding up a broad avenue, with palms rustling above us, bananas bending with fruit, and gorgeous flowers in full bloom, filling the air with fragrance, we arrive at the establishment, — an airy bungalow, open on all sides, to admit the breeze.

Over the entrance is a painting intended to represent the three ostrich-plumes and crest of the Prince of Wales, and beneath it a golden-lettered sign, with this inscription, "By permission, Hotel Keeper to H. R. H. Prince of Wales!" Regent Street, with all its unicorns, lions, griffins, crowns, and crests, cannot display a more affecting example of flunkeyism. The Prince never has been to Penang, nor is it likely he will ever sleep in this bungalow; nor is there any reason to suppose he will ever buy a saddle, tooth-brush, bug-poison, or anything else, at any of the numerous shops in old England which, by special permission of the Lord Chamberlain, are allowed to keep such things for his benefit; but it is one way in which the Britons show their affectionate and unswerving loyalty. This wretched daub of a sign we are to consider as a standing hurrah of the hotel-keeper for royalty in general, and Albert Edward in particular.

The Europeans here are engaged in the spice trade. The warehouses are piled with boxes and sacks of pimento. Nearly all the employees in the mercantile establishments are Chinese, who make expert accountants and bankers. The currency is the Mexican silver dollar. Having been advised to exchange rupees for coin current in China, we enter a banking-house, and are waited on by a Chinaman, who counts out our change with great rapidity, clinking each piece, ascertaining by the sound its genuineness. We are informed that they are as shrewd and competent as Europeans in all business matters.

A short ride enables us to see the features of the place:

the fort, with low walls and finely kept esplanade; wide avenues, well watered, bordered by the elegant residences of the few Europeans; narrower streets, crowded with Chinese shops, joss-houses, stalls for the sale of the betel-leaf, toddy-shops, where the Chinamen drink Samshu and Bhang, — liquors made from rice and hemp; opium hells, where they become oblivious to the cares and troubles of life by smoking themselves into a state of beastly stupefaction.



MALAY HOUSE.

The houses of the Malayans, in the suburbs of the town, are built on posts for free circulation of air, to insure dryness, and keep out snakes and vermin, as well as other like intruders. The entrance is by a ladder, which is a favorite lounging-place for the mistress of the establishment, who has no great amount of housework to do. Her parlor, dining, sleeping room, and kitchen are one and the same.

Until recently the Peninsular and Oriental steamers



between Ceylon and China have called at this port, but now they pass it by, saving a day in the trip. It is a damaging blow to the prospects of the Europeans, who remain here only for the purpose of trade. Occasionally a steamer calls on its way from Singapore to Rangoon on the Burmah coast, and the Calcutta and China steamers make the port; but there is not much life in the colony, and its future prospects are not very hopeful.

Once more on board, we have a run of three hundred and thirty miles down the Malay coast before reaching Singapore. We have an unruffled sea, the coast in view nearly all the way; now low, flat, and uninteresting, and now beautiful, with groves of palms, cocoa, nutmeg, and cinnamon; bold headlands, high mountains, clothed with varying shades of green. It is not till we are near Singapore that we catch sight of Sumatra,—a low shore covered with tropical vegetation, and beyond, through the haze, the peaks of mountains which rise ten thousand feet above the sea.

An English gentleman, who takes passage for Singapore, is enthusiastic in praise of the dorian, which grows upon the island.

"You shall have a taste of it, sir, at dinner," he says, pointing to a basket containing several dorians. They are oval-shaped, and about the size of a pineapple.

"That is the husk," he adds, "the fruit lies within. It is like custard, flavored with pineapple and strawberry. It is the most delicious fruit in the world. My boys here will eat it from morning till night. I myself am extravagantly fond of it."

"Prepare yourself," said the captain, "for a stench worse than any that ever entered your nostrils."

"Nonsense! The first odor may not be agreeable, but I am sure you will like it."

"If you don't hold your nose I shall be mistaken,

that's all. Think of all the disgusting, ill-smelling, un-savory, nauseating, stinking things in the world, — fried onions, stewed garlic, burnt feathers, singed hair, assafoetida, all sorts of doctor's stuff, and the odor of skunks!" responds the captain.

Such conflicting opinions excite curiosity, if not appetite.

Dinner comes; and, the meat and puddings disposed of, we await the dessert. A passenger upon the opposite side of the table, a full-blooded Englishman, suddenly begins to sniff the air.

"What infernal stench is that!" is his first exclamation. "I should think that the steward had got hold of a bad egg," he adds, looking towards the pantry, and twisting his face into an expression of the utmost disgust.

The odor becomes intense, permeating the cabin and extending to every state-room. Handkerchiefs are brought into requisition; and now the steward enters, holding a plate in one hand and his nose with the other. He drops the plate upon the table without ceremony, and goes out upon the run, the liberated hand clapped suddenly upon his stomach, as if to keep his internal machinery all right.

"Are you going to try it?"

"Pitch in."

"After you."

"Goodness gracious! what a stench!"

"Minks and muskrats!"

"Worse than that, — ferrets and polecats!"

Each waits for his neighbor to begin. It requires some effort to keep the stomach from turning inside out. But we are travelling to see what is worth seeing, to eat what is worth eating; and as the Penang gentleman is swallowing the fruit as if it were the daintiest delicacy in the world, we determine to try it, though conscious

all eyes at table are watching the result of the experiment.

There is nothing that in the realization so belies the promise as the dorian. The edible part *is* like custard flavored with pineapple and strawberry, but the final taste that of garlic.

“How do you like it?”

“What does it taste like?”

“Is it good?”

Such are the questions; then others, growing bolder nerve themselves to try it,—some to succeed, others to follow the steward to the gangway, and throw their dinner to the fishes. One of the passengers seizes the basket containing the remainder of the fruit, and tosses it overboard, while the steward sprinkles the cabin with disinfecting fluid.

The seventy distinct smells of Cologne, if condensed into a single bottle, could not be more nauseating than the odor of the dorian. Yet it is a favorite fruit at Penang; and the children of the European residents, like Oliver Twist at the parish workhouse, hold up their plates for more.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

SINGAPORE.

WE pass the town of Malacca, on the main-land, with the British flag flying from the fort. Chinese junks and native craft lie in the harbor. The population numbers about seventy thousand, two thirds of whom are Malays. A few Europeans reside there, but the trade of the place is mostly in the hands of the Chinese.

Singapore, or "the town of lions," is situated on an island at the easterly entrance to the Straits of Malacca, and forms the extreme limit of the long, narrow peninsula that projects from the continent of Asia one thousand miles southward. It is about seventy miles north of the equator. No port on the globe is more conveniently situated for ocean travel. It is on the great thoroughfare of Eastern commerce, all of which, passing from the Cape of Good Hope, or from Suez and India, to China, must make the Straits of Malacca or those of Sunda. In either case vessels pass near Singapore.

The island is about twenty-seven miles long and from twelve to fifteen broad, separated from the main-land by a strait that in many places is not more than one fourth of a mile wide, so that this island is substantially a part of the peninsula.

It is early morning when we steam into the harbor, feeling our way slowly along a passage that winds among numerous small islands. The main channel is farther south, but this up which we pass to the new harbor, though narrow, has deep water, and is navigable for large steamers. We look up inlets and into sheltered coves, and see huts standing on bamboo posts driven into the mud. The tide ebbs and flows beneath them. Tethered to the posts are the small boats of the fishermen, whose families live in these frail structures.

Emerging from the network of islands, and making a wide sweep to avoid a coral reef, we have an opportunity of seeing the crescent-shaped harbor, filled with English and American vessels, which have stopped here for fresh supplies on their way to or from China. Several steamers are at anchor. One iron screw, just in from Manila, is taking in coal for her long stretch across the Indian Ocean round the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to Liverpool, under contract to make the distance between



Manila and the Mersey in seventy days, or forfeit five dollars per ton for every day exceeding the time specified. Another steamer has its flag flying at the peak, as a signal for departure, and a few hours hence will be running down the coast of Sumatra for Batavia, three days distant.

The harbor is alive with boats, — junks just in from China, and Malay craft such as formerly were manned by pirates, ever on the watch for ships passing through the straits. Many a noble vessel lies beneath these waters, captured by them in years gone by. But piracy has been entirely suppressed in these seas, and this once dreaded section of the Indian Archipelago is now as free from the sea-rovers as the Atlantic. The latest piracies were committed by Captain Semmes. Sailing out of this port, cheered by the British residents, almost within sight of the town, he plundered and burned three American vessels.

We pass small islands covered with cocoas and palms, with leaves so broad that Mother Eve, if she could have had them, would have required but two to make her a complete garment. The town is level; but behind it rise hills two or three hundred feet high, one of them surmounted by a fort and marine telegraph station. Shady nooks and charming retreats abound. We have perpetual spring, — no winter nor summer nor autumn; a temperature almost unvarying; showers nearly every day; verdure luxuriant, new leaves always swelling from the bud, flowers always in bloom; the sun rising and setting within a minute or two of six o'clock the year round, — for we are only seventy miles from the equator; balmy breezes laden with sweet odors from the nutmeg-groves; tides and currents sweeping past, between the China Sea and the Bay of Bengal. There are few places that have so unvarying, attractive, and healthy a climate.



FRUITS OF MALACCA.

The street fruit-sellers of Singapore have seen our entrance to the harbor, and are waiting on the wharf to supply us with dorians, bananas, mangosteens, and pineapples. After our experience with the dorian, we do not care to lay in a fresh supply of that Malayan production, but the other fruits are juicy, cooling, delicious.

The population of the place, by the latest enumeration, was as follows:—

Chinese . . . . .	58,000
Malays . . . . .	13,500
East Indians . . . . .	12,700
Asiastics . . . . .	6,500
Europeans . . . . .	6,000
Total . . . . .	<hr/> 96,700

It is rapidly increasing by the influx of Chinese, and the town is supposed to contain more than one hundred thousand inhabitants at the present time. Being a free port, it has a large trade. Goods to the value of fifteen million dollars per annum are imported, which are supplied to the surrounding islands. The exports are six or seven mil-

lions. It is a great nutmeg mart. Coffee is raised here in large quantities, which is sold as prime old Java !

The streets of the town are wide and straight; the houses and shops mainly of two stories, covered with tiles. The signs are in Chinese characters, and nearly every person we meet has a pigtail. The scenes are new and strange;—men with hats three feet in diameter, the crown running up to a point like a cupola, others tunnel-shaped, others like reversed wash-bowls; men, with a strip of blue cotton cloth round the loins, trip past, walking briskly, carrying buckets and baskets, tubs and pails, suspended from a light, springing bamboo laid across their shoulders. These are the market-men. Looking into the shops, we see all crafts and trades. There are shoemakers, joiners, carpenters, washermen, bakers; and opium saloons, reeking with sickening odors. We drive into the square where Europeans principally congregate, and find it laid out with shade-trees, flowering-shrubs, and gravelled walks, and surrounded by warehouses. Young men from England are here to make their fortunes in trade. They are dressed in white pants and black jackets,—the orthodox business costume for this climate.

They have not lost their taste for ale, their time seeming to be about equally divided between their desks in the counting-houses and the saloons of the liquor-dealers.

The public square is a pleasant business place, though business does not seem to be very lively. No one moves with vigor. The climate takes all energy out of a European in a short time. The merchants gather in groups beneath the grateful shade, and talk business and take things easily. In the side streets are numerous dram-shops for the sailors. The "Jolly Tar," the "Sailors' True Home," display the Stars and Stripes close beside

the Cross of St. George. The little salt creek which divides the town swarms with Chinese boats. Families live afloat in these small craft, the only shelter from sun and rain being a piece of matting.

We have reached the land of pigs. A Chinaman has no scruples about eating pork, — none of the prejudices of the Mohammedan, the Jew, and the Hindoo. He is as fond of it as a native of Arkansas. Pigs roam the streets and devour the garbage, doing here such scavenger work as is done by the dogs of Constantinople, Cairo, and Damascus, and the cranes and kites of Calcutta.

The grounds around the English residences are tastefully laid out, and adorned with shrubs and flowers in great variety. Nowhere have we seen such profusion and richness of vegetation. It flourishes with such vigor that it is almost impossible to keep the gravelled walks and flower-beds free from grass and weeds.

“Don't fail to see the Chinaman's garden,” is the injunction of a gentleman on the steamer. Taking a carriage, we ride through the town, past the government buildings, — large and imposing edifices, looming grandly from the bay, — past two very pretty churches, and residences of merchants, surrounded by well-kept grounds, shaded with tropical trees, and beautified by gorgeous flowers of every hue. Upon the road we meet crowds of Chinese, going to or returning from market; some halting at the tea-shops to drink their favorite beverage, or at the opium saloons to whiff the fumes of the stupefying drug.

Never rode we through an avenue so beautiful as that leading to the “Whampoa Gardens.” Stately palms, wild almonds, tall, feathery bamboos, and trees of unknown name, line the roadway, spreading out their branches overhead, their trunks wreathed with creeping plants. Orchids and wild heliotrope bloom in the thick



hedges: shrubs, plants, vines, in endless variety, broad and narrow leaved, ovate, heart-shaped, trifoliate, — leaf and flowers filling the air with odors new and strange, and almost overpowering.

A ride of about two miles brings us to the residence of a Chinaman who has made a large fortune by trade at Singapore, and who, instead of returning to his native land, as most of his countrymen are in the habit of doing, has made this his permanent home. He loves floricult-



AVENUE AT SINGAPORE.

ture, and has spent a great deal of money in fitting up his residence and the grounds around it. A tall fellow, with thin face, lantern-jaws, long pigtail, wearing a blue cotton tunic and flowing trousers and Chinese hat, escorts us through the grounds, to which we have free admission. The proprietor is sick, otherwise he would himself show us the rare tropical plants and flowers.

The grounds are not laid out in accordance with the rules of landscape gardening given by English and Amer-

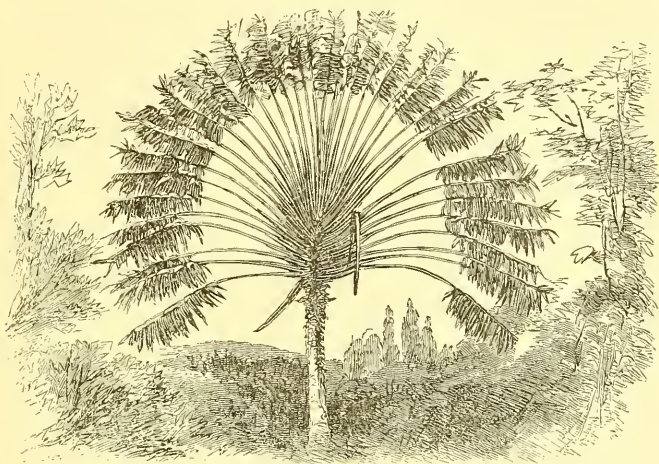
ican florists. The premises contain a dozen acres,—gardens within gardens,—with arbors, tea-houses, and canals, and tanks stocked with goldfish. There are straight paths, winding walks, and labyrinths, a wonderful variety of tropical vegetation,—a place where the florist or botanist might find unspeakable pleasure. Our conductor brings us to a section of the grounds where dogs, dragons, hobgoblins, and crocodiles, with great goggle eyes, stare at us,—fashioned from a twining shrub, that is hedged in and clipped off, trained on wires, and thus tortured into fantastic shapes.

Passing through one of the tea-houses, we find that the proprietor has Italian vases, French clocks, Japanese carved work, windows of German stained glass, floors of English encaustic tiles, flower-pots from the potteries of his native land, arranged with little taste or order. A Chinaman's ideas of the artistic are grotesque. The pictures which we see on China-ware are excellent representations of Chinese art. They have not advanced beyond the child's plain surface drawing, and have no comprehension of the rules of perspective.

The chief attractions of the garden are the monster *Victoria regias*, which here reach their full development in the open air. Flocks of waterfowl are sitting on the leaves of the plants, which are large and strong enough to bear up a child.

Here we behold the gigantic fan-palm flourishing with wonderful vigor, the stems of the leaves radiating from the tall trunk like the sticks of a fan, each leaf seven or eight feet in length. In that charming child-romance of Paul and Virginia the lad carries such a leaf to protect his fair companion from the sun and rain. The natives of Malacca know nothing of Paul and his exploits, but they are well acquainted with the palm, and we see hucksters by the road sheltering themselves from the sun beneath a single leaf.

On one side of the garden is a hospital for hogs. The owner of the grounds is a believer in the Buddhist religion, and holds to the transmigration of souls. Enter-



FAN-PALM.

ing the pigsty, we behold about a dozen fat porkers. The owner keeps them in excellent condition ; they have enough to eat and are well cared for, inasmuch as the spirit of his father may be inhabiting one of them, his grandfather another ! A deceased elder brother may be inhabiting the body of the baboon that gnashes his teeth at us, and rattles the chain which confines him to one of the posts of the building. Of the beast, beastly ; yet the religion which inculcates such a belief is accepted by one third of the human race !

The Chinese are great money-getters. Merchants and servants are equally thrifty. The attendant who conducts us through the garden holds out his hand for money just as eagerly and naturally and unblushingly as if he were a verger of Westminster Abbey or Salisbury Cathedral.

Our coachman demands four dollars fare, though entitled to but one. He appeals to our sympathies by pantomimic signs, pressing his hands upon his belly, giving us to understand that there is a vacuum inside. He looks upon foreigners as legitimate prey; but the police regulations are very strict, and at the mention of the word "police," he becomes civil, respectful, and contented with his due.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### LIFE IN MALACCA.

ALONG the sea-shore are low lands, with dense thickets of mangroves, — shrubs with dark-green leaves, and a tangled network of roots. These shrubs at night are luminous with myriads of fire-flies. The thicket not only sparkles, but at times glows with light. A favorite amusement with the Chinese boys is throwing clubs among the shrubs, and watching the sudden flashes. The Malayan maidens, on gala-nights, to make themselves more attractive, wear "lightning-bugs" in their hair! The women of Malacca have soft, lustrous eyes, drooping lashes, and countenances indicative of kind dispositions. They are modest in their deportment, and dress neatly and tastefully. They protect themselves from the sun by an enormous cheese-shaped head-gear, which, though two feet in diameter and six inches thick, is light and airy.

The men are well-proportioned, full-limbed, with dark-brown eyes and smooth copper-colored skins. They can be firm friends or malignant enemies. They are naturally



affectionate, but being Mohammedans, they have accepted the worst features of the faith of Islam, — hostility to all other religions.

The road which leads across the island to a little place called Selita, — a resort of the Europeans for rest and recreation, — passes through a Malayan forest. Trees six feet in diameter rear their lofty trunks one hundred feet above us. They throw out their stout branches and lock arms with their neighbors, forming a delightful arcade. Of less height are the dorian, mango-steen, and jack, — fruit-bearing trees, in which apes and monkeys chase each other from limb to limb; where paroquets and macaws, birds of paradise, and others of brilliant plumage, chatter through the day. There are



MALAYAN LADY.

shrubs with unknown names, herbaceous plants of varieties unknown beyond the tropics. Parasitic plants, drawing their life from the stately trees, hang in dark masses or droop in graceful festoons from the bending limbs; creepers, clinging to the rough bark, twine upward with their tendrils till they clasp the topmost

twigs ; rattans, no larger than a walking-stick, wind themselves around the towering monarchs of the forest, reach the highest branches, climb along the interlaced limbs from tree to tree, the nourishing juices of the soil giving life to leaves three hundred feet distant ! Mightier than these are huge twiners, a foot in diameter, encircling with many turns the trunks as they ascend, running out upon the limbs, dropping to the ground, striking new root, doubling again upon themselves, and gathering tree after tree in their folds, as the serpents wreathed themselves about Laocoön and his sons. It is always night in such a jungle. The fiercest rays of the sun cannot penetrate the gloom.

Tigers abound, and are very ferocious. It is stated that they devour a man every day. A large reward is offered for every tiger-skin. The most successful hunter is an American named Caroll, who lives with the natives and accommodates himself to their habits of life. The Europeans here tell wonderful stories of his exploits. The jungle is too dense to admit of regular hunts, and he constructs pitfalls. He knows the haunts of the beast, captures a cub if possible when the tigress is away after food, and places it in the pit, to which its cries soon bring the mother.

The trapping of a tigress is a great event. The natives from the surrounding region assemble to enjoy the ravings of the beast in its vain endeavors to escape. Caroll states that the tigress secretes her cubs from the male, who, if he discovers them, makes a breakfast of his own progeny. He is of the opinion that two out of every three are thus devoured. He looks upon this propensity on the part of the tiger as a happy arrangement in the economy of nature ; for if all the cubs were to come to maturity, they would destroy the other animals and depopulate the island.

Singapore has contributed one very important article to the commerce of the world, — gutta-percha. Somewhere about twenty-five years ago an Englishman noticed that the native coachmen had very curious whip-stocks, which they said were made from the juice of a tree. He sent some of them to London, where they attracted the attention of chemists and artisans, and the article was soon brought into general use. The discovery was made at the right time, for without gutta-percha no Atlantic cable could have been laid, and the whole world put into instant communication. It has entered largely into the arts and manufactures, and the world could not now well dispense with it.

The natives make incisions in the trees, collect the sap, which is evaporated in the sun. When reduced to the consistency of tar, they use it to trap tigers. Not long since a man was carried off from one of the villages by a tigress, and partially devoured. Knowing that the beast would return the next day to complete its meal, they spread a quantity of the gutta-percha in the vicinity, and covered it with chaff. The animal came, got it into his mouth, on his jaws, into his eyes, upon his body. He soon wrought himself into the condition of Hamlet's uncle, — growling, roaring his wordless

“O liméd soul that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged.”

The natives gathered, watched awhile his ineffectual efforts to rub it off, and finally dispatched him.

A few years ago the European residents engaged in the cultivation of nutmegs. Success attended their efforts for a while; but the trees are short-lived, and the experiment has resulted in failure. Pepper is still cultivated by the Chinamen. It is a plant which requires constant attention, but is made profitable by this patient, pains-taking people.

The climate of Singapore is one of the most equable in the world. The mercury seldom sinks below 70°, and rarely rises above 90°.

“Eternal summer” reigns. The days are not all cloudless, for sudden showers fall, which cool the air, and give fresh vigor to the exuberant foliage. The rain-fall is almost double that of the United States, the average being eighty-seven inches. It fell on one hundred and eighty-four out of the three hundred and sixty-five days of last year. The monsoons, which are so powerful and destructive in India, are not felt here; neither are the cyclones of the Indian Ocean nor the typhoons of the Chinese Sea.

There are few localities more charming, and it is said to be an excellent climate for invalids. The variety of vegetation, its luxuriance, the beauty of the surrounding waters, the wonderful gardens beneath the waves, the workmanship and industry of the coralline insects, the gorgeously-tinted shells, the myriads of brilliant insects which sport in the sunshine, — make it attractive to the naturalist as well as the pleasure-traveller.

The residents here tell good stories of the ignorance and stupidity of the London managers of the old East India Company in regard to the productions and the natural history of Malacca. There was a time when the English preferred white pepper to black, and orders came out from the India houses to their agents here to pay more attention to the cultivation of the white plant, not being aware that both grow on the same tree, and that the white is gathered at an earlier stage.

More ludicrous is another story of what the London managers proposed to do with the white ants. One year there was a deficit in the exchequer, and the agent suggested that the white ants had got into the treasure-chest and carried off the silver, amounting to several



thousand dollars. The next ship from England brought a large package of files, and a letter of instructions, to the effect that, as the white ants could eat their way through everything, men must be employed to catch them and file off their teeth!

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### FROM SINGAPORE TO HONG KONG.

AT Singapore we take on board about two hundred Chinese, men, women, and children, who have been making money here, and who are going back to their native land to enjoy it. While sailing up the China Sea we have ample time and an excellent opportunity to study their singular traits of character. They pay twenty dollars each for a passage to Hong Kong, boarding themselves. They have a vast amount of baggage, — more trunks than a devotee of fashion on her way to Newport. Each family has a small portable furnace, a bag of charcoal, baskets of potatoes, with rice, salt-fish, shrimps, crabs, and hampers of live chickens and ducks. They waste nothing. Standing on the bridge of the steamer, we can look down upon the crowd preparing and eating their breakfast. All sorts go into the stew-pan, — the chicken in bits, the tongue, the comb, the whole body down to the toes, even the intestines, after being well washed and cleaned! Then bits of dried fish, small shrimps, dried crabs, the roe of fish, potatoes, small squashes, and other vegetables of the tropics, all cut into small pieces, mixed, stirred, and cooked. For utilizing odds and ends of food, the Chinese far surpass the French.

A Chinaman's habits at table are not such as we of the West are accustomed to. He holds a bowl of stew or rice to his lips, and pokes the food into his mouth with his chop-sticks. The sticks are a little larger than a pen-holder, are held on each side of the middle



CHOP-STICKS

finger of the right hand, and are kept in place by the thumb. One of the men before us uses them for stirring the stew while it is cooking; also as tongs, picking up bits of charcoal to add to the fire, raps an urchin over the head with them, punches the sides of a little shaggy puppy who helps himself to some of the stray fragments, and who will go into the stew-pan himself one of these days. Notwithstanding this

varied use of the sticks, the Chinaman, without taking the trouble to wipe them, uses them while eating his breakfast.

Their curiosity is unbounded. They are ingenious in their way of making knick-knacks, — puzzles, porcelain, bamboo chairs and baskets, — but they cannot comprehend machinery. They are never weary of watching the mo-

tions of the engine, and gaze by the hour, with all the wonder of children, upon the cranks, wheels, and pistons, which to them seem to be alive. Several years ago, when steamers first appeared in Chinese waters, the ingenious mechanics of Canton resolved to construct a steamboat. They rigged a junk with paddle-wheels, put up a funnel, painted great eyes at the bow, and wondered why the thing did n't start! The outside was all right, but the motive power was wanting.

They are inveterate gamblers. Here is a group which have finished their breakfast, and are prepared to spend the day in gambling, using dominos. They stake but a little,— play for their dinner or supper. Many of these men are wealthy. That one with a blue cotton cloth about his loins went down to Singapore years ago as a cooly. He lived at the cheapest possible rate; his rice may have cost him a cent a day. Out in the harbor were plenty of fish which he could catch at night. A yard or two of cotton cloth made him a suit of clothes for a year. He earned a few dollars, left off carrying coals and bags and bundles, and became a huckster; and now, as he lifts the lid of his chest to get money to pay his fare, we see a pile of silver dollars. He is rich, and is going home to take his comfort. He applied for a cabin passage, was ready to pay the regular fare of one hundred dollars, but being only half clothed, the captain would not assign him a state-room.

“These are all of the lowest class,” says the captain. “The upper classes of China wear costly clothing, and would deport themselves well in any society.”

The people of China look with pride upon their nationality. They know that they are the oldest nation under the sun. They are the civilized of the earth; all the rest of the human race are barbarians. They speak of Europeans and Americans as “foreign devils.” The epi-

that was applied to the English first because they compelled China to take opium. They are men and we are devils: we can accomplish what they cannot, — can make steamboats, big guns, long-range rifles, revolvers, and terrible instruments of destruction. A foreign devil is, therefore, a creature of ability, but dreadfully wicked.

We are much amused by the appearance of one of the Chinese women, who makes herself at home on the quarter-deck. She wears her hair in the Canton style, — heavy



EXPRESSING AN OPINION.

puffs over the ears, the back-hair in a mass, a lock upon the crown gathered in the form of a jug-handle, the general make-up called by foreigners "the jug-handle pattern."

She has a retreating forehead, flat nose, wide mouth, high cheek-bones, and wears a variety of ornaments about her person. By her resolute bearing she evidently would have us comprehend that she belongs to an ancient and honorable race. She has opinions

of her own, and is not afraid to declare them.

Placing herself in front of Mrs. C., she addresses her in Chinese. The captain understands the language, and explodes with laughter.

"She is complimentary. Would you like to know what she says?"



“Certainly.”

“She has the happiness to inform you that you are a red-faced, foreign female devil!”

The woman enjoys our merriment, and joins in it heartily.

Junks are multiplying around us, — unwieldy, clumsy craft, with sails so constructed that a reef can be taken instantly without going aloft; not one reef, but a half-dozen if necessary, reducing the mainsail to a small bit of canvas when the storm grows wild. The junk-builders seem to have no particular place for putting the masts. Sometimes there is but one, which is amidships, then there is a tall mast in the middle, and a short one at the stern. Now we come in sight of a craft with a short stump of a mast at the extremity of the bows, a tall mainmast in the centre, a shorter one farther aft, and a fourth fastened to the port side of the craft, as far as possible astern. It can be unshipped at pleasure, and raised on the starboard side of the vessel. A framework like a carpenter's staging is built out several feet over the helm. The rudder itself is a clumsy affair of plank and timber, larger than that of a man-of-war.

There is a lively chatting among the Chinese passengers. They are nearing home, and are giving thanks to Joss by setting gilt paper on fire and throwing it overboard. They are packing up their pots and kettles, gathering together their baskets and boxes, and are straining their eyes for the land.

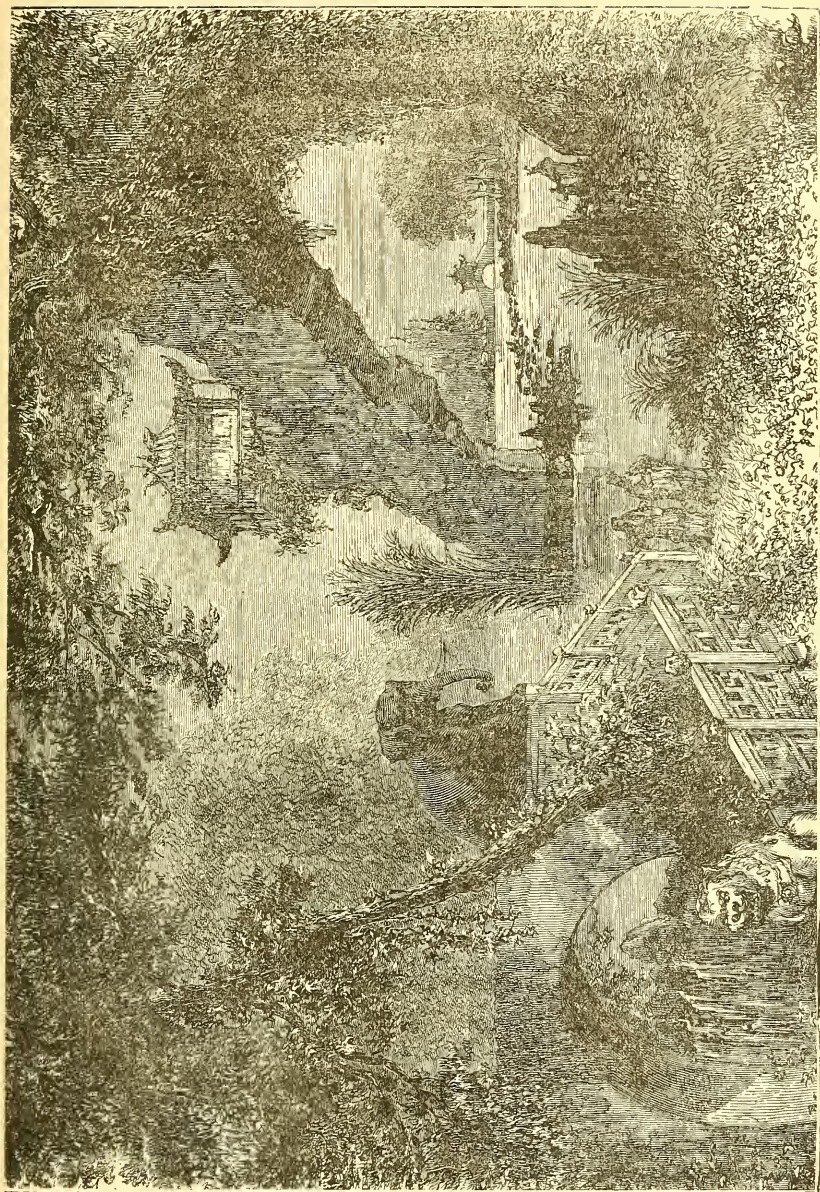
“There are the Ass's Ears,” says the captain, looking steadily into the northwest.

Turning our eyes in that direction we see two black specks on the horizon; a nearer view shows that they are conical hills, which rise abruptly from the sea. Numerous other islands appear, all of them with shores so bold that we can run within cable's length of the wave-washed

rocks. The Portuguese called them the Ladrões, — the “islands of thieves.” Chinese pirates formerly lived upon them, and watched their opportunity to plunder native or foreign craft. The English have suppressed piracy at Malacca, but the freebooters of the China coast are not all dead. The junks which are in sight around us are all armed, for fear of these robbers of the sea, which even now occasionally overhaul stray coasters. We can count eight cannon on the deck of one, ten on another. The guns vary in calibre. No Armstrong or other breech-loaders, no Parrott or Dahlgren, but old-fashioned and rusty two, four, six, and eight pounders; also fuses a foot long, ancient gingals, such as were in use three hundred years ago among Western nations. Some of these pieces are about as dangerous at the breech as at the muzzle. The old-cannon trade has been profitable in China, as every large junk is armed; and the amount of old iron afloat, if melted and rolled into rails, would go far towards building a road from one end of China to the other.

We have had a heavy sea all day, and dark clouds, with sharp lightning and grand thunderings. For seventeen days the Clan Alpine steamer has been our home; and though we have had an agreeable captain, good service, and smooth seas nearly all of the time, it is with pleasure that we find ourselves, on Saturday evening, entering the harbor of Hong Kong. We go in by the northern entrance. The thunder-clouds have rolled away, the full moon is rising from the sea, and we have before us a grand panorama, — high, steep hills, green from the sea-beach to the topmost peak, ledges of white granite, with here and there patches of red earth on the hillsides. Rounding a point of land, a mountain slope gleaming with lights bursts into view. We glide nearer, threading our difficult way past ships and boats, and drop anchor at ten o'clock, — too late to land before morning.





THE FLOWERY KINGDOM





## CHAPTER XXX.

## GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF CHINA.

IF we draw a line from the British possessions due south through Dakotah and Nebraska, and along the western boundary of Kansas through Texas till we reach the Rio Grande, and follow that stream to the Gulf of Mexico, we have in the territory of the United States east of that line an area about as large as that embraced in the eighteen provinces of China.

The entire territory of the United States contains a population of about thirty-five millions, while that of the eighteen provinces is peopled by about four hundred and twenty millions!

The Empire of China includes Manchuria and Corea on the north and northeast, Mongolia on the northwest, Turkestan and Thibet on the west. China proper contains about one million three hundred thousand square miles, the countries enumerated above contain three million seven hundred thousand additional square miles, making the total area under Chinese dominion five million square miles. This domain is nearly as large as the entire territory of the United States, including Alaska, also the Dominion of Canada, the Republic of Mexico, and the Central American States.

These passengers who are cooking their dinner, smoking opium, and playing cards speak of their native country as the land of Chiu, Sin, or Sinae, the pronunciation varying with the dialects of the different provinces. They call themselves Chung Kwah, — “natives of the Middle Kingdom.” Theirs is not only the mightiest

and oldest kingdom on earth, but it is the centre of civilization. Their empire is hoary with age. Its history, literature, science, and art were perfected thousands of years ago. It has been the centre of light to the world. It is the Hwa-Kwah, — “the refined,” “the cultivated.” Its civilization was blooming like a flower when all Europe was in darkness, even before what we call ancient civilization had taken root along the shores of the Mediterranean. Thus it came about that theirs is the “Flowery,” or refined kingdom. More than that, the rulers of the land belonged in ancient times to a heavenly dynasty, — they ruled by right divine derived from the celestial spheres.

The woman who addressed Mrs. C. as a foreign devil used the term contemptuously, and so we travellers of the West pay her back by calling her a “Celestial,” ridiculing her aspiring pretensions.

But she can point far down the vista of time and show us an authentic history of a nation which has continued more than three thousand years. She might narrate traditions of historical events which are said to have transpired four thousand seven hundred years ago, in the time of Fuhhi, the first emperor. According to the chronology of Archbishop Usher, that period of time would place the event five hundred and eight years before the Deluge. Among the successors of Fuhhi was Whang-ti. In the sixty-first year of that monarch’s reign one of the astronomers of China established the sixty-year cycle, which has been continued to the present time. The seventy-sixth period ended 1863. Whang-ti began to reign, therefore, 2758 B. C., which was four hundred and ten years before the Flood, as calculated by Usher.

The Chinese historian Meng-tse says the country 2204 B. C. was a desert ; the lowlands were covered with water and the hills with trees. Yau caused them to be cut

down, and the swamps drained. He was a hard worker, spending all his time directing the digging of ditches and the clearing of forests. On three several occasions he tied up his hair while taking a bath, so that he might attend to business. The servants on the steamer, and the whole crowd of Chinese passengers, follow his illustrious example by coiling their pigtails on the crown of the head while at work, but never forgetting to display them at full length during their hours of recreation.

The Deluge, as calculated by Usher, was only about fifty years earlier than this overflowing of Northern China, and it is taken for granted by some scholars



CHINESE SERVANT.

that the legends of the Chinese have reference to that event. A recent writer, who is conversant with the literature of China, says, in regard to these annals:—

“The earliest records of the Chinese correspond rather too closely with their present character to receive full belief; but while they may be considered as unworthy of entire confidence, it will be allowed that they present an appearance of probability and naturalness hardly possessed by the early annals of Greece.”\*

\* Confucius and the Chinese Classics, p. 20.

Russia is proud of Peter the Great, Prussia of Frederic, and China points with equal pride to the Great Yu, who ascended the throne 2205 B. C. He did what Yau was not able to accomplish,—drained the lowlands and kept out the floods.

The historians of China narrate the events of his reign. Confucius, writing seventeen centuries later, eulogizes that sovereign. On one of the mountains of Hang Shang, in the province of Shensi, where the ancient emperors offered annual sacrifice, is an inscription cut in the solid rock which relates to the inundation and the labors of Yu in subduing it. No one knows when it was engraved, as it bears no date; but it is conceded to be one of the oldest rock-cut inscriptions in the world, probably quite as ancient as the pictured obelisk of Heliopolis.

“The Hia dynasty, founded by Yu the Great,” says Mr. Loomis, “existed four hundred and thirty-nine years down to 1766 B. C., under seventeen monarchs, the records of whose reigns are very brief. Among the contemporary events of importance are the call of Abraham, Jacob’s flight to Mesopotamia, and Joseph’s elevation in Egypt.

“The Shang dynasty began with Chingtang, B. C. 1766 and continued six hundred and forty-four years, under twenty-eight sovereigns, down to B. C. 1122. This period was characterized by wars among rival princes, and the power of the sovereign depended chiefly upon his personal character. The principal contemporary events were the exodus of the Israelites, their settlement in Palestine, judgeship of Othniel, Deborah, Gideon, Samson, and Samuel. The first monarch of this dynasty, Chingtang, is reputed to have paid religious worship to Shangti, the Supreme Ruler.

“The Chau dynasty began with Wu Wang, and contin-



ued for eight hundred and seventy-three years, under thirty-five monarchs, down to B. C. 249,— the longest of any recorded in history. The sway of many of these was little more than nominal, and the feudal states increased or diminished according to the vigor of the monarch or the ambition of the princes. Among the feudal states under the house of Chau, that of Tsin on the Northwest had long been the most powerful, occupying nearly a fifth of the country, and its inhabitants forming a tenth of the whole population.

“Mention has been made of the burning of the Ancient Books, by the founder of the Tsin dynasty. It occurred about 212 B. C., and is always referred to as the greatest disaster of ancient times ; and with it was coupled the slaughter of many of the literati by the same monarch.

“The emperor’s ministers had represented to him that the scholars of his day gave their time to the study of antiquity, and to eulogizing the rulers and the customs of former times, instead of devoting their talents, as became them, to studying the laws and strengthening the power of the government under which they lived ; therefore they advised that all the books should be burned, excepting those on medicine, divination, and husbandry. The Emperor followed their suggestion.

“It cannot be supposed that a complete destruction of the Ancient Books of China was effected by this monarch.

“Some remained in the hands of individuals, in whole or in parts, and it was a work for future scholars to collect, arrange, and reproduce these works, some of which reproduction may have been made, perhaps, partly by the aid of memory and partly by tradition.”

The Tsin dynasty began in 770 B. C., in the Northwest Provinces, and obtained possession of the entire empire 250 B. C. From this monarch comes the present word

“Chin” or “Sin,” the word which our fellow-passengers use when talking of their country.

It was while Tsin was making his conquests that Isaiah at Jerusalem, looking with prophetic vision down the future, to the time of the Messiah, wrote this sentence : \*  
“Behold, these shall come from far ; and lo, these from the north and from the west, and these from the land of Sinim.”

The credible history of the Chinese reaches back to nearly the time of Abraham. In the year 1765, about the time that Jacob was falling in love with his cousin Rachel at Haran, we find that one E. Yin here in China was presenting a written memorial to his sovereign, while Egypt at that time had only attained to figures of beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects, and corresponding symbols in the art of writing.

The Chinese who sailed these waters at the time that David was king of Israel, it is said, had just the same sort of a mariner's compass as that by which the unwieldy junks are now navigated along the coast.

The claims of the Chinese to an antiquity reaching far beyond the Flood cannot be proved, but there is no doubt that they are by far the oldest nation on the globe. The Jews, Persians, Greeks, Romans, all have had their day and disappeared since Yu drained the swamps. Egypt and Assyria, which had a contemporaneous beginning, have disappeared, but China remains. The civilization of this land attained a high development before Rome became a republic. The laws, customs, manners, and habits of the people strike their roots deep into the mould of centuries. For three thousand years they have been an exclusive people. They were remote from the old nations. The Greeks knew of them. The map of Eratosthenes, made 250 B. C., as Strabo informs us,

\* Isaiah xlix. 12.

located Thina at the eastern end of the world. It was the land of the Seres,—the Greek for worms which produced silk. Cotton was raised in China at least two hundred years before the Christian era.

Dionysius, who translated the works of Eratosthenes, has this description of Thina:—

“Nor flocks nor herds the distant Seres tends ;  
But from the flowers that in the desert bloom,  
Tinctured with every varying hue, they cull  
The glossy down, and card it for the loom.”

When Rome was in its days of affluence and power, the matrons of that empire were robed in silks brought from China by caravans over the steppes of Tartary and the vast regions of Central Asia. But commercial intercourse with China was on a limited scale, through all the centuries from the time of the Greeks and Romans down almost to the present century. In 1624 the Dutch gained a settlement on the island of Formosa, and Europeans were made acquainted with the use of tea. In 1666 Holland obtained, by treaty, permission to trade at Canton, Ningpo, and several other ports; but the Chinese officials were haughty, overbearing, made offensive exactions, and commercial intercourse was attended with many difficulties.

France, Russia, and England subsequently opened trade. The commerce of the English with this country commenced in 1637, through the East India Company, and gradually increased; but the Chinese never lost an opportunity of showing that they considered themselves superior to all foreigners.

In 1795 Lord Macartney was sent out as an ambassador to ask the privilege of trading at the ports of Chusan, Ningpo, and Tientsing; also the privilege of establishing a depot on one of the islands of the Bay of Canton, where unsold goods could be stored. But the Chinese refused to

grant the request to the "Red-bridled barbarian tribute-bearer," as Lord Macartney was styled in the official record which has been published. They considered that the payment of large sums by the English merchants for the privilege of trading made the English nation tributary to China.

Trade between the United States and China commenced in 1786, when a vessel of three hundred and fifty tons reached Canton. It rapidly increased during the first years of the present century, while Europe was at war. After the war between England and China in 1840, by which Great Britain obtained commercial advantages by treaty, Mr. Cushing was sent to Peking by the United States government; and commercial relations were opened in 1844, which have been harmoniously maintained to the present time.

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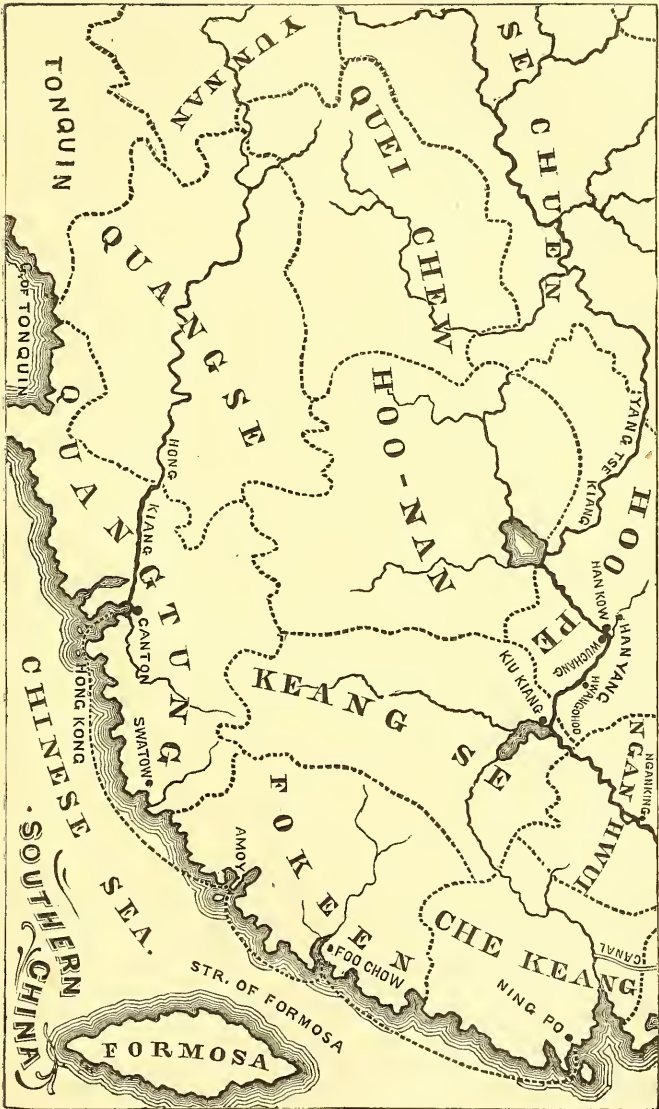
## CHAPTER XXXI.

### HONG KONG.

AT sunrise we are on deck gazing upon a beautiful scene. The town of Hong Kong lies south of us, at the foot of a mountain which rises abruptly from the sea to the height of nearly two thousand feet. It seems to be a city of palaces, — large edifices, with colonnades and verandas, the residences of the merchants. Steamers, ships, and Chinese boats are all around us. Two United States war vessels, the *Piscataqua* and *Maumee*, have recently arrived. Farther up the bay the cross of St. George and the tricolor of France float in the breeze.

Northward lies the main-land, — verdure-clad hills, lofty mountains, deep ravines, patches of yellow earth





here and there, contrasted with the greenness, lending rare beauty to the picture.

The Bay of Naples is broader, the mountains of Lebanon give a loftier background to the harbor of Beyrout, but there are few ports which for picturesqueness and beauty equal that of Hong Kong. It is so completely land-locked that vessels are but little exposed to the terrific typhoons which sometimes sweep over the waters of China.

The town is situated on an island eleven miles long, from two to five wide, and containing twenty-nine square miles. It is separated from the main-land by this strait, which forms the harbor. It was ceded to Great Britain in 1841, at a cost to the royal treasury of two hundred thousand dollars. It is a free port, and the town is increasing in population with a rapidity equal to that of American cities. In 1851 there were only five thousand inhabitants; by the census of 1865 there were one hundred and twenty-five thousand. Europeans and Americans number about twenty-two hundred. The present population is not far from one hundred and forty thousand. It is a colony by itself, having a governor and a council appointed by her Majesty. In the British Blue Book it is known as the Colony of Victoria, though the world over it goes by the name of Hong Kong, the Chinese for "Sweet Water."

Twenty-two hundred vessels and steamers, with a tonnage of one million one hundred thousand tons, entered the port last year. They are from every quarter of the globe. It is the great mail centre of the East, — mails to Europe, to Australia, Batavia, Manila, Japan, and the United States. Twice every month the Peninsular and Oriental steamers sail for Suez, every month to Australia, twice a month to Japan. Once a month the French mail arrives and departs, connecting with Siam. Two steamers

ply regularly to Calcutta. The Pacific mail leaves every month for San Francisco. Three or four times a week there are steamers up the coast to Shaughae. Every day there is a steamer to Canton, and another to Macao. So Western enterprise is making itself felt in these waters.

The town is healthy, though situated on the north side of the Victoria peak, which prevents it from receiving the benefit of the southwest monsoons, that blow steadily during the summer. The only drawback is the heat, — the thermometer in the summer ranging from eighty to ninety degrees.

The flotilla around us are junks and sampans, with matting stretched on bamboos to form a little cabin, and another kind of craft where the family live on board, sleeping at night in drawers, which are closed during the day. In these family boats there is great economy of space; every inch is occupied. Think of a father, mother, several sons and daughters, a grandfather and grandmother, living on a craft a little larger than a ship's long-boat; urchins tumbling about the deck without clothing, growing to manhood, to old age, rearing families of their own, their sisters living with them till married. Here they eat, sleep, work, play, drink tea, gamble, — here to-day, to-morrow somewhere else, — apparently happy and contented with their lot.

We take a seat in one of the sampans, while our baggage is put into another. The *captain* of our boat is a healthy looking woman of thirty-five or forty, with a wide mouth, showing a superb set of teeth. She sits at the helm, not having room enough to stand, while her husband and three sons ply the oars. The captain of the other sampan is her daughter, a girl of about eighteen, with bright black eyes, regular and interesting features, and a bewitching smile. She is lithe and agile, and makes the oar bend in her hands as she dips it in the

wave. She seems to be the admiral of the two boats, giving orders about the stowing of the baggage. Perhaps she has this exalted command because she can speak a few words of English.

Our admiral looks over to us with laughing eyes, and as we approach the wharf, courteously lies by till we are on shore.

We are welcomed by a crowd of coolies, who are ready to seize our luggage to carry it to the hotel. They leap



“THEREBY HANGS A TAIL.”

on our admiral's sampan. Four of them seize our one small trunk, three grasp the carpet-bag, and there is a tussle between two others for the roll of shawls. A dozen more are crowding up, but find their match in the plucky woman, who pitches them right and left, slaps one in the face, gives another a vigorous punch in the ribs, pulls the pigtail of the third, and stands sentry till we are ready to move, then accepts her fee with a smile and a courtesy, and does not ask for bakshish. The monks in the churches of Italy, the Arabs of Egypt, the vergers in Westminster Abbey, might take a lesson in politeness and good breeding from this China girl.



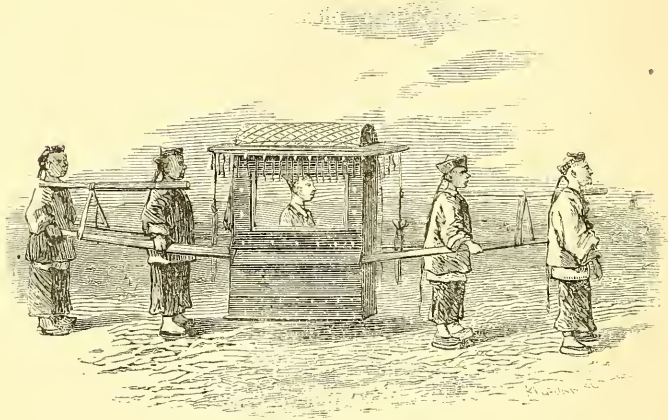
A few steps, and we are in the Hong Kong Hotel, — a new building, large, spacious, well arranged and furnished, — superior in these respects to any hotel we have seen east of Marseilles.

It is Sunday morning; after weeks of deprivation of Sabbath service, it is a pleasure to hear the church-bell, and to enter a house of worship. There are no public coaches in Hong Kong, and not many private ones. A few of the Englishmen have dog-carts, and other fantastic vehicles equally uncomfortable. It is hardly worth while to keep carriages where the longest possible drive is not over five miles; so everybody rides in sedan-chairs, which are carried by two Chinamen, or, if the distance is great, by four. The chair is a bamboo box, with a light framework; it has green painted canvas to shelter us from the sun, and curtains at the side that may be rolled up or let down at pleasure, and is supported by two long, springing bamboo poles, which the bearers place on their shoulders.

We are lifted from the ground, find ourselves springing up and down, and moving along with a wave-like motion. We cannot help laughing outright at this queer mode of travelling, — shut up in a hen-coop, carried by men in blue cotton blouses, shoes with soles an inch thick, that turn up at the toes, and wearing hats with brims three feet in diameter, curving up from circumference to centre like the lid of a teapot, each bearer having a pigtail hanging down his back like a bell-rope.

We are in a procession of sedans; men and women are bobbing up and down before and behind all the way to the church. It is so novel an experience, that we can hardly tell whether we are in or out of the body, though we know that we are in a sedan. It puts us to dreaming of old times, when men were borne about the streets of London in such conveyances, with link-boys going before

them in dark nights; and recalls the scene of Mr. Pickwick, at Ipswich, on his way to the magistrate's against his will, and giving utterance to his indignation in a speech to the crowd.



HOW WE GO TO CHURCH.

Arriving at the church, we find the space around it as closely packed with sedans as a market-place or poultry-fair with coops and baskets.

The illusion that we have somehow got back into a past age is not dispelled, but rather increased, when we step out of the sedan and enter the church beneath a portico supported by tall pillars, and look up the aisle and see beautiful stained-glass windows, and a dozen punkas suspended by cords from the roof, swinging backward and forward with a gentle motion. We hear the deep notes of the organ, the sweet tones of a choir of boys, the voice of the clergyman, and the responses of the congregation; and there is such a mingling of the past and present, old and new, sober and funny things, that we wonder whether it is reality or illusion.

The Sabbath is well observed in Hong Kong by the European population. The wholesale Chinese merchants close their places of business, not from reverence for the day, but because they cannot trade with the Europeans. The retail shops in the native quarters are open, and business goes on there as on other days. The shoemakers and joiners are at their benches; the huckster, with his baskets suspended from a bamboo over his shoulders, looking like a walking pair of grocer's scales, cries his vegetables as on all other days of the week. There are two services at the English church, also mass in the morning and vespers in the evening at the Catholic cathedral. The Chinese theatres are open, and there is the ever-lively scene in the harbor.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### OPIUM.

THE opium saloons at night are crowded with smokers. Looking in we behold some reclining on couches; others lying at full length on mats, with bamboo pillows under their heads. The opium is first reduced from a solid to a liquid form by boiling it in water. When ready for the pipe, it is about the color and consistency of tar. It is prepared and put up in little tin boxes by the dealers, being brought from India in the solid cake. It is so powerful in its effects that the hundredth part of an ounce is sufficient to intoxicate a beginner, though an old stager can stand a quarter of an ounce. If the drug is used regularly at a certain hour every day, the smoker in a short time cannot get past

that hour without his pipe. He becomes restless, nervous, feverish, irritable, out of sorts, and endures terrible torture. If he takes a few whiffs, he is the happiest of mortals. He passes from purgatory to paradise. Once form the habit and there is no breaking it off. The victim is doomed. It is an expensive luxury, one in which the very poor cannot indulge. It costs an inveterate smoker about fifteen dollars per month, and the vice in a short time leads to listlessness, indolence, neglect of business, incapacity, disinclination for labor, disease, and horrible death. The Chinese have a saying that opium-smokers make the day night and the night day. Those who give themselves up to the pipe are called "opium devils."

The future historian will mark its introduction into China as one of the saddest incidents of its history.

In 1773, about the time that the people of Boston were throwing British tea into the harbor, the East India Company were disposing of their first small venture of opium at this port. From the topmasts of their vessels the sailors had looked out upon these fertile valleys, and beheld them white with poppy-blooms, from which opium was manufactured for the wealthy classes. A chest of opium in the market of Canton was worth \$500; but the banks of the Ganges were more fertile than these mountain slopes, the climate more genial, and a chest of the drug could be produced for \$100. Here was a chance for speculation. No other product of India would yield four hundred per cent profit.

The trade rapidly increased, and in 1800 amounted to two thousand chests per annum. Up to that year no action had been taken by the Chinese government against its introduction; but the withdrawal of coin from the empire, and the demoralization of the wealthy classes and public officials who had the means of indulging their



appetites, induced the emperor to prohibit its manufacture and sale. Confiscation of property and death were the penalties, not only for those who cultivated and sold, but for those who smoked the drug.

Notwithstanding these prohibitory measures, the consumption still increased. Armed English vessels were stationed in the Canton River, which supplied smugglers' boats, also well-armed and ready for battle with the Chinese war-junks. Officials were bribed, mandarins conciliated, the imperial laws set at defiance.

The government at Peking used every effort to stop the sale, while the East India Company employed every means to stimulate it. The Chinese authorities, when fortunate enough to catch smugglers or dealers, strangled them in front of the English factories; but the death of a Chinaman now and then did not deter the English from violating the laws of a weaker nation, and the illicit sale increased from year to year, till in 1840 it amounted to forty thousand chests per annum.

In 1839 the Chinese government determined to break up the traffic at all hazards. Lin, the imperial commissioner at Canton, pushed matters so vigorously that the trade for a time nearly ceased.

The emperor demanded a surrender of all the opium in the hands of the English, which at the command of Admiral Elliot was given up, and twenty thousand chests destroyed,—at a cost of six million dollars to the imperial treasury! The English merchants who had dealt in the article signed an obligation not to re-engage in the traffic, and then immediately violated it! The trade being revived, the Chinese officials became insolent, overbearing, and the merchants were subjected to humiliating exactions, exceedingly galling to high-spirited Britons. The result of it all was the war of 1840, waged ostensibly to avenge insult to the British flag, but in

reality to force opium upon a government laboring to suppress the traffic.

It was an easy matter for the British fleet to knock down the Bogue forts at the entrance to the Canton River, and to take possession of Canton, and all the other maritime cities. Avarice, supported by fleets and armies, accomplished its end. So Christian England dealt with heathen China!

How stinging the rebuke the emperor gave when asked to license the sale of opium at Hong Kong:—

“It is true,” said he, “I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will for profit and sensuality defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.”

Her Majesty's late treasurer at Hong Kong, Mr. Martin, gives utterance to the following noble outburst of indignation in regard to the course pursued by England:—

“The records of wickedness since the world was created furnish no parallel to the wholesale murders which the British nation have been, and still are, hourly committing in China.

“What has been done on the subject? Have we simply remained passive, and allowed the crimes and the murders caused by the opium-trade to go on silently, unnoticed and unopposed by her Majesty's government? We cannot even allege the poor, miserable plea of winking as a government against a crime which it is pretended could not be checked. On the contrary, the representative of Queen Victoria has recently converted the small barren rock which we occupy on the coast of China into a vast ‘opium-smoking shop’; he has made it the ‘Gehenna of the waters,’ where iniquities which it is a pollution to name cannot only be perpetrated with im-

punity, but are absolutely licensed in the name of our gracious sovereign, and protected by the titled representative of her Majesty!

“Better, far better, infinitely better, abjure the name of Christianity, call ourselves heathens, idolaters of the ‘golden calf,’ worshippers of the ‘evil one.’

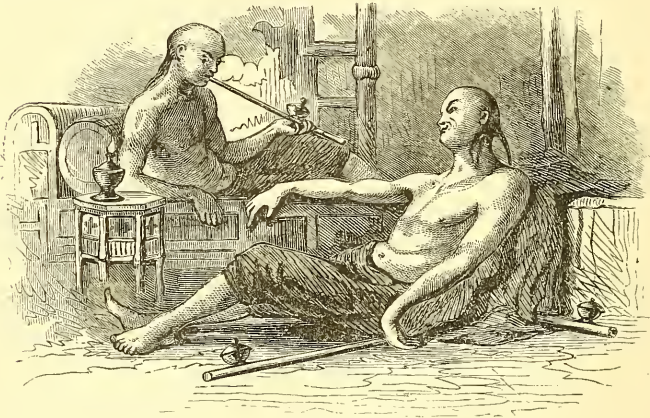
“Let us do this, and we have then a principle for our guide,—the acquisition of money at any cost, at any sacrifice. Why, the slave-trade was merciful compared to the opium-trade. We did not destroy the bodies of the Africans, for it was our immediate interest to keep them alive; we did not debase their natures, corrupt their minds, nor destroy their souls. But the opium-seller slays the body after he has corrupted, degraded, and annihilated the moral being of unhappy sinners,—while every hour is bringing new victims to a Moloch which knows no satiety, and where the English murderer and the Chinese suicide vie with each other in offering at his shrine.”\*

No excuse can be offered for the conduct of England in forcing opium upon the Chinese. It will ever stand forth in history as the high-handed barbarian act of a nation which puts forth the highest claims to Christian civilization.

Here are the smokers, two of them lying on a mat with pillows under their heads, a little tin box of the opium, a lighted lamp, and a pipe between them, all ready for a descent to their infernal paradise. The pipe has a clay bowl and a wooden stem eighteen inches long. One of the smokers dips a wire into the opium-paste, takes up a globule the size of a pea, puts it into the bowl, holds it to the flame, draws the smoke into the lungs through the mouth, letting it out through the nose. A half-dozen whiffs consume the globule. He refills the

\* Martin's China.

pipe, hands it to his companion, who takes his turn. It is a study to watch the coming on of the happy feeling. At the commencement they are haggard and woebegone; the hanker is on them; they are restless and uneasy. A few whiffs, and they feel better,—refreshed and invigorated; a few more, and they are happy; another turn, and they are silly. One of them has a



OPIUM-SMOKERS.

countenance now which is a good counterpart of the drunken Bacchus recently excavated from the ruins of the temple of that god under the shadow of the Acropolis at Athens. He grins, screws up his eyes, giggles, makes funny faces, laughs, not broadly, with legitimate humor, but in a manner indicative of the last stage of silliness. Another pull at the pipe and he is down in his paradise among the gods and flowers. He will be happy awhile; but there is a hell beyond, with devils innumerable and tortures unutterable.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## FROM HONG KONG TO CANTON.

A LINE of American-built steamers, like those plying on Long Island Sound, has been established between Hong Kong and Canton. Coolies take us in sedans from the hotel to the wharf, and set us down amid a chattering crowd, some rushing on board the steamer, others bidding their friends farewell. A few Europeans and Americans have the forward deck to themselves, the first-class cabin passengers occupying that portion of the steamer. The upper deck aft is filled with first-class Chinamen, most of whom pass the hours while on board by smoking or in gambling. Among them we notice some who take pride in wearing long finger-nails. They trim those of the first and second fingers of the right hand, but allow the third and fourth to remain uncut. The accompanying illustration, engraved



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from a photograph, will show the length which these appendages sometimes attain.

Second-class natives cram the lower deck. Although they might make the trip on junks at a third the cost of a passage on the steamer, they pay the higher price. It is a noteworthy fact that, although the nation has made little progress for centuries, and stagnation is the normal condition of things, the people are quick to accept some of the appliances of modern civilization. They patronize the steamers, and if railroads are introduced there will be no lack of passengers, for they will be as eager to ride as the Hindoos.

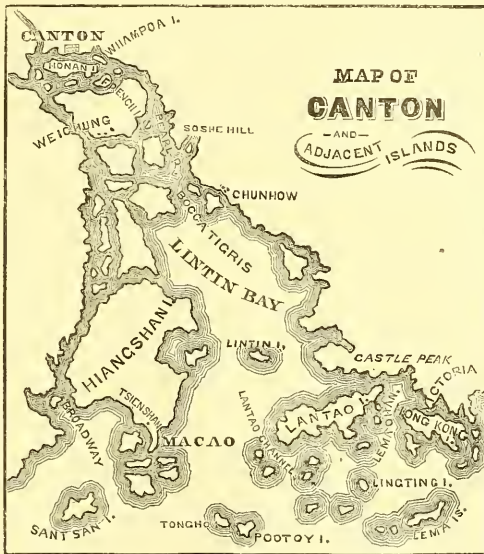
"No Chinaman," said a gentleman at Hong Kong, "goes on foot if he has money enough to pay for a ride."

We steam out into the harbor, pass ships of war, steamers, junks, innumerable fishing-boats, and gain the bay which lies west of the island of Hong Kong.

The town of Macao, where the Portuguese, in advance of all Western nations, obtained a foothold in China, lies upon the southern side of the bay. It has lost commercial importance, and is now a seaside resort for the Europeans of Hong Kong. A steamer owned by an American gentleman plies between that port and Canton. It makes its appearance from among the small islands, and follows in our wake up the bay.

It is fifty miles from Hong Kong to the Bogue forts. They are in ruins now, the shattered blocks of granite lying just as they were left at the close of the bombardment in 1856. The grass is springing fresh and green where the mandarins once marshalled their soldiers. The scenery here is charming; no high mountains, but a succession of hills, which, combined with the water views, make it a locality of rare beauty. Thus far we have been sailing northerly, but now turn toward the west, with the river deep enough for the largest ship to reach Whampoa, the port of Canton.

We look across a point of land, over wide fields, green with young rice and sugar-cane, and behold a nine-storied pagoda, rising like a tall light-house above the alluvial expanse, — one of the monuments of the time when the empire was in its glory.



The town of Whampoa is an uninviting place, many of the houses being built on bamboo poles thrust into the mud. A dozen foreign vessels are at anchor, taking in cargoes of tea, or waiting their turn in the dry-dock, which foreign capital has built on the southern bank of the river, where there are also extensive repair-shops for steamers.

A little farther and we are up with a great fleet of salt junks, with enormous eyes at the bow, with flaming dragons painted on the sides, — so lumbering and

crazy to all appearance, that a single wave would crush them ; but they sail boldly out to sea, down to the Gulf of Tonquin, to the salt-works of the western coast, and return with full cargoes. The article is a monopoly controlled by government, and yields a large revenue to the mandarins ; for, like the whiskey inspection of the United States, a small percentage only reaches the government treasury.

Passing these we behold Canton, the city of pongee silks such as our grandmothers wore, lacquered ware and fire-crackers, of tea and ivory, Joss-houses and pagodas, with a million inhabitants. The main portion of the town is on the north bank, in a bend of the river ; there is a suburb on the south bank, or rather on an island called Honam, but it is all Canton. The name was given to the place by the Portuguese, who called it after the province of Kwang-tong, of which it is the chief city. The Chinese designate it Sheng-cheng, "the capital of the province."

Boats are moored along the shore or swing at anchor in the stream. They swarm around us, loaded to the water's edge with chests of tea. There is a struggle for the first chance alongside the steamer. In one we see a fat old woman and a young girl, working with all their might the great sculling oar astern, while the husband and his two sons are pulling hard at the side-oars. Another, commanded by a little woman, shoots suddenly ahead of the heavier craft. There are loud words, fierce looks, and a shaking of fists as they pass ; then, as the steamer drops anchor and swings round with the tide, a third, piled with tea-chests, pokes its nose up to the gangway, crowds the others away, and secures the position. In the West, such struggling would probably be accompanied by bruised faces and bleeding noses, but these easy-going Celestials wage only a war of words. Seldom do they come to blows over such provocations.



Many of these boats are occupied by families, and terrible accidents sometimes happen to them. Often they are drawn under the great paddle-wheels of a steamer, and the frail crafts smashed to kindlings. It is the demolishing of a house, the breaking up of a home. While the poor wretches are struggling in the water, instead of picking them up, their neighbors are intent upon plundering the wreck! This is one of the worst phases of Chinese character. Human life is cheap because there is so much of it, and property is dear because there is so little of it; and they seek to save that which will do them the most good. They will draw in a trunk, and help themselves to its contents, before throwing a rope to the owner.

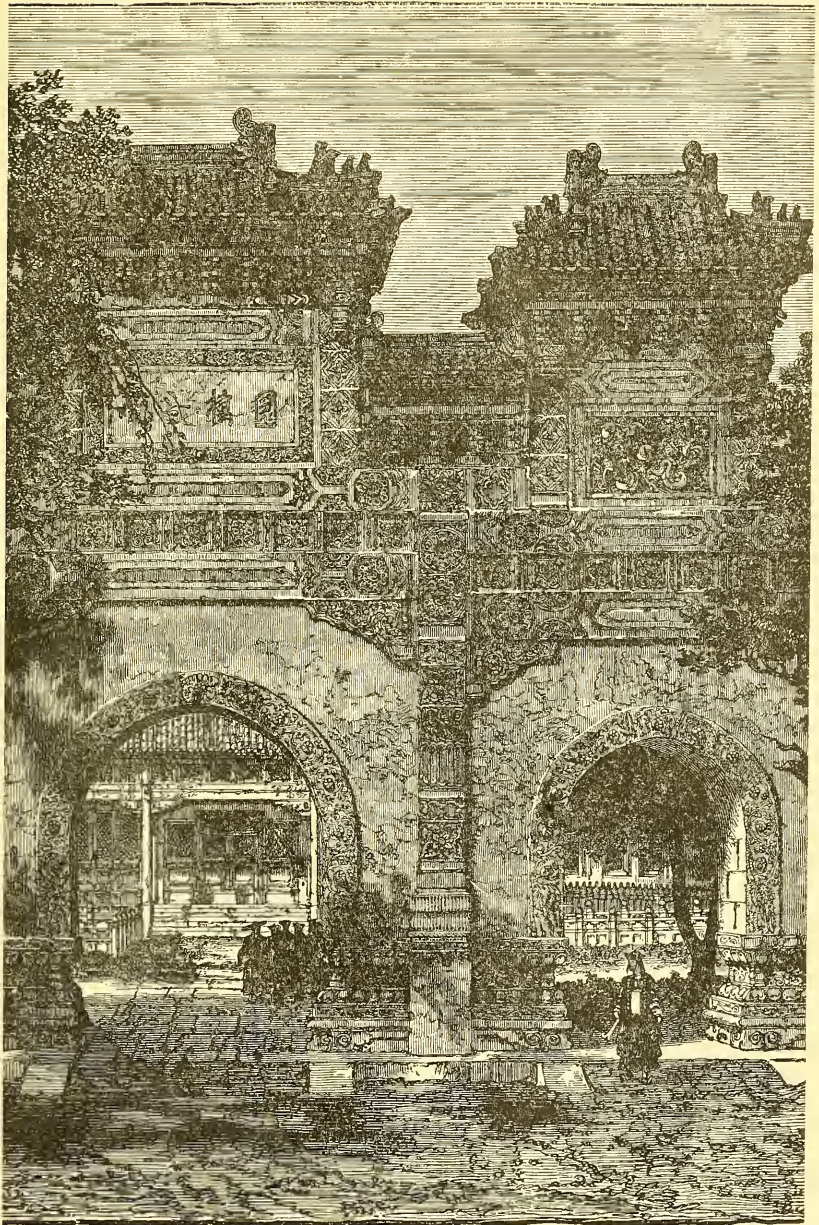
Beyond the boats we see a vast collection of mean houses. Here and there a square brick tower rises above the tiled roofs; these are pawnbrokers' establishments. Away out on the hills, — the White Cloud Hills as they are called, — toward the north, is the outer wall of the city, and a great square building in the Chinese style of architecture, called the "Five-storied Pagoda." Nearer is a tall, gray edifice, like a light-house, — a pagoda of the ancient times; westward rises a spire, — that of the English Church. No other, not a dome or tower, to relieve the dreary monotony of low roofs. A few flag-staffs, and here and there a building higher than the mass of houses; but, other than these, there is nothing to attract the eye.

About fifty Europeans and Americans reside in Canton; their houses are in strong contrast to those of the Chinese. They are large, stately edifices, with all the comforts and conveniences to be found in European or American homes. These houses are owned by the chief mercantile firms, and have all been built since 1860. The old factories, as the former establishments were called,

were pillaged and burned in 1856. Then came the war between China and England and France, in which the United States also took part, followed by the new treaty throwing open five ports. The merchants returned to Canton and erected these princely residences. There is one hotel, but the accommodations are miserable; and American visitors are kindly cared for by Russell & Co., Heard & Co., Oliphant & Co., or Law & Co. These firms have their principal houses at Hong Kong and Shanghai, which have become the two great ports of China; they also have branch houses in all the treaty ports, and at Japan. Most of the commerce between the United States and China passes through their hands, and in the silk business they have a large share of the French trade. There are other American firms, but these are the principal ones. Before the war Canton was the chief port of China, but the business has gradually been transferred to Hong Kong.

The steamer has not been at the wharf five minutes before the head of the firm of Russell & Co. at this place, Mr. J. M. Forbes, is on board to conduct us to their house. It is a large, new building, standing on the ground formerly occupied by the old factories. We work our way through a dense crowd of coolies, gamblers, fortune-tellers, hucksters, and idlers, at the lower end of Old China Street, enter the premises, and feel ourselves at home, through the urbanity and kindness of our host.

Before strolling through the city, let us briefly review the life of the extraordinary man whose influence has been so powerful in moulding the character of this people.



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS.





## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE INFLUENCE OF CONFUCIUS.

FEW men have exercised a wider influence than Confucius. He was born 549 years before Christ, and was contemporary with the Prophets Daniel and Zechariah. At the time Daniel was interpreting to the troubled king of Babylon the mysterious handwriting which appeared on the wall of his palace, Confucius was a lad playing in Northeastern China, in what is now the province of Shangtung. Socrates and Cincinnatus were not born till one hundred years later. His wisdom was not borrowed from Greece or Rome, whose sages all came after him. His simplicity was equal to that of Socrates, his political system more enduring than that of Solon. His father, who was prime minister of the province of Loo, died while Confucius was a child, and the son was educated by his grandfather. He was married at nineteen, but after a year of wedded life was divorced. When only twenty-one years of age he was appointed to a high position as superintendent of a department of internal revenue. Those were the days of form and ceremony. Officials thought more of their dignity, comfort, and ease than of their duties. Affairs were very much wound round with red tape. He cut through old customs, introduced reforms, turned out fossilized and venal officials, and reorganized the department. The revenue which had been pocketed by the officers found its way into the treasury. Having won the approbation of his sovereign, he was appointed to a higher position, as superintendent of grain. Men who are turned out of office always have

a grudge against the person who displaces them. Corrupt office-holders cannot tolerate an honest colleague, and success begets envy. The favor of the sovereign and the applause of the people were offset in the case of Confucius by the enmity of the mandarins, who were able to drive him from office.

He travelled in his own country, and studied the habits and customs of the people of the different provinces. Finding vice and immorality prevalent everywhere, he took the side of virtue, rallied good and true men around him, was eventually called to court and made prime minister, with almost absolute authority. There was an overhauling of public affairs, correction of abuses, abandonment of old customs, clearing out of dishonest officials. They made every effort possible to get rid of the new minister, but he was nearest the throne, and had a strong hand. The state coach with its new driver crushed all who threw themselves in its way. Some mandarins lost their heads, others were sent into exile.

China at that time was composed of nine provinces, instead of eighteen as at present, each governed by a prince. The wise administration of affairs in the province of Loo, of which Confucius was prime minister, soon gave it a superiority that provoked the enmity of surrounding states.

The prince of Loo, not unlike many other princes of so-called royal blood, who have lived since his time, thought less of virtue than of the voluptuous damsels which were sent to his court by a neighboring ruler, who understood the weak side of his royal brother.

Through woman's charms Samson lost his eyes and hair, David his uprightness, Solomon his exalted wisdom, Mark Antony an empire, Confucius his place at court.

"I think it was a Persian king  
Who used to say, that evermore

In human life each evil thing  
 Comes of the sex that men adore ;  
 In brief, that nothing e'er befell  
 To harm or grieve our hapless race,  
 But, if you probe the matter well,  
 You 'll find a woman in the case !”

Let this not be construed as a calumny against the better half of the human race. Antony was weaker than Cleopatra, and the prince who sent Confucius into exile more foolish than the damsels who captivated him by their wiles.

At the age of fifty-six Confucius laid aside the robes of office, left the province, travelling westward, melancholy and depressed, hunted by his enemies, who, having driven him from power, determined to take his life. He was harassed from town to town, from the plains to the mountains, from the public road to out-of-the-way places, and forced to conceal himself in lonely retreats, where he bemoaned his lot in verse, as thus translated :—

“ Through the valley howls the blast,  
 Drizzling rain falls thick and fast,  
 Homeward goes the youthful bride  
 O'er the wild, — crowds by her side.  
 How is it, O azure heaven,  
 From my home I thus am driven,  
 Through the land my way to trace,  
 With no certain dwelling-place ?  
 Dark, dark, the minds of men !  
 Worth in vain comes to their ken.  
 Hasten on my term of years :  
 Old age, desolate, disappears.”

He gathered a band of disciples, taught them moral aphorisms, inculcated virtue, composed hymns, and collected the writings of the ancients. About fifteen years before Ezra annotated the Old Testament Scriptures, Confucius collated the five Sacred Books of China, which from that time to the present, through twenty-three cen-

turies, have been looked upon by the millions of this land with a reverence akin to that given to the Old Testament by the Jews and the Christian nations of modern times. Four other volumes were added to the Sacred Books by his disciples, about three hundred years before Christ, which are historical, biographical, and poetical, with aphorisms, moral precepts, and principles of political economy. In one respect they are in marked contrast to the Jewish Scriptures, the religious element being almost wholly wanting.

Confucius himself worshipped the spirits of his ancestors, also heaven and earth. He believed that heaven had power to govern, reward, and punish, and he offered prayers and sacrifices to the Shang-Tai, or High Ruler.

The virtues taught by him were benevolence, righteousness, propriety, knowledge, and faith. This moral precept inculcated by him, "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others," is the negative side of the teachings of the Saviour, in the Sermon on the Mount, delivered nearly four hundred and fifty years later.

All questions relating to morals and government are referred to the writings of Confucius, and those of the ancients revised by him, as the ultimate authority.

The civilization of the present time — habits, customs, social life, society in all its relations — is controlled by a literature coeval with that of ancient Greece. The old civilization has not been changed by the succession of dynasties, Tartar conquest, or Buddhism. Like a river flowing from the mountains to the sea, through two thousand years it has pursued its almost unvarying course.

These are important considerations for us to keep in view while wandering through the great cities, and observing the manners and customs of the people.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

## SOUTHERN CHINA.

EIGHT of the eighteen provinces of China lie south of the Yangtse-kiang River. The city of Canton is the commercial metropolis for Kwangton and Kwangsi, which are, respectively, about as large as New York and Pennsylvania. The trade of the other six provinces centres at other points,—either on the coast or on the Yangtse. The Canton River is the chief avenue of commerce for the two provinces already named. Its rise is in the southwest part of the empire.

Very little is known of Yunane, which has an area equal to that of Ohio and Indiana combined, except that it is mountainous, and the source of half a dozen great rivers, which discharge themselves into the Gulfs of Tonquin and Siam. The Yangtse runs along its northern border. It is sparsely settled,—inhabited by wild tribes, who give slight allegiance to the emperor. In this province the Taeping rebellion began. The people are hardy, brave, powerful,—the Swiss of China,—and almost always in rebellion.

The northern boundary of Kwangton and Kwangsi is a chain of mountains, which has a general direction east and west, and which separates these provinces from the central ones of the empire. This mountain range was a barrier against the armies of Tartary, in the times of the old dynasties, and by it these provinces were able to resist for a long while the conquerors who finally obtained the mastery. Kwangton has five hundred miles of sea-coast, alluvial lands along the rivers, fertile valleys,

and sunny hillsides. Canton is the richest, and said to be the oldest, city of the empire.

The river is the highway, and upon it float innumerable junks and sampans. Were it the cool season, — October or November, — a delightful trip might be made in a boat, at comparatively small expense, to the interior of Kwangsi. Were we to go up the stream about forty miles we should find a manufacturing town which has a population of twenty thousand. We are not to picture great ranges of brick buildings six stories high, or think of the click and clatter of machinery, as at Lowell or Lawrence, when we speak of Chinese manufacturing towns. Their manufactures, whether of silk goods or grass-cloth, are carried on by individuals, each man working in his own house. Factory organization is unknown. The beautiful silk gauzes, the damask cloths that are still the admiration of the world, are woven in the mean dwellings of the poor weavers, where cat and kittens, dog and puppies, which play with the children, are raised for food, and where rats are trapped to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The looms which turn out these fine fabrics are of the rudest construction. The whole family, from grandparent to grandchild, has a hand in the spinning, dyeing, and weaving.

Ancient pagodas line the banks, and tower aloft as conspicuous landmarks on the hills. They are the relics of a past age, — of the time when the empire was in its glory, — when public-spirited individuals, wishing to be kept in remembrance, reared these edifices. Very few of them are now used as temples; they are moss-grown and time-worn, and fast going to decay.

The river is winding in its course. From the White Cloud Hills, which lie north of the city, it may be seen for a long distance, as the Connecticut from Mount Tom or the Hudson from the Highlands.

The cities along the bank are numerous, and all carry on a brisk trade with Canton. European fabrics, cottons from Manchester, glass-ware, especially lamps, Yankee clocks, and a great variety of articles from the West, are to be found in these interior towns. The people utilize the tributary streams by dams and sluices for irrigation, and for the rearing of fish, which is extensively carried on. The steamer which plies between Canton and Hong Kong usually carries a tank filled with live fish, weighing from one to two pounds, taken from ponds up river and transported alive to market, where we see eels, shad, bass, sole, and other varieties. The Chinese understand that fish, to be good, must be taken at once from the tank to the frying-pan. We shall hardly care to follow them in the matter of cats and dogs, but the fresh-fish dealers in the markets of the United States have something to learn in regard to the rearing and sale of the finny tribe.

The river is navigable for steamers to the borders of Kwangsi, though thus far no attempt has been made to supersede the junks, there being no treaty port above Canton. The visit of Ambassador Burlingame to the Western nations resulted in the opening of the whole empire to foreigners, and Canton, Yangtse, and other streams were free to steam navigation, and railroads were introduced.

Around Canton and throughout the province of Kwangton the people generally can read and write, but farther inland there is more ignorance, less refinement, and a lower civilization.

The staple exports of the Kwangton district are silk and tea; the imports rice, opium, and cotton goods. But Canton is losing its trade. The rebellion here and the rebellion in America have both had a damaging effect upon this city. The Taepings from the neighboring prov-

ince overrun the district, ravaging it with fire and sword. Then came the war in the United States, with its disturbing influences in the cotton market; but more than this, the opening of Hankow as a treaty port on the Yangtse in the very heart of China, drawing northward goods which formerly came to Canton, and then the growth of Hong Kong as a free port, have deprived Canton of its pre-eminence. In 1860 the imports amounted to \$18,400,000, the exports to \$16,200,000. In 1865 the imports were less than \$8,000,00, and the exports about \$13,000,000. Yet this statement alone does not convey a correct impression. There is great facility for illicit traffic. Not one third of the opium sold in Canton passes through the custom-house. Just before reaching Canton, on our passage hither from Hong Kong, we saw a box tumble from the steamer into the river, which was picked up by a boat and taken ashore. It undoubtedly contained opium, and was pitched overboard by one of the Chinese passengers, who had his confederates waiting. The Chinese officials are as willing to take bribes as inspectors of customs in more civilized lands. The coast swarms with smugglers. Salt is almost the only article which cannot be got in surreptitiously.

The country south of Canton, between here and Tonquin, is celebrated for its silk. The hills are covered with mulberry-trees. The silk is purchased by the merchants of Canton, mainly on French account. Dealers come with their samples, showing them to the house of Russell & Co., who have an inspector, a young man from Lyons, who from early childhood has been looking at the texture of silk, and can tell at a glance or a touch its quality and value. The Chinese have not yet learned that honesty is the best policy, and that it is more profitable to produce a good article than a poor one. They have peculiar traits of character. We can trust them with any



amount of money or merchandise ; but tender them a dollar in payment for anything purchased, and they will adroitly substitute a counterfeit piece, and hand it to you with an air of innocence. So in silk producing ; if they can palm off a little of inferior quality with the good, they think it clear gain.

The principal exports to the United States from this port are tea, fire-crackers, and matting, and the imports Spanish coin and California flour.

The Chinese live principally on rice, but they have tasted the wheat of California, and possibly this may become a profitable trade in the future.

Macao formerly had extensive dealings with Canton, but the Portuguese, who reside there, have lost their ancient vigor. It is a decaying town, beautifully situated on a peninsula, presenting a noble front to the harbor. The location is superior in every respect to that of Hong Kong. The harbor is sheltered from the sea, and spacious and deep enough for the largest vessels ; the climate is salubrious ; the buildings plain solid structures, less imposing than those of Hong Kong.

Aside from the beauty of the place, there is very little to interest a visitor at Macao. It has had its day, and, like Portugal, has gone to sleep. Its trade now is insignificant compared with that of former years, when it was the only port on the South China coast. It is now the place from which nearly all the coolies are exported. The Portuguese take more readily to dealing in human flesh and blood than any other nation. Formerly they dealt in slaves, but now in coolies. The Chinese government has interdicted the trade, but Portugal, holding Macao, can carry it on in defiance of Peking, just as England can the opium traffic.

It may be asked how the coolies can be obtained in violation of law. The answer will show the weakness

of the Imperial government. Here in the provinces of Kwangton and Kwangsi, especially in the southern portions bordering on Tonquin, there is very little governmental power; the people are divided into clans, and are subject to chiefs, between whom there are frequent wars. The prisoners taken are brought to Macao and sold to the Portuguese by half-castes, who are travelling through the country continually stirring up strife.



A COOLY

In addition to those thus procured many are kidnapped. The coast swarms with pirates. Some now in sight quite likely are of this character. They purchase their cannon of English merchants at Hong Kong, sail along the coast, attack and plunder other craft, bring the crews to some out-of-the-way place, and sell them to cooly-traders, the whole proceeding

being winked at by the government of Macao, which rests itself on an "Emigration Act" regulating the traffic.

Another source of supply is from the gambling-houses. The Chinese are such inveterate gamblers that, when their money is gone, they stake themselves. It is the custom of the Chinese to pledge their bodies whenever

they have no other security to offer their creditors. There are "crimps" in the employ of the cooly-dealers, who frequent the gambling-hells of the interior towns, ready to advance a trifle of money to the gamblers on their bodies; when they have lost themselves by play, they are brought to Macao, threatened by the crimp with death if they do not give proper answers to the "commissioner." A few questions are asked.

"Do you go willingly?"

"Yes."

"Of your own accord?"

"Yes."

The thing is done. They go into the barracoon, from the barracoon to the vessel; are taken to Cuba or Peru, or some other place, to all intents and purposes slaves.

Including head-money, they cost from twenty-five to thirty dollars apiece. The barracoon keeper or dealer doubles his money, selling them to the shipper for sixty or seventy dollars. Insurance, passage, and other expenses bring their cost to about two hundred dollars at Havana, where these emigrants are sold for eight years' service at about three hundred and fifty dollars. Nearly fifteen thousand a year are shipped, and the trade is increasing.

The Governor of Macao is appointed by the king of Portugal, and has a salary of \$3,750. There is also a judge and a bishop, each having a salary of \$2,300. All laws are made by the senate, consisting of three persons, who are elected by the people. Suffrage is universal, that is, for Portuguese residents.

If a person wishes to lead a lazy, careless, good-for-nothing life, Macao is the place for him. The inhabitants are in no hurry or worry about business; provisions are cheap, the climate mild, the heat of summer tempered by the monsoon; the atmosphere conducive to indolence.

Society imposes no restraints in regard to morality; there is no necessity for troubling the priest to pronounce the marriage vow; they only ask for absolution when death steals on apace.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### A RAMBLE IN CANTON.

MANY of the central towns of the empire were in the hands of the rebels during the Taeping rebellion, and suffered severely, losing some of the features of the old civilization; but Canton was not taken by them. Shanghae is a modern place, while Peking is a Tartar city, and here, therefore, better than anywhere else, we may study the characteristics of old China.

Going a few steps down a narrow passage, we are in one of the principal streets, which would be classed as a lane or alley in an American town. The widest thoroughfare in the city would scarcely admit a carriage drawn by horses. Keeping the points of compass in mind, and heeding our turnings, we enter the labyrinth. The houses are usually two stories in height, with tiled roofs, projecting eaves, and overhanging balconies,—shops in the lower story, rooms for the family above.

Chinese art has adorned door-post, cornice, curved roof, and ridge-pole with dragons. Each shop has an elaborate perpendicular sign-board, painted in chrome, vermilion, and purple, with letters in green or gold, while flags and banners are suspended from cords drawn across the street. Doors and windows are open, for it is a mild climate and glass is little used.

We see, in addition to the signs and banners, a gorgeous



display of lanterns, — bamboo frames covered with red, yellow, blue, or green oiled silk, pictured with genii and gnomes in all the grotesqueness of Chinese art. Some are not larger than a small market-basket, others six or eight feet in diameter.

The goods in the shops are displayed in the most tempting manner. We see porcelain vases, worth hundreds of dollars; lacquered wares, elaborately ornamented; silk robes, elegantly embroidered; fans manufactured from peacocks' tails, for the officials of the empire; sedans, glittering with silver and gold, for the wealthy classes.

A jostling crowd fills the street. Hucksters with

baskets or trays on their heads are shouting with stentorian voices the excellence of their cabbages, melons, and onions.

The provision shops are supplied with mutton, pork, chickens, turkeys, and ducks. Here comes a cooly with two live pigs, tied by the legs, hanging from his bamboo. They protest against going to market in this fashion by a vigorous squealing, which sets all the dogs in the vicinity howling.



AN OPEN COUNTENANCE.

But dogs go to market as well as pigs. The carcasses of five fat curs are hanging on the hooks of one establishment. A pedler, leading a lot of puppies, and carrying a basket containing several kittens, enters the shop. He strikes a bargain with the provision-dealer, who puts them into cages for future customers. The shopman has no rats on hand to-day, but we can find them at other stalls.



GOING TO MARKET.

In a tub near the door is a squirming mass of young eels, and in a tank supplied with fresh water a variety of fish. A well-dressed customer enters, points to a large fish, which the shopman catches in a dip-net, dresses it on the spot, saving the head and entrails. A second customer, a poor cooly who can only manage by hard work and strict economy to keep soul and body together comes in, haggles awhile over the price, departs with the intestines of the fish, the comb of a cockerel, and a joint of puppy!

It would not be giving a fair representation of the Chinese to represent them all as eating cats, dogs, rats,

mice, and garbage in general; the majority of the people live on rice and fish; but in a country so densely populated as this, everything that can sustain human life must be brought into requisition.

We must look sharp if we would not be run down by the coolies, who stream past in an endless procession, carrying bundles, boxes, bags, bales of goods, — all wearing bamboo hats with rims so broad that in some of the narrow alleys they are obliged to tip them on one side to pass. We meet water-carriers with buckets, and sellers of all sorts of wares. A dozen men stagger along with a large block of granite, shouting in chorus, "Hootoo, hootoo!" — Get out of the way! get out of the way!

Although Europeans have been at Canton for nearly a century, we cannot walk the streets without attracting attention. An old man, seeing us, raises his grandchild, — we know he is a grandfather because he wears a mustache, — points us out to the little one as a curiosity, just as many American grandparents might do if this gentleman were to appear in the United States with his pigtail, broad-brimmed hat, and pointed shoes turned up at the toes. We hear him say, "Fan Kwei! Fan Kwei!" — Foreign devil, foreign devil.

In travelling it is policy to get the good-will of strangers, and we reply "Chin-chin," which is equivalent to How do you do? and we have the pleasure of hearing Chin-chin in return. Putting our fists together and shaking them at the gentleman, we make a profound salaam. Not to be outdone in politeness, he shakes his at us, makes the little one in his arms, with a funny tail sprouting from the crown of his head, put his hands together and say Chin-chin! and so we bow and chin-chin and shake our fists, greatly to the amusement of the gathering crowd.

An amusing story is told of the fright given to a Chi-

nese barber, who once shaved a bald-headed Englishman. While his back was turned the customer, taking a wig from his hat, placed it on his head. The sudden growth of hair almost frightened the barber out of his senses. He fled from the shop fully persuaded that he had been shaving the Old *Hairy*!



OLD HAIRY.

Old China Street, as the foreigners have named one of the passages, is a great resort for minstrels, fortune-tellers, gamblers, astrologers, and quack doctors.

A company of musicians are giving a concert in a small building, and we work our way through the crowd at the door. Being a foreigner, we are invited to take a seat in front of the minstrels, — three women sitting on a raised platform,

their faces painted with vermilion, their hair stiffly starched and decorated with flowers. Their voices are shrill and sharp, their singing a distressing wail. They are accompanied by an orchestra composed of a one-stringed fiddle, a drum, and gong. Its best counterpart is the rolling of the sheet-iron thunder behind the scenes of a theatre to represent the coming on of a storm.



Passing on a few steps, we enter the shop of an apothecary, who has bundles of herbs, jars, phials, and boxes filled with drugs and medicines. Conspicuous among his nostrums are dried snake-skins, coiled in artistic forms around the pillars supporting the roof, or tied in double-knots on the counter. An assistant is mixing some sort of medicament in a mortar, putting in different herbs and a piece of serpent-skin. It will hardly do to laugh at him, for there are people in the United States who are fully persuaded of the virtues of the hearts of rattlesnakes in curing particular diseases.

The apothecary pulls teeth. He has done a deal of business in that line, for he has nearly a half-bushel of old stumps in a basket



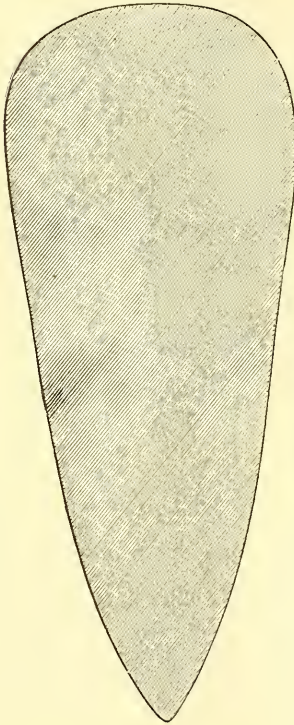
THE ORCHESTRA.

by the door. We have seen a quart or two displayed by dentists in American cities, but population is more dense here than in the United States. He has a patient afflicted with rheumatism in the knee, who lies upon a mat while the doctor is removing the disease by the use of cupping-glasses, and by rubbing the afflicted parts with his hand.

Many of the passers-by stop for a moment at the gam-

bling-stalls, to try their luck at cards, dice, or dominos. They begin the game by dividing the cards into six little packs. The first player lays a card on the table, his opponent places one immediately across it, the others are arranged at all the points of the compass, in the form of a star, each man scoring the respective value of his cards as the play goes on. The stakes are a few "cash,"—small copper coins, ten of them equivalent to a cent. They play for a dinner or supper, or pledge their clothing when they have nothing else, so strong is the passion.

The fortune-tellers are numerous, sitting at small, portable tables, which they carry away at night. One of the tribe, who seems to be very popular, judging by the crowd around him, is an old man, wearing immense spectacles with round glasses, set in bamboo frames. Upon the table is a shallow wooden bowl, with a diagram of figures and characters painted inside. He shakes his dice in a small tortoise-shell, drops them into the bowl, notes the characters upon which they rest, repeats the operation three times, and then writes out the decisions of the Fates in regard to the future of the anxious young gentleman, who pays his cash and gives place to another customer.



SOLE OF A CHINESE SHOE.

Women are not so shy as

those of India; they appear on the street without veils. Most women in China are obliged to work for a living, and their feet are of natural size. Those of the upper class, whose feet have been subjected to cruel and unnatural compression in childhood, fare badly if misfortune overtakes them. They can only toddle about like little children just able to walk, and are wholly incapacitated for labor. But the ancient practice is still adhered to by the wealthy classes. "Why do you keep up such a custom?" inquired an American gentleman of a leading merchant.

"Small foot-ee woman no go walk-ee — walk-ee — walk-ee!" was his reply; by which we are to understand that Chinese ladies like to walk the streets, and see what is to be seen, as well as women of other lands.

The accompanying illustration is the exact outline of the sole of a shoe, showing the size of one which has been worn by a Chinese lady of Hong Kong.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE TEMPLE OF THE OCEAN BANNER.

TAKING a boat, we cross the river, and land at a small pier in front of the "Great Temple of the Ocean Banner," one of the oldest Buddhist edifices of Canton. It stands on the island of Honam, and is called the temple of Honam by foreigners; but the Chinese delight in flowery names.

Passing through a gate, we enter a large yard paved with stone, and walk up a long avenue beneath old trees. This is the outer court of the temple, in which is a

building of one story, with a curved roof, adorned with figures of dragons and satyrs, peering from the cornices, perched at the angles, or sitting astride the ridge-pole. Ascending the stone steps and entering the wide doorway, we are confronted by a huge idol with an ugly countenance.

The temple is guarded by this warder, *Mi-leh-fuh*, who has an assistant close by, — an image mailed from head to foot, and wielding a bludgeon. He is the spiritual policeman of the place, — the terror of evil-doers, and especially of thieves. A little farther and we come upon four other figures, one bearing the holy umbrella. When he spreads it, heaven and earth are darkened! Another holds a guitar-shaped instrument; he is the *Orpheus* of the Chinese Pantheon, and has power over dragons. The third bears a long sword, the emblem of dominion; while the fourth is a sort of *St. Patrick*, — an exterminator of snakes.

Passing through this edifice we enter the inner court, and beyond it behold the temple itself, — a building of the same general features externally as the one just described, but larger. It is eighty or ninety feet in length, seventy or eighty wide, and about fifty high.

Stepping within, we see the whole interior at a glance. It is a large room with tiled floor and brick walls, the rafters and beams exposed and festooned with cobwebs. The dim light which struggles in through the narrow windows serves to reveal the dinginess of the place, which bears a strong resemblance to a dilapidated iron-foundry. The “Three Precious Ones,” — representing the Past, Present, and Future, — occupy the space in the centre. They are images about twenty feet high, sitting cross-legged amid lotus-flowers. Sticks of sandal-wood are smouldering on an altar, filling the building with fragrance. Looking through the smoky atmos-



phere, we see a demon in one corner, a big bell in another, and a pot-bellied wooden fish between them. It is the hour for worship. One man beats the drum, another tolls the bell, a third rattles a tattoo upon the fish, while a procession of priests, wearing soiled robes of red, yellow, and green silk, files in and forms round the idols.

These fellows are supported by endowments and gifts, and are as lazy, well fed, and filthy as some of the monks which we see in the streets of Rome. They bow to the images, and to each other, march backward and forward, kneel, — the high-priest chanting a prayer in old Hindustani, the others responding in the same language, of which they probably understand as little as they do of Hottentot. They lay paper flowers upon the altar, wreath them round the golden candlesticks, kneel and bow again, going through a ceremonial very much like that of the Catholic Church.

It is impossible for us to give an extended description of the religions of China. Sects here are as numerous as in Christian lands, but they may all be comprehended in three systems, — Buddhist, Tauist, and Confucian.

The Tauist religion is the oldest.

The name of the deity worshipped by this sect is Lao-ts, which, literally rendered, means the "Old Boy!" About the time that Solon was giving his new code of laws to the Athenians, 600 B. C., a philosopher appeared in China who wrote a remarkable work entitled "Tau-teh-king," a treatise on Truth and Virtue.

This book taught that, thousands of years before the Creation, there was an unembodied living principle existing in vacant space. There were transformations, evolutions, general mixings up and turnings over for innumerable ages, then the principle appeared as a deity bearing the name of "Holy Ruler of Wonderful

Nonentity." Other ages rolled away; succeeding transformations took place, and he appeared as the "Holy Ruler of Wonderful Entity," and then as the "Holy Ruler of Chaotic Confusion."

After the creation of man, he dropped from heaven in the form of a ball, falling into the open mouth of a virgin who was asleep. He was not born till eighty-one years after. At birth his hair was white with old age, and so he was named the Old Boy!

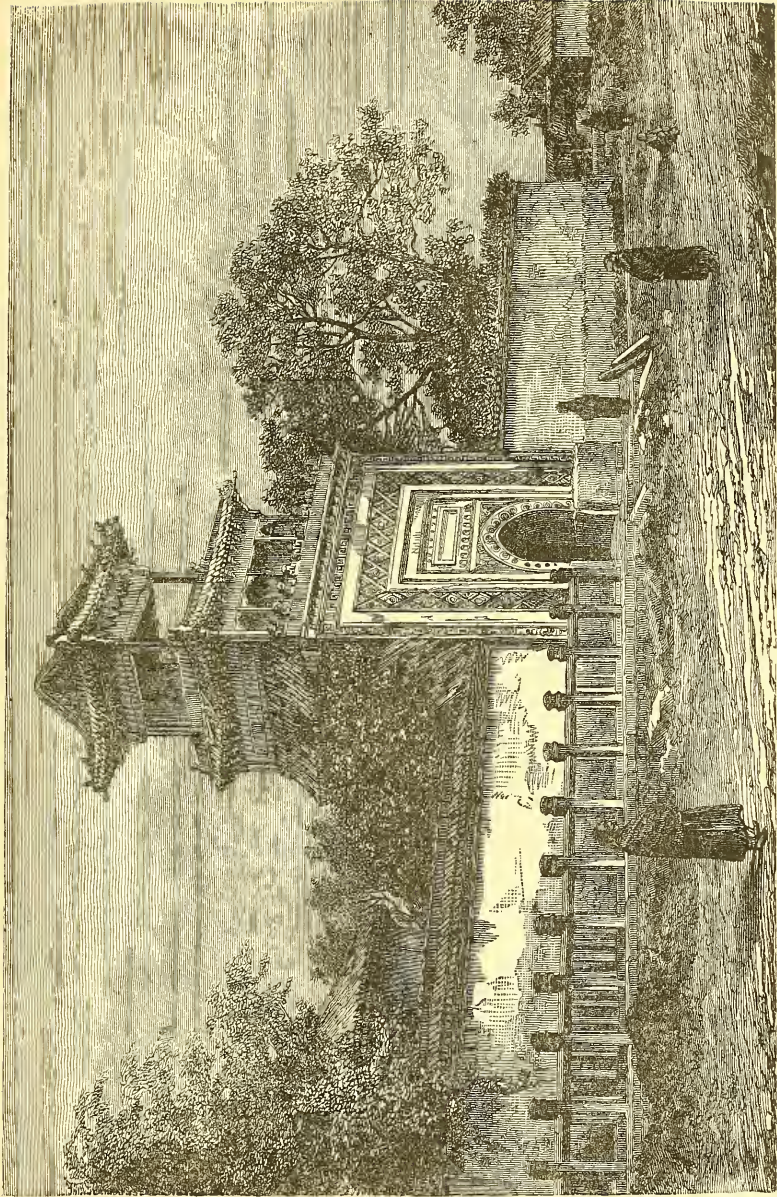
Nearly a thousand years ago one of the kings of the Sung dynasty composed this hymn of adoration to this deity, otherwise called Tau:—

"Great and most excellent Tau,  
Not created, self-existent;  
From eternities to eternities,  
Antecedent to the earth and heaven,  
Like all-pervading light,  
Continuing through eternity:  
Who gave instruction to Confucius in the East,  
And called into existence Buddha in the West.  
Director of all kings;  
Parent of all sages;  
Originator of all religions;  
Mystery of mysteries."

Besides the Old Boy there are numerous gods in the Tauist religion, many of which are akin to those of the Buddhist Pantheon. Su-tsn is the great medicine god of China, to whom prayers are offered in sickness.

Lue-kung has a big drum and manufactures thunder, while his wife Lue-po makes the lightning by using a looking-glass to reflect the sun!

The dragon, the emblem of which is on the flag of China, is one of the deities of this sect. This god has dominion over lakes, rivers, seas, clouds, and tempests. He has myriads of inferior dragons at command. Fish, crabs, turtles, lobsters, and snakes, which are of the lower class, are in a state of progression, and from time



**BUDDHIST MOSQUE.**





to time are elevated according to their merits. These and numerous other superstitions are held by the Tauists, and by some of the other sects as well.

Tauism is the court religion of the empire. Its forms and ceremonials are imposing, but it is not so popular a belief as the Buddhist, which is the principal religion of Eastern Asia, accepted by a third part of the human race.

The Confucian religion, which is based on reverence for parents, has taken the form of ancestral worship. In houses and shops we see tablets setting forth the virtues of the dead, and shall doubtless have an opportunity of witnessing this form of worship.

Wandering at will through the grounds adjoining this Temple of the Ocean Banner we come upon a pigsty and hennery filled with imprisoned spirits. A plump rooster gives a lusty crow, which we may consider as a cry of welcome from a gay old cock of other days, who, having sinned while in the form of man, has gone back in the scale of creation to do penance in the shape of a rooster ! Old gentlemen of former times, who did something wrong while alive, are now snoozing in the sty. The priests see that they are well fed, for who knows but they may become porkers by and by, needing good fare !

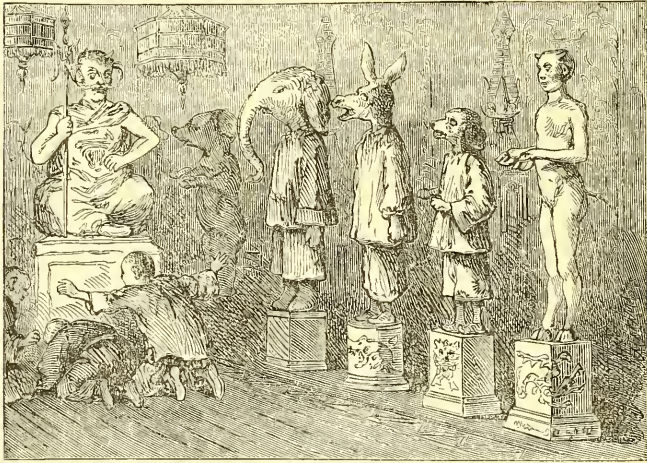
The Buddhist monks or priests live in the temple. Their kitchen is in an adjoining building, with large copper boilers for cooking, ovens for baking, tubs for washing, and beneath the same roof are their dining-tables. In another building, which has a veranda overlooking a large garden, are the sleeping apartments. Americans would not consider the accommodations very inviting, but to most Chinese they would be luxurious.

What has been said of another monastery is applicable to this of the Ocean Banner :—

“ Within the quiet of the convent cell  
The well-fed inmates patterned prayers and slept,  
And liked their easy penance well.”

Recrossing the river, taking sedans, and entering one of the most crowded streets of the city, we are set down in the outer court of a temple which is dedicated to the god who has the city in his keeping.

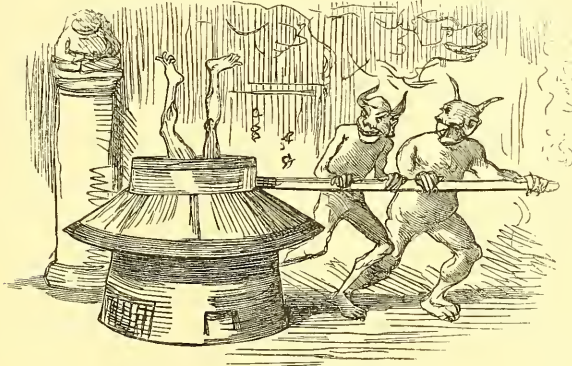
Here we behold a representation of the future life,—plaster images portraying the transmigration of souls. A boy is changing to a dog. One man has horns growing from his forehead, his feet and hands are changing to hoofs, a tail is sprouting from his back. He will soon be a bull. A third is changing to an ass; head and ears are already on. (Perhaps that is not so very remarkable!) We see no transformations of the female sex. For them there is no future.



TRANSMIGRATION.

In another portion of the building are the horrors of the Buddhist hell. The devils have a grist-mill in which they grind up the wicked. One sinner has been put in headforemost, and we see only his feet sticking out of the hopper. The two demons turning the mill are engaged in pleasant work, judging by their sardonic grins.

The interior of the temple is very much like that of the Ocean Banner, only that this is not so dingy, while the crimson hangings over the idols are more gorgeous, and the crowd of worshippers is vastly greater. Numerous idols are set in niches along the walls. In an adjoining apartment is the goddess of flowers with her thirty muses, accompanied by the god of the kitchen and the all-protecting dragons.



THE GRINDERS.

Joss-sticks, as they are called, are smoking on the altars. These are composed of slow-burning compositions, — like the port-fire for touching off cannon in use before the invention of percussion primers.

A poor woman is before the altar, trying to ascertain what the gods have in store for her, by using two small pieces of wood resembling the two halves of a pear. She kneels, throws the luck-blocks on the ground; tries again; a third time, and departs with a sad countenance; the gods will not hear her prayer. If a flat and a round side had come up together twice out of the three trials, her request would have been granted, and she would have gone home with a lighter heart.

A man kneels in her place, with a cylindrical box in his hands, open at the top, and containing several small wooden sticks, which are numbered. He shakes the box till one stick falls out, then consults the book of omens. The responses are vaguely written. Oracles in all ages have been indefinite. The superstitious hopes and fears of those who resort to them make them favorable or unfavorable. This worshipper is evidently well pleased at his luck, for he rises with alacrity, touches off several bunches of fire-crackers, burns a quire or two of gilt paper on the altar, pays over his cash to the waiting priest, and departs with a cheerful countenance. There is a continual exploding of fire-crackers throughout the temple, — which, with the beating of drums, makes the worship very much like the irrepressible patriotism manifested on the Fourth of July in the United States.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### MORAL FORCES.

“THE missionaries can give you more information than anybody else,” said a friend at Hong Kong; “they know all the city, are in daily contact with the people, and speak the language with fluency.”

We saw the Presbyterian Mission buildings from the deck of the steamer as we came up the river. Threading our way through the narrow streets, we soon reach them. A Chinaman in a brown cotton frock opens a gate, and gives us admission. There are two substantial houses of brick, two stories high, with verandas, a large chapel, and several smaller buildings.



We have hearty welcome from Rev. Mr. Preston and Dr. Keer, both of whom are connected with the mission.

In 1835, a third of a century ago, Dr. Peter Parker of Boston, a missionary of the American Board, was here in Canton, and conceived the idea of establishing a medical hospital. By curing the diseases of the body, he hoped to commend the religion of Jesus to the Chinese. In 1841 the Massachusetts Medical Society, having heard of the project, passed a series of resolutions approving it, and appointed a committee to present the matter to the merchants of Boston, and the result of this action was a fund of about five thousand dollars. The charity was brought before the English and American merchants of Canton, who formed an association known as the Medical Missionary Society of China. Since then the society has gone on enlarging its sphere of operations. The merchants contribute annually to defray the necessary expenses. The Parsees also make liberal donations.

Dr. Keer is the principal physician and surgeon; he has several Chinese assistants, some of whom have become learned and skilful. There are other physicians in the inland towns, operating under his direction.

We find the Doctor at home, his family occupying the chambers of the hospital building. It is the hour for seeing the patients, and we go down the long stairs to a crowd of men, women, and children in the chapel. It is a plain edifice, with the Ten Commandments and Lord's Prayer in Chinese characters on the walls. While Dr. Keer is attending to the patients in an adjoining room, Mr. Preston talks upon the truths of the Bible and the Christian religion.

About twenty persons are in the dispensary, — one woman with an incurable cancer, another with one cheek thrice its usual size. The Doctor whips out his lancet, and in a trice the patient is relieved of the pain pro-

duced by an ulcerated jaw. A mother is solicitous for the little child in her arms. One person shows the scrofula, which is eating the flesh from her limbs. Stepping into an adjoining room, we see a man who had half of his under jaw taken out last week, and is recovering. So on through the long catalogue of disease. Those patients who require constant treatment are lodged in the hospital, others are cared for by their relatives. They look upon Dr. Keer as their best friend, and trust themselves implicitly in his hands.

It will be gratifying to the merchants of Boston, who contributed money to start this enterprise, to know that twenty-six thousand patients were treated last year, and that the society has the confidence of the Chinese. It is under the direction of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, but the treasury of that society is not chargeable with any of the expenses. It is a great civilizing and Christianizing agency.

"The Medical Society is doing more than anything else to remove prejudice against foreigners from the minds of the Chinese," said a gentleman who has long resided at Hong Kong.

The idea is almost universal among the natives, or rather it has been, that the missionaries have a political object in view. They cannot understand why foreigners should leave their homes and settle in China to preach religion, unless it is for some such sinister purpose.

"I preach every day to the Chinese," says Mr. Preston; "would you like to see what sort of a congregation I have?"

"By all means."

We take our seats in sedans, and are carried through the streets, coming at length into one of the principal thoroughfares, and stop before a little store kept by the missionaries for the sale of books. Dozens of people are

already there, waiting for the opening of the doors of the adjoining chapel. It is one o'clock, and the tide of life surging through the city is at its flood. A preacher would have a slim audience in State or Wall Street, at 'Change hour; but the Chinese are an old people, their empire is finished, their civilization complete, and time is a drug. They have abundant leisure, while we foreign barbarians are worrying and hurrying ourselves to death.

The chapel is furnished with settees capable of seating two hundred or more. Sitting by the desk, we have an opportunity to observe the audience. On the front seats are some literary students, — young men who are studying for official employment, well dressed in white, clean frocks and trousers, their pigtails neatly braided. At our right hand is a bare-headed cooly with three bundles and a porter-bottle in his arms. He has stepped in to rest himself a few minutes, and to hear what the "foreign devil" has to say. Behind him is one wearing a broad-brimmed hat. Men of all ages, all conditions, from the well-to-do merchant down to the poor wretch who lives on rice and snails, residents of the city and strangers from the country, compose the audience.

These men are actuated by various motives, — love of novelty and curiosity to hear a foreigner speak fluently in their language perhaps being the prevailing ones. They are not accustomed to hear public speaking; they have their story-tellers, but no orators or gatherings where arguments are put forth. Very few of them are seekers after truth, and their conceptions of the Christian religion are exceedingly low; but yet every day they flock to the chapel to hear this American preacher, a short, thick-set, good-natured man, who understands their language perfectly, and is well read in their literature.

His subject to-day is the conflict between good and evil, holiness and sin. A young man with bright eyes, a student, breaks in :—

“If your doctrine is true, why don't you foreigners practise it; why do you bring opium to China?”

A home question, practical, right to the point. The audience are alert to hear what Mr. Preston will say.

“There are wicked men all over the world; and if foreigners bring opium to China, you must have nothing to do with it.”

The laugh which goes up shows that the audience appreciate the reply.

“Why did you make war upon China? Why do you come and take the coolies and make slaves of them?” another asks. The replies are evidently satisfactory, judging by the good-humor of the audience.

The church connected with the Presbyterian Mission numbers between thirty and forty members. The Church of England, the London Missionary Society, and the English Wesleyans all have missionaries at Canton.

Taking our sedans again, we are carried through several streets to the eastern section of the city, to the cathedral, going up under the direction of the French Catholics. Since 1860 over five hundred priests of the Romish Church have arrived in China. The Catholics of France, seemingly, have taken the empire in hand and it is hinted that Louis Napoleon means to make French influence superior to that of England here. Be that as it may, it is plain that somebody is taking a long look ahead.

Soon after the treaty of 1859 was signed ground was obtained for the erection of a cathedral, and the foundations laid for an edifice which is nearly two hundred and fifty feet in length, with a corresponding width, in the form of the Latin cross. The material is granite, in color and grain very much like that of Cape Ann, quarried on



the island of Hong Kong, and brought ninety-two miles by water. It is estimated that the structure will cost from three to four million dollars.

We hear the clicking of hammers and chisels before we emerge from the labyrinth of streets, and upon getting out of our sedan find ourselves in a great yard with a bamboo shed over us, in which stone-cutters are at work. The cathedral walls are about half-way up, but it probably will be five or six years before the roof is on and the building completed.

Those who have seen the elaborate workmanship of the capitals of the Treasury building at Washington may form some conception of the ornate sculpture of this cathedral, when they consider that it far surpasses anything in the United States in the way of architectural embellishment.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### ON THE CANTON RIVER.

**T**AKING a sampan, with a woman and a girl for captain and crew, we float up the river with the tide, to view the scenes along its banks. We have ducks and chickens for fellow-passengers. A rooster perched on the roof over our heads claps his wings and gives a lusty crow as we push into the stream. The girl speaks a few words of "pigeon English," which is an almost unintelligible mixture of English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Chinese. It is used in commercial transactions. "Pigeon" is the best pronunciation which the Chinese can give of the word "business," hence the name.

If we were old acquaintances, this young lady pulling at the oar would say:—

*Have sarvee facy to muchee long time.*

We have known you a long time.

But the characteristics of the jargon will be best shown by the following letter of a prominent merchant, Howqua, written to Mr. Richardson of Boston, now deceased:—

*My good Friend: How fashion insi hab got this morn-  
ing? Hab catchee little more better? What thing Dr.  
Parker talkee 'long you? He hab show you true what  
thing insi?*

My good Friend: How are you (what is the state of your insides) this morning? Have you got a little better? What does Dr. Parker say to you? He has (no doubt) shown you correctly (what is wrong inside).

*My thinkee spose any man show you catchee that gin  
go 'long that watir spose you wantee catchee. No. 1 fine,  
that he talkee small chils play pigeon. No got reason, all  
same one fools.*

My opinion is, that if any man recommends you to take gin and water, to get perfectly well (No. 1 fine), that he talks childish. He is as unreasonable as a fool.

*Spose my all the same for you sick, my must wantee too  
muchee chin chin, that large Joss my thinkee he can sarvee  
that pigeon more bettir for Dr. Parker little.*

Suppose I was as sick as you are; I would want very much to burn incense (chin chin) to that great Joss (the idol). I think he (Joss) knows that business (what is the matter with you) a little better than Dr. Parker.

*No 'casion you talkee insi. So eh. Cause any man can  
sarvee, hab got reason talkee.*

There is no occasion for you to doubt this (talk inside), because any one will see I talk reasonably.

*Have hear any news come from that Melica si? Too  
muchee piecee man shew my hab got two piecee ships talkee*

*Don Juan go 'long that Paulina hab begin long teem before walkee this side. Just now he no hab got Macao si.*

Have you heard any news from America (shores)? Several men have told me that there are two ships, named Don Juan and (go 'long) Paulina, started to come here long since. They have not reached Macao.

*Don Juan have begin that No. 15 day, that No. 1 moon, Europe counter, and Paulina have all the same fashion No. 19 day, any man think he must come Macao directly. Can see, can sarvee. That no my pigeon, that hab Joss pigeon.*

The Don Juan started the 15th of January, European reckoning, and the Paulina the 19th, same reckoning. It is to be supposed they will arrive soon. As soon as we see, we shall know. It is Joss's business, not mine.

*Just now must finishee, no got teem talkee any more long you. My chin chin, you catchee more better chop chop. So fashion talkee. Your good friend.*

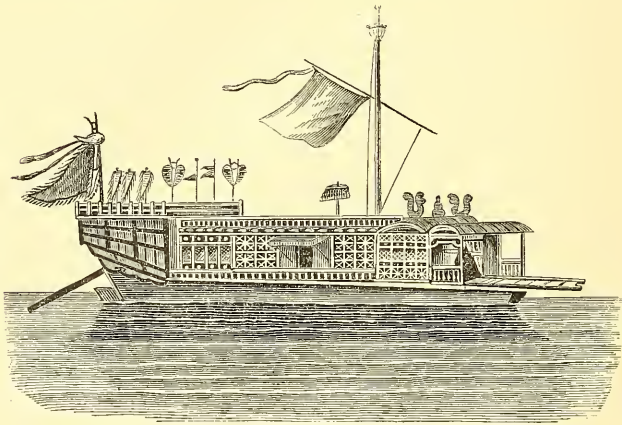
I must now close, as I have no time to write any more to you. I hope you will get better very soon. So write your good friend.

It will be seen that "catchee" means to get or bring; "go 'long," with, or, and; "chin chin," good wishes or prayer; "Joss," the idol or heathen god; "chop chop," very quick.

The river abounds with fish, and thousands of poor wretches, who have no other home than their boats, draw a large portion of their sustenance from the water. Fish are reared for the market in ponds, but those which ascend the river from the sea are taken in vast number by hook and line, by nets, and by trained cormorants. These birds have a great appetite for fish, a keen eye to see, and are expert in catching them. The fisherman makes them not only work for their own living, but for his. A ring is slipped upon the neck of the bird, to

prevent it from swallowing the fish. It dives, appears with its prey, is taken on board the boat, fed a few morsels, just enough to sharpen its appetite, tossed over again, to reappear perhaps without a fish, when it is chastised and tossed rudely into the water without being fed. The bird is kept always at the starvation point.

We pass a number of gayly decorated "flower-boats," which are not floating green-houses, as their names might indicate, but establishments where dinners are served.



FLOWER-BOAT.

In America every house has its dining-room and parlor suitable for the entertainment of friends, but the majority of the Chinese are content if they can obtain four walls with space enough to sleep and cook their rice. They like to entertain their friends, and these gayly decorated flat-bottomed boats, with elegantly furnished cabins, — silken curtains, gorgeous lanterns, gay flowers in earthen pots and wooden tubs, fluttering flags and pennons, bright gilding and fine paintings, — are for public hire.

We have an opportunity to see a company at dinner as



we float lazily past. The giver of the feast and the invited guests, about a dozen in all, are seated around a table. Their sleek and glossy pigtails, which are elaborately braided for the occasion, hang down their backs and dangle on the floor. They wear their hats, for it would be a breach of politeness for guests to remove them while at table or in the presence of their host.

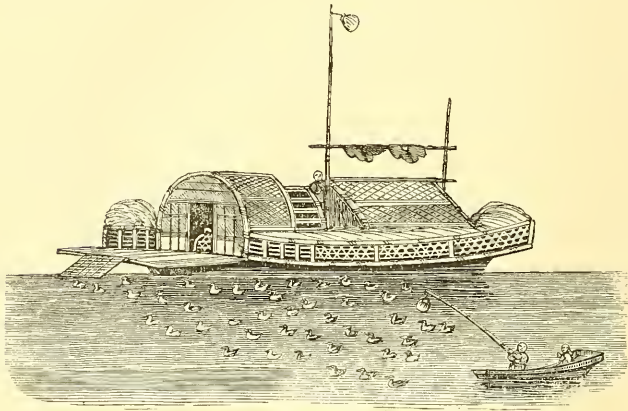
In one corner, partly screened by a large orange-tree blooming in a tub, are three girls, their cheeks and lips red with carmine, their hair stiffly starched and ornamented with flowers. One has a guitar, another an instrument resembling a banjo, and the third a small pair of cymbals. They are hired for the occasion, just as in the United States the Germanians and Mendelssohns, or the best musicians and vocalists, are employed to increase the pleasure of the guests at grand dinner-parties.

There is a good deal of sense in their method of entertaining friends. Mrs. Loo Choo will not have to rearrange her parlor in the morning. There will be no stale tobacco-smoke about the house, no dishes to wash, no setting things to rights. It is an economical way. The proprietor of the boat furnishes the dinner and engages the minstrels; the host has nothing to do but pay the bills.

Ducks are reared on the river in boats set apart for the purpose. They are hatched in ovens, and soon learn to obey the quack of their master or mistress. They are permitted to take a swim several times a day, but a call from the keeper brings them quickly on board. The last one receives a good drubbing, which so quickens its memory that it is seldom tardy a second time. They are kept till full grown, and then taken to market.

One of the conspicuous houses at our right hand, as we sail up the river, is a native charitable institution of some sort.

It has been asserted that benevolent societies are the outgrowth of modern civilization, but they have existed in this empire from time immemorial. There are orphan asylums, homes for the aged and infirm, widows' retreats, public hospitals and free schools, mutual-aid societies, guilds of the different trades, and protective unions. Some of them in years gone by received grants from the Imperial treasury. Widows are not encouraged to re-marry. It is more honorable to remain single. For this reason provision is made for their support.



DUCK-BOAT.

The free schools are sustained by the benefactions of the rich, but only the poorest classes attend them. The Chinese dislike to accept charity in any form, and no one attends a free school who can raise the money to pay for an education.

Missionaries cannot obtain scholars unless a small tuition is charged. Pupils are secured by giving them a superior education. In Canton provincial societies exist, made up of those who have come from other provinces,

just as New York has its "New England Society," Boston its "Sons of New Hampshire," only that these are mutual-aid organizations, resembling the Masonic Fraternity and Odd Fellows. Nearly all of the Chinese emigrating to California and Australia belong to the Southern Provinces, and are shipped from this port, and while here waiting passage find accommodations at the head-quarters of the societies.

A sick or unfortunate member is cared for. If death overtakes him, his body is sent home for burial. If poor and out of money, he is assisted.

The head-quarters are in a hall, where the sojourners spread their mats and prepare their rice, so that they are independent of boarding-houses and can live at an economical rate.

Missionaries inform us that there are no people in the world more benevolent than the Chinese. Yet it is asserted that their charity, instead of being influenced by high moral principle, is animated solely by selfish motives.

"The characteristic feature," says Mr. Loomis, "of the false religion of China is the performance of meritorious actions with a view to the attainment of selfish ends. In doing an act which conscience pronounces good and right, a Chinaman imagines that he is entitled to some personal advantage or reward corresponding to the character of the act performed."

The society of Sam Yap, which embraces the Canton district, has sent about fifteen thousand emigrants to California. The initiation fee is \$10.\* The Kong Chau Company, which embraces the district southwest of Canton, has sent out sixteen thousand. The initiation fee is \$5. This society has property in San Francisco valued at \$40,000. The Yueng Wo Company, embracing the Macao district, has sent out twenty-six thousand emigrants.

\* Overland Monthly, September, 1868.

There are six companies in San Francisco, and by far the largest proportion of emigrants to our country go under their auspices. The same may be said of those who go to Australia, Singapore, and the islands of the archipelago.

The washermen, tailors, and shoemakers have their trades-unions, distinct from these organizations. The machinery of society in this respect is very much like that of England and the United States. It is the universal story, — protective union, mutual aid, and co-operation.

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## CHAPTER XL.

### UP THE COAST OF CHINA.

**I**T is five o'clock in the afternoon when the steamer Erl-King works her way out of the harbor of Hong Kong eastward, till past a group of small islands, then turns her prow northward, for a run of about nine hundred miles to Shanghae.

The night is cloudy, the following morning misty, and it is not till afternoon that we obtain a clear view of the mainland, and find ourselves in sight of Swatow, one of the five treaty ports of China. It is one hundred and eighty miles north of Hong Kong, was thrown open to trade by the treaty of Tient-sing, 1858, and is the shipping port of the city of Ch'ao-chow-foo, which lies a short distance inland. It is the emporium of a large territory, comprising the northern sections of Kwangton and Fukien, the two southern coast districts of China. That range of mountains which we see south of the entrance to the harbor of Swatow, which lifts its rugged outline far away



toward the west till lost in the distance, after running about a hundred miles inland, trends north, then north-east, and comes out to the coast again, as we shall see by and by.

This amphitheatre is drained by the river Han and its tributaries, which pour down from the mountains of the two districts through a wide plain almost wholly devoted to the cultivation of sugar-cane. The Chinese are great lovers of sweetmeats, and consume a large quantity of sugar, which is most profitably raised in the southern provinces. The cargo of our steamer consists principally of this article. It is shipped to Shanghai, to be taken up the Yangtse, and out through the numerous canals to the interior of the empire.

We are at the Cape of Good Hope, — not the southern extremity of Africa, but a headland, five hundred feet high, jutting into the sea, along which the Han pours its cream-colored tide. Upon a hill of less elevation, a pagoda rears its white walls, forming a prominent landmark for seamen. Many of the islands of the bay are terraced from the sea-beach to the summit. We pass fleets of fishing-boats.

“I can always tell,” says the captain, “my whereabouts by the style of the boats. Here the hulls are white; those in the vicinity of Hong Hong have pointed bows, and are painted green. At Shanghai we shall find square bows and red gunwales.”

This district, in which Swatow is situated, from its excess of population is poverty stricken. Great numbers of people emigrate. Many of the coolies now throwing up the embankments of the Pacific Railroad in California are from this section of the country. From a missionary we learn that this province is considered one of the “hardest” in China, — hard for the government to manage, hard to live in, hard for missionary effort. Clan

fightings are of frequent occurrence, and armed mobs resist the mandarins when occasion calls.

Laws cannot be executed here, as in other provinces, without producing riots; especially is the collection of taxes resisted. In China confederates in crime are frequently punished for small offences by having their pigtailed tied together. There is no greater disgrace. The



FAST FRIENDS.

cue is the emblem of honor; and to be tied by it to another criminal, and suffer exposure in the street, subjected to the taunts and jeers of the populace, is exceedingly humiliating.

Although so near Canton, the local dialect is unintelligible to the Cantonese. Many imagine that the four hundred millions of the empire have one

language; but the dialects are so numerous and diverse, that the people of the different provinces can almost as readily understand a foreigner as one of their own countrymen of another district.

Swatow is much exposed to the typhoons which sweep this section of the coast. It is opposite the southern point of the island of Formosa, the situation of which is supposed to have something to do with the severity of those terrible gales of wind, and scarcely a year passes

without the occurrence of one or more destructive storms, which strew the land with wrecks.

Amoy, which lies one hundred and fifty miles north of Swatow, has one of the most accessible harbors on the coast. A thousand years ago it was the chief port of the empire for foreign trade. Western historians inform us that junks from Amoy were frequently seen in the Persian Gulf. In the time of Marco Polo it was a great shipping port. The Portuguese were here in 1544, but a quarrel having sprung up, they were expelled,—the people of the town burning thirteen ships and massacring four hundred foreigners. During the opium war in 1841 it was captured by the English fleet, and when the treaty of Nankin was signed it was thrown open to foreign trade.

The town is situated on the southwestern shore of the island of Amoy, which is from eight to ten miles long, and about forty in circumference, and contains a population estimated at half a million. If there were forests on the mountains or groves on the hills, the scenery would be very beautiful; but the absence of trees detracts much from the beauty, not only of this, but of other Chinese landscapes.

This city, which has a population of about three hundred thousand, was for a long time in the hands of the rebels, and has not yet recovered from the ravages committed by them. The country around Amoy has a thin, hard soil, but, like that of New England, produces enterprising men. Many of the princely merchants of China—and there are some who rank with the Rothschilds in wealth—are natives of this district.

The most important port between Hong Kong and Shanghae is Foochow, which is one hundred and eighty-five miles north of Amoy. It is located on the river Min, thirty-five miles inland. The entrance to the

harbor is marked by bold headlands. It is the chief shipping port for black teas. Over sixty-five million pounds were exported from this city in 1866. The estimate for the present year is from seventy to eighty millions, — a "tea fever" having set in. More than half is sent to England. The tea-plants best suited to this district are the Oolong, Congou, and Flowery Pekoe. The Orange Pekoe is also produced, but the difference between the two lies, we believe, in the manufacture rather than in the plant. We wish very much to see this tea metropolis; but the steamer being bound for Shanghai, we are not able to gratify our desire. About one hundred foreigners reside there, including several missionaries from the United States and England.

The many ways in which Foochow is spelled on maps and in books is a good illustration of the unsettled condition of Chinese orthography. On Philip's map, supposed to be standard authority, it is put down as Foo-choo-Foo. Rev. Mr. Doolittle, a missionary residing there, spells it Fuh-Chau; the British Consular Service, Foo-chou; the Chinese authorities, Fuchan; while the Foochowians themselves pronounce it Hak Chien. The population of the city is about six hundred thousand.

The province of Fu-kien, of which this is the metropolis, is a little less in area than the six New England States, but it has a dense population. The climate is mild. Frost and ice are rarely seen. The mercury seldom falls below 38°. During the winter of 1864 about two inches of snow fell, — an occurrence unknown for forty years. In July and August the heat is excessive in the valleys, but the temperature on the mountains is delightful.

The bamboo flourishes along the streams of this province, and the timber trade is very extensive. The junks of Foochow are especially constructed for its transpor-



tation. Being hollow, the bamboo is very light, and there is no danger of overloading, although the long, slender poles project far over the sides, and are piled high upon the decks. One of them, seen in the distance, looks like a gundalow freighted with hay from the salt-marshes of the Merrimack, or an old-time New England meeting-house, with a sail tacked to the steeple. The monsoon is setting in, the wind blowing up the coast, and the "meeting-house" will make good time to Shanghae. The timber disposed of there, a return cargo will be obtained of rice, bean-cake, and other productions of the lowlands and plains of the Yangtse valley.

Long before reaching the entrance to the great river of China, we find the water discolored by the sediment brought down from the mountains of Thibet and the plains of the Central Provinces. The estuary is sixty miles wide, but is gradually becoming narrower. Sand-reefs and mud-banks are forming; islands appear from time to time, showing that the delta is gaining upon the sea.

The land is so low that sometimes, when there is a conflict of waters between the floods pouring out and the waves and tides rolling in, the surrounding country is inundated, and the people are compelled to take refuge in their boats or in trees.

Steaming up the bay, we see numerous foreign ships, some just entering the river after a long passage around Cape Horn or across the Indian Ocean, others spreading their white wings for a homeward voyage. An English steamer is shaping its course for Japan, an American for a voyage up the coast to Cheefoo and Tientsin, carrying the mails to Peking. Everything about us indicates that we are approaching a great commercial city.

## CHAPTER XLI.

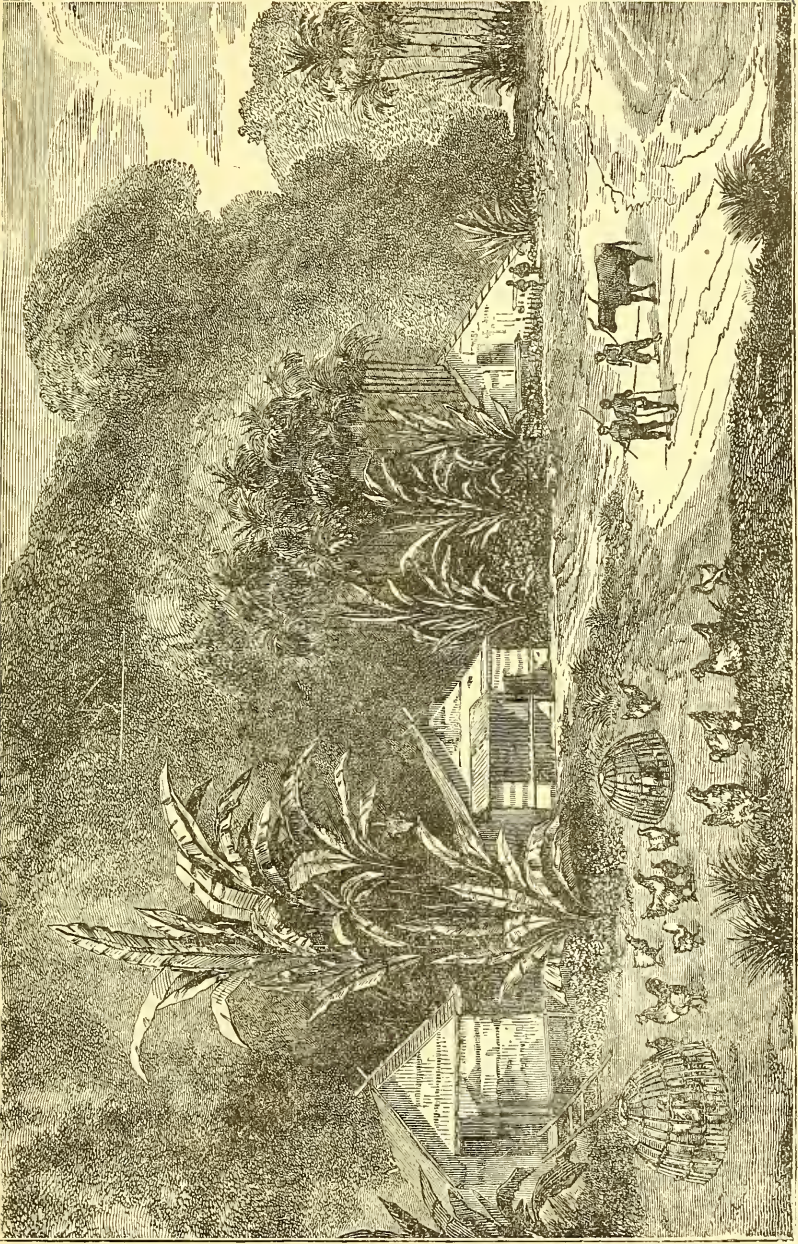
## APPROACH TO SHANGHAE.

WE have left the great river and steamed into the Wusung, which is only a tidal estuary connected with the great network of canals south of us. It is fast filling up, especially since commerce has built up a great town on its banks, and it is feared that before many years this river will be narrowed to a muddy ditch. Should that ever happen, the town of Wusung, and the French naval depot established there, will quite likely become the site of the new city.

From the deck of the steamer we have a fine view of the place. It is situated on a green bank near the confluence of the Wusung with the Yangtse. The Chinese had a mud fort here in 1841, which was knocked to pieces by the English.

Before us are low, mean houses, narrow streets, and crowds of men, women, and children on the shore; other crowds swarm on the numerous junks, boats, and sampans in the stream.

The low-lying meadows are bordered with reeds and rushes. Beyond are cotton-fields, the plants now about six inches high; acres of sugar-cane and sorghum, rice-fields, bamboo huts with walls of matting, apple and peach trees, gardens filled with cabbages and cauliflowers, potato-patches,—a landscape somewhat like that of the Mississippi, only there are no grand old forest-trees, or gigantic cotton-woods, or background of limestone bluffs, or stately mansions, but everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, a dead level of meadow, of cultivated fields, and vegetation of unsurpassed richness.



SHAVGHAEES AT HOME.







Turning a bend of the river, the masts of the shipping are seen, — a hundred ships and barks, thousands of junks, and sailing-boats by the ten thousand. There are steamers by the score, bound for Japan, Hong Kong, and other places on the coast, north and south. Conspicuous along the docks are the river steamers of Messrs. Russell & Co., modelled after those of Long Island Sound, of light draught, capacious, strong, and swift. Some of them were built in New York, and made the voyage out by Cape Horn. The Englishmen “laughed to see such a craft.” Their steamers were screws, deep, heavy, with small stowage, able to make only eight miles an hour against the current of the Yangtse. They changed countenance when they saw these Yankee nondescripts go against the current twelve miles and with it twenty miles an hour! Since then the river has been known as the *Yankeetse*, and the Yankees have had it all their own way.

Shanghae! The name is associated in our mind, as doubtless it is in the minds of many, with the Hen Fever. Who ever heard of Shanghae till the coarse, tall, gawky Shanghae fowls made their appearance? Who does not remember those days, when all our conversation was about Shanghaes? People talked Shanghae in the cars, going to and from their counting-rooms. We heard it at the corners of the streets, in the market, and especially at the dinner-table. “We have a Shanghae, my dear, to-day,” was a common remark of the wife to the husband when Bridget brought on the fowl. The Shanghae department was the most attractive feature of county cattle-shows. The fever made its first appearance in Massachusetts, and spread throughout New England; New Hampshire caught it, then Vermont; Rhode Island had a touch of it; the Hudson was no barrier, for it moved westward like the cholera in its march. One summer we sojourned a few weeks at Saratoga, and of

all the impressions made at that famous watering-place, the strongest is the cock-a-doodle-doo of a Shanghae, that woke up the eastern section of the town at three, A. M., with a blast longer and louder than any blown from conch-shell or fish-horn by a farmer's wife calling her husband to dinner from the harvest-field.

This is the garden of China. It has an area of nearly fifty thousand square miles, — larger than the State of New York. But there are no hills or mountains in sight. Comparing it to New York, we must imagine the Adirondacks and Alleghanies, and every other elevation, levelled to a vast meadow, crossed by innumerable artificial canals, connecting with natural creeks and wide rivers. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and kept in the highest tilth. Three crops a year are harvested. Five hundred years ago Marco Polo visited this garden, and made the Western world incredulous by his account of its wonderful fertility. We see bridges across the streams that were erected, it is supposed, two thousand years ago. The cotton-plant has been cultivated here for centuries. Before Solomon built his throne of ivory, before Greece had a history, the Chinese were feeding silk-worms on this delta, sailing their sampans through these canals, trundling their one-wheeled carriages through the streets of the cities. This great alluvial lowland has been swarming with human life, generation after generation, with little advancement in science and art.

In 1841 Admiral Parker, of the British navy, sailed up the Wusung, bombarded the towns, took Shanghae, and exacted a ransom of nearly one and a half million dollars. At the close of the war this city was thrown open to foreign trade, which up to that time had been carried on at Canton.

The foreigners located themselves a little below the town. In sailing up the Wusung, we come first to the

American settlement, where the Stars and Stripes are waving from a tall staff in front of the consulate. A creek spanned by a bridge separates the American from the British settlement, and another the British from the French, which is nearest the old city. The Chinese are sharp-sighted. They have found it profitable to locate themselves near foreigners, and so the old city has overflowed its walls, and a large native population is found in each settlement, where the streets are wide, macadamized, and kept free from filth; but the old city is foul and unsavory.

The growth of the place was rapid for a few years. In 1856 there were not less than seventy foreign firms. The export of tea in that year was seventy-seven million pounds, and of silk fifty-six thousand bales. In 1857 the rebels approached the city. One after another of the interior towns had fallen into their hands, and refugees by the hundred thousand flocked to Shanghae for protection under the guns of English, French, and American war-ships. The great influx of people gave a mushroom growth to the place, which in 1861 was supposed to contain over one million inhabitants. Speculation in land set in; fortunes were made in a day; and there were predictions that Shanghae would soon have a population exceeding that of London; but the final defeat of the rebels and suppression of the rebellion sent half a million of refugees back to their old homes. Real estate became unsalable; lots which had been held at fabulous prices could not be disposed of. Houses in process of erection were left unfinished. Then came financial disaster in England. Old firms having the confidence of the community went down. The crash was felt to the very heart of China. The failure of Englishmen carried down Chinamen here, who in turn carried down others of their countrymen in the interior provinces. In the United

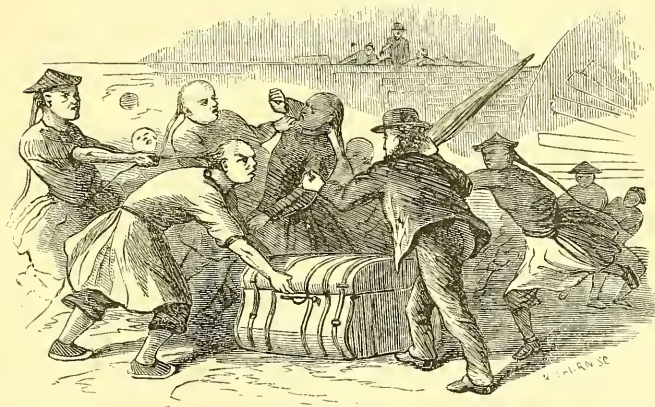
States during the American war less tea was consumed than formerly, as was the case in England. With a cotton famine in Lancashire, with mill-wheels still, machinery silent, warehouses filled with unsold goods in London and Manchester, people could not drink tea nor wear silk dresses. Trade diminished in London and on the Yangtse, and Shanghai became one of the dullest of towns. It is now recovering from its decline. In 1868 trade came up to former figures, and the tea market the present year has opened at higher prices than those of last season. The reports from the silk districts are favorable. Real estate is salable at advancing prices, and those who are best informed in regard to the resources of China, and who believe there is to be an increase of trade with foreign nations, predict that this place will have a steady growth, and that ultimately it will become one of the great commercial marts of the world.

We drop anchor in the stream, and before the chain has time to run out the steamer is surrounded by sampans. They are all alike, — two great eyes, a caboose amidships to shield passengers from sun and rain, painted white, with red stripes reaching from stem to stern. The boatmen speak broken English. “Melican man go with me.” The letter *r* is an insurmountable obstacle to him. “Me boat pidgeon.” “Me pidgeon row Melican man.” (It is my business to row an American.) Such the gibberish. They swing their broad-brimmed hats, flourish their tails, get into a fracas among themselves in their eagerness to make an engagement to take us ashore. It is better than witnessing a comedy at the theatre to lean over the rail of the steamer and study such a life scene. We are in no hurry to take a sampan. We are here to see China and the Chinese, and these are amusing spectacles.

In the course of half an hour the ship is warped up to the pier, and the boatmen leave us in disgust.



But a real comedy is before us, in which we take part. Now comes the contest for the luggage. Six men have possession of the trunk, four of the carpet-bag, and two are pulling at the roll of shawls. They surge to and fro; toes are crushed, pigtaails pulled, and ribs punched. Blows and kicks are freely given. There is an indescribable jargon. Two start off with the trunk, but others



BATTLE OF SHANGHAE.

hasten to the rescue. We let them fight awhile, and then charge bayonet with an umbrella. A few raps over the head, a vigorous push given to another, a kick at a third, and a commanding tone of voice, are sufficient to conquer a peace. Giving the traps into the hands of two, we leave the pier without further annoyance.

These battles are a part of a traveller's experience. Let the fellows fight awhile, and then he can assert his authority and give directions. It is so in all Eastern countries,—at Constantinople, Alexandria, and Canton as well as here.

A few minutes' walk brings us to the Astor House,

a building not quite so imposing as its namesake of New York, but clean and comfortable, with good fare, a courteous landlord and excellent landlady from Old England, who do their best to make our stay agreeable.

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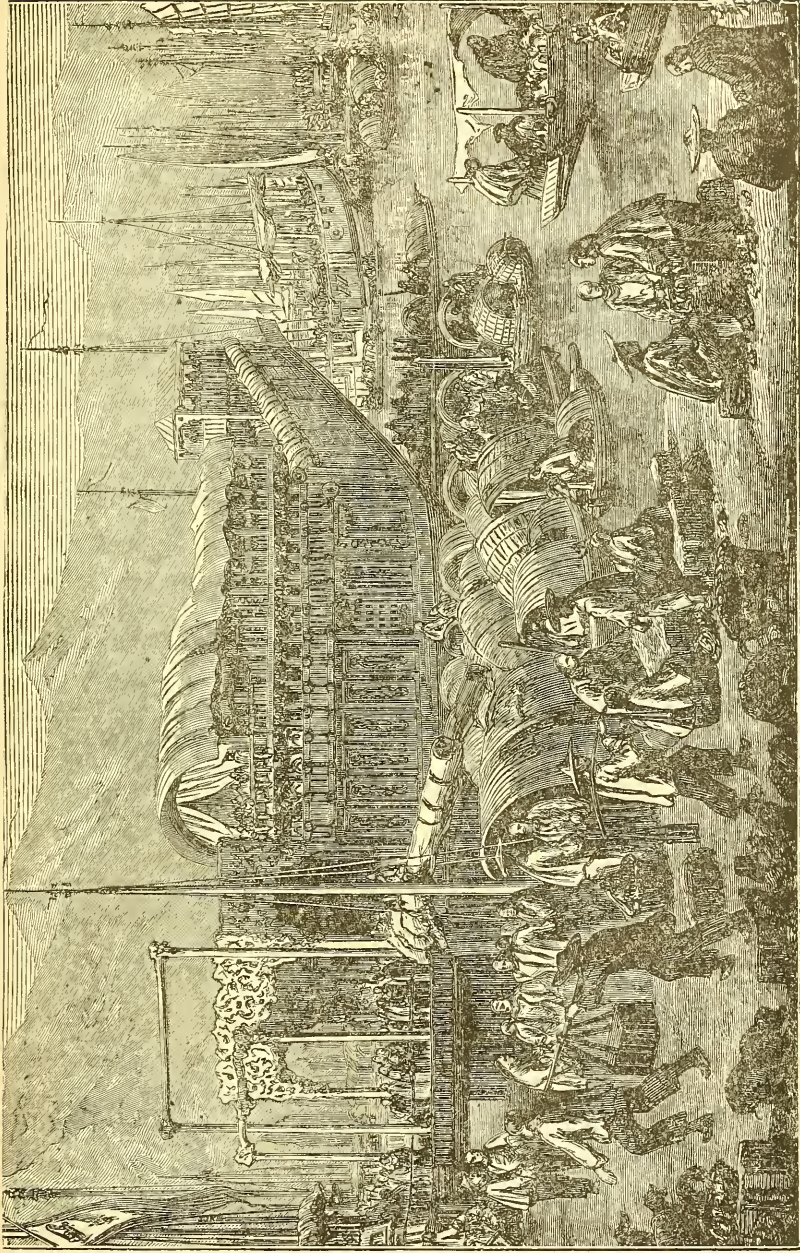
## CHAPTER XLII.

### IN THE CITY OF SHANGHAE.

FROM our window in the hotel we have a beautiful view not only of the English and French quarters, but of the harbor as well. The numerous war-ships, merchant-vessels, river and ocean steamers, tugs, junks, tea-lighters, canal craft, flower-boats, and sampans give the place a lively appearance. The hotel being situated in the American quarter on the quay, we have an excellent opportunity of observing this chief shipping port of China.

The tea-ships lie in the stream and receive their cargoes from lighters, or from boats which come down the canals. The Soochaw Creek enters the Wusung in front of the hotel, forming the boundary between the American and English quarters. Were we to take passage on the boat sailing past, we might go up the creek seventy miles to the city of Soochaw, containing more inhabitants than New York, and from thence up the imperial canal to the Yangtse, and on to Pekin; or, turning south, we could traverse an extensive territory, visiting large cities and towns, with villages always in sight. Shanghae being the shipping port for all this region, and having such superior communication by water with the interior, has become the busiest city in China.





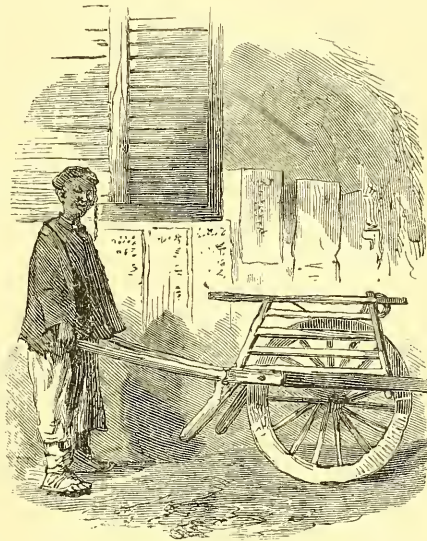
WATER VIEW NEAR SHANGHAI





The transportation of the empire is mainly carried on by water ; but in the mountainous districts donkeys and pack-horses are in use, and in the northern section two-wheeled carts.

In the cities and along the paths in the country one-wheeled barrows are used for the conveyance of passengers. They carry two persons, who sit cross-legged on a narrow board. No bells are needed to herald the coming of these public vehicles. The creaking of the wooden axles is so loud and sharp, so much like



CHINESE COACH.

the wail of a dumb animal in distress, that we are thankful when one has passed beyond our hearing.

The delta of the Yangtse, like that of the Mississippi, is raised but a few feet above the river. Marshy ground, fresh water five feet below the surface, and insufficient drainage are conditions not conducive to health ; and Shanghae is not a desirable place to live in. Foreigners endure it because of its advantages for trade. Missionaries make it their home, that they may benefit the millions around them.

It is not an attractive field for missionary effort. Christian virtues are not always manifested by sailors in

foreign ports. Jack ashore here takes quite as much liberty as when at home, and his deportment does not greatly commend Christianity to the Chinese.

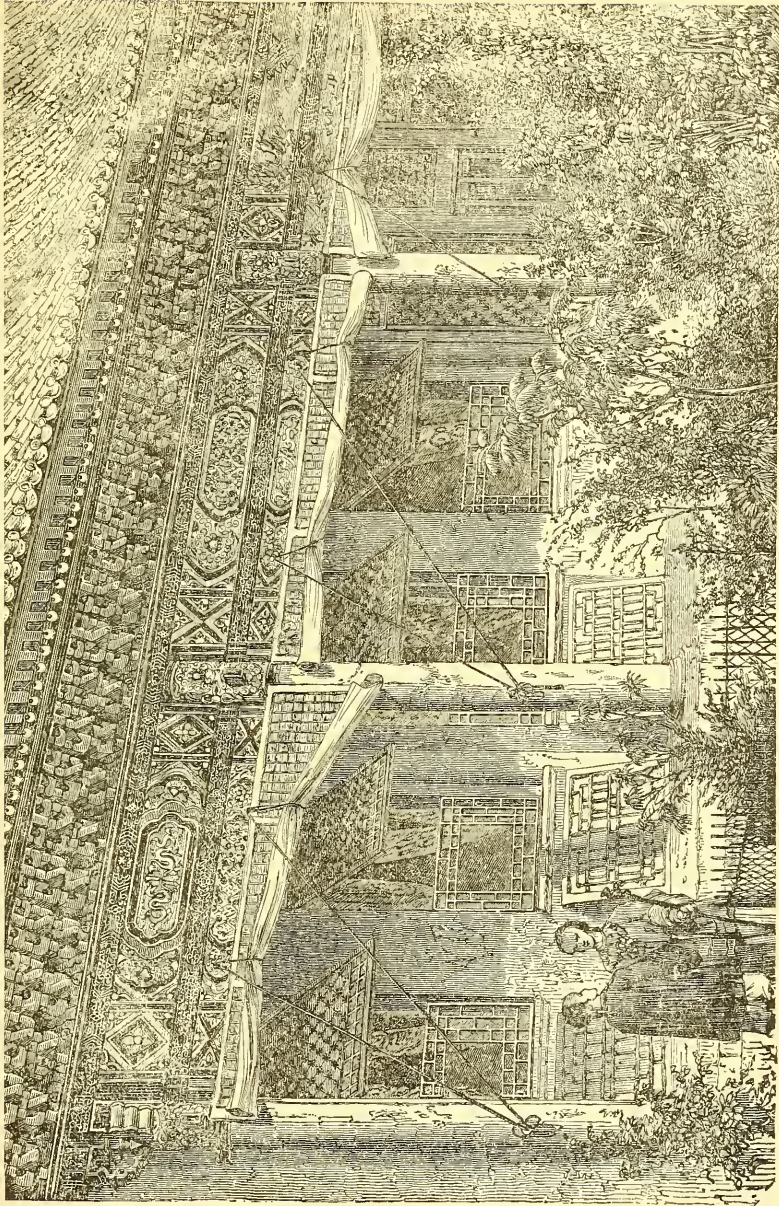
A sailors' chapel has been opened in the suburbs, on the southern bank of the river. It is a neat stone edifice, and forms a pleasing feature in the view from the hotel.

It is a pleasure to know that all sailors do not give loose reins to passion and appetite while in port. Accompanying the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Syle, on Sunday, we find an attentive congregation of about fifty bronzed tars. It is affecting to see them drop their dollars into the plate as they pass out after service, — money hard earned, but given freely to sustain the place of worship.

There are several American missionaries laboring among the Chinese, — Mr. Yates, Mr. Nelson, and Mr. Thomson; and although there are so many discouragements, their labor has not been without its reward. Many Chinese have accepted the Christian religion. Sunday services in English are held both in the English and American sections of the city. It is one of the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon, that wherever he goes he carries his institutions with him. The representatives of this sturdy race at Shanghae cannot get along without their church, their daily newspaper, race-course, billiard-tables, club, library, and reading-room, Masonic hall, yacht association, and societies for the promotion of knowledge. All of these are here, and well sustained. A Yankee is keeping a periodical store that would do credit to a Western city, where we can obtain all the best magazines and newspapers, as well as the issues of the English and American press. Foreigners come here to make money, but do not forego the conveniences and comforts of home.

With a gentleman to interpret for us we stroll through the city, looking into the shops and tea-houses of Hip





ENGLISH LEGATION.





Wo, Hop Kee, Tin Yuk, and Chung Wo. These are not the names of the proprietors, but of their establishments.

In the cities of the United States we have the Tremont House, the National Hotel, and Lone-Star Saloon. In England the Boar's Head, where Falstaff drank his "intolerable deal of sack," and the "Pig with the Poker." In Paris we may trade at the "Good Angel," or the "Poor Devil"; but here we are invited to patronize the "Heavenly Jewel," the "Sincerity and Faith," the "Everlasting Harmony." An apothecary keeps "The Hall of Everlasting Spring." This tea-house, with its benches filled by drinkers, is "The Chamber of Fragrant Almonds." The newspaper in the hands of this gentleman smoking a long-stemmed pipe is the *Lin Su Fang*, or "Phoenix of Talent." The rival house on the opposite side of the street is the "Golden Garden of All Peace."

The gentlemen sitting here at this noonday hour have come in to talk business. They do not at once plunge into it, but order their tea, converse awhile on other matters, and approach the subject of trade only after a profusion of flowery compliments.

In nearly every shop we see an inscription, — usually a moral aphorism from Confucius, who was the "Poor Richard" and Dr. Watts of China!

The inscriptions are on scrolls of red paper, with illuminated borders. From Bridgeman's book of Chinese Proverbs we select a few to show their character: —

"If the blind lead the blind, they will both go into the pit."

"A fair wind raises no storm."

"A man may be deprived of life, but a good name cannot be taken from him."

"Every man sees the faults of others, but cannot discern his own."

“ If the fence is strong the dogs will not get in.”

“ What is easily acquired is easily lost.”

“ Man contrives, but heaven decrees.”

“ A gem is not polished without rubbing, nor a man perfected without trials.”

“ A word spoken in the ear is heard a thousand miles off.”

“ Better not be than be nothing.”

“ Great humility is great honor.”

“ That which soars not high is not hurt by the fall.”

“ It is only the naked who fear the light.”

“ If what we see is doubtful, how can we believe what is spoken behind the back.”

We reach the liquor-shop of Shun Woo, the “ Faith and Charity ” saloon, while the proprietor is worshipping his deceased ancestors.

The entire front of the establishment is open, and we have an unobstructed view of the interior, — bottles of brandy, gin, whiskey, wine, and cordials, on the shelves, and in the centre of the room a table spread with plates of fish, one with a cold chicken, cups of boiled rice, plates of sweetmeats and delicacies. The shopkeeper and his family stand behind the tables. He lights two candles, and several incense sticks; and while the pleasant fragrance fills the room, he kneels, touches the floor with his forehead, rises, doubles up his fists, putting his knuckles together, raises them to his face, bows and kneels again, takes from the table a bunch of silver paper, sets it on fire, and stands in reverent attitude till it is consumed.

This religious ceremony which we have just witnessed is to be taken into account in all of our estimates and expectations for the future of this country. It will have to do with the introduction of railroads, the construction of telegraphs, and the advancement of civilization and Christianity.

Filial reverence is religion, and the worship of the dead is now the chief religion of the empire.

The Chinese believe that the world — China in particular — is the realm of light, and that after this is the world of darkness; that the dead stand in need of the same articles of food and clothing, as well as implements of industry, that they did in this. Coats, hats, shoes, money, boats, sampans, rice, fish, chickens, are needed there as here. As the dead have become invisible, they of course cannot eat, wear, or use anything tangible, but everything must be made invisible. There are no coats in that land, no hats, no sampans, but those who have gone there are entirely dependent upon their friends in this world. Those who are in the light cannot see into the darkness, but they, being in the darkness, can look out into the light and behold all the acts of the living, and it is in their power to reward those who feed and clothe them, and to afflict those who forget to relieve their necessities. The spirits, if neglected by the living, take their revenge by sending sickness and disease, in its various forms, not only upon their relatives, but upon the public generally. A dutiful son worships at the grave of his father, who rewards him with health and prosperity. It is a great misfortune for a Chinaman to die in a foreign land away from home, for then he is deprived of the benefits of the offerings of his relatives and descendants. We see, therefore, why it is that the Chinese in California send home the bodies of their countrymen who die there. They have a fund for that purpose. The dead would take vengeance upon them if they did not perform the filial act.

The government of the world of darkness is supposed to be a counterpart to that of China, from the emperor down to the mandarins of one button, and even to the policemen. They also believe that character is not

changed by death, but that a mandarin, a judge, a policeman, can be influenced in that land by bribes, just as in this world.

The ancestral tablet in this "Faith and Charity" saloon is a small red board, covered with characters setting forth the virtues of deceased ancestors. In old families, tablets are found dating back many centuries.

There are temples erected by wealthy men for the preservation of the tablets of their fathers, to which their own will be added after death. There are no edifices more sacred than these ancestral halls. We of the Western world trace with pride our connection with the family tree back to the ancient trunk which flourished on the soil of Old England, and in that "fast-anchored isle" the last thing which men part with in adversity is the old homestead. We cannot bear the thought of being forgotten after death. Our instinct of immortality ever utters its protest against annihilation. We want to be remembered. The heart-ache of Kirk White has been felt by millions. Mournful that exclamation of his, "Fifty years hence who will think of Henry!"

To secure immortality, to cause our names to be held in fond remembrance, we found schools and hospitals, put stained windows in churches, endow colleges, establish libraries, with the hope that we shall not be wholly forgotten when we have passed away. In like manner this ancestral worship appeals to the deepest instincts of the soul. It permeates society, and is the basis almost of the political system of the empire. It is the foundation of the law of inheritance, and to a great degree of the land tenure. The chief desire of the Chinaman is for children to bear his name, — a son who will care for him when he is dead, and make his existence comfortable and pleasant in the future life; for just in proportion to the reverence and devotion of the living will be



the happiness of the dead. A daughter is of but little account, hence woman's degradation.

It is the duty of the eldest son to perform these filial acts to the dead; hence the laws which give him the largest share of the estate, and that keep up the unequal distribution of property through succeeding generations. A man having been married a certain number of years, and having no son, may marry a second wife, or any number of wives, and thus polygamy becomes a civil institution. If a man dies without male issue, or becomes a Christian, or repudiates the worship of his ancestors, he consigns all of them, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, to beggary, and inflicts unknown miseries upon the living.

Rev. Mr. Yates says: "I have known a father threaten to take his own life in order to insure punishment upon his only son if he became a Christian!"

If one man offends another, the aggrieved will not seek revenge by taking the life of his enemy with revolver, rifle, or by arsenic, as some people are in the habit of doing in civilized lands, but will stab himself on the doorstep of his enemy, who, under the laws of China, will stand a chance of having his head chopped off!

To be beheaded is not only the severest punishment but the greatest disgrace that can happen to a man; for if a spirit appears in the world of darkness without a head, it is *prima facie* evidence, only the face is wanting, that he was a wicked fellow here, and he is at once given over by the mandarins of that world to be tormented by demons.

During the late rebellion both parties cut off the heads of those slain in battle, that they might be headless in the other world. The friends of those who were thus decapitated were accustomed to visit the battle-fields and unite the heads and bodies again. We are not informed

as to what the effect would be if a head was joined to the wrong body, making a composite man ! It must be rather queer for a person to find out that he had the brains, eyes, mouth, and nose belonging to somebody else, or discover that his body was not his own !

There are three great festivals during the year, when contributions and offerings are made for the dead who have no friends to care for them. It is estimated that the expenditure in this city for paper, shoes, boats, robes, hats, coats, and other articles of clothing for the comfort and happiness of the friendless dead, is not less than \$18,000 per annum. With this for a basis, there would be expended throughout the empire about thirty million dollars per annum in public charity. In addition every family has its own offerings to make. Allowing each family in the empire to spend one dollar and fifty cents per annum, and taking the population at four hundred millions, or eighty million families, with five persons to each household, we have one hundred and twenty million dollars expended in private offerings for the dead, or a total of one hundred and fifty millions, including public contributions. This amount goes out in flame and smoke burned for the benefit of the dead !

Yet this is not prompted by filial affection ; for the Chinese are not more affectionate than the people of the United States. This constant sacrifice for the dead is impelled by self-interest and fear, and not by reverence alone. The living are slaves to the dead. The generations of to-day are chained to those of the past.

A few steps farther along the street and we are at the shop of "Heavenly Benevolence," where articles for the dead are sold. A man with two large baskets suspended from a bamboo passes us, collecting the gifts that have been made for the benefit of deceased sailors, orphans, and all who have no living friends to care for them in

the future life. The articles have been exposed in front of the shops and houses during the day, that all may see how kind-hearted and benevolent the contributors are. Although the Chinese do not sound a trumpet before them, as did the Pharisees of old time, they make an ostentatious display of their benefactions.

As the evening approaches, the people gather, kindle a fire, and cast the gifts into the flames. Shall we smile at the idea? Was it not Friar Tetzels who declared that

as soon as the money chinked in the box, the imprisoned soul escaped from purgatory? Does not the greatest church in Christendom still hold to the doctrine that gifts of money for the saying of mass will transfer a spirit from purgatory to paradise? It is not well for us to ridicule the Chinese, in view of all the circumstances.



REMEMBERING DEPARTED FRIENDS.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## FUNG SHUEY.

CHINA is a land of superstitions. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at, for gross credulity still lingers in communities that call themselves most civilized. Not only in England, but in America, communities may be found which believe that when a murder is committed the innocence or guilt of all persons may be ascertained by compelling them to touch the body of the victim. If guilty, blood will ooze from the pores. A thunder-storm in this country is a sign that the emperor's ministers are in a quarrel, and when a fog comes on it is a sure indication that women are having an undue influence over public and private affairs! It is to be hoped that the affairs of our own country will not become foggy under the present movement of woman for an enlargement of her sphere of action.

The superstition which perhaps is almost as great a hindrance to progress as ancestral worship is Fung Shuey. The literal meaning of the term is "wind and water." To comprehend it we must understand the natural philosophy of these people, and become acquainted with their views of the phenomena of the seasons.

In speculating upon the philosophy of nature, beholding the putting forth of leaves at the approach of spring, the budding of fruits, the unfolding of flowers, before the breezes from the balmy south on the one hand, and on the other noticing the falling of leaves, the decay of vegetation before the north winds of the fall and winter, they have come to the conclusion that all genial and life-



giving influences are from the south, and all decaying and destructive influences are from the north. Goodness, virtue, happiness, joy, peace, prosperity, and long life are from the south, wafted on the gentle breezes; but the northern blasts blown by the devil, if not turned aside, will bring disaster, disease, and death.

They have not peopled the fields and woods, the mountains and valleys, with the nymphs and naiads of Grecian fables; Pan does not play his pipe; there are no dancing fauns or pretty sprites in their philosophy; but these climatic influences are incarnations, — good spirits from the south, bad ones from the north.

Somehow these influences cannot move east or west, but are compelled to advance in right lines from the north or south. They cannot turn a corner, and if any obstacle is placed in their path, they are effectually stopped.

We smile at the superstition, but to the Chinese it is reality and sound philosophy. It is a science, and there are numerous doctors of Fung Shuey, — men who are called *Sien Sangs*, who detect the causes of bad Fung Shuey and apply proper remedies.

Some months since the merchants in the city became alarmed at the falling off of business, and the Fung Shuey doctors were called upon to ascertain the cause. They met in solemn council. No consultation of country doctors over a desperate case of typhoid fever could be more grave than theirs. After a thorough canvass of the case, it was discovered that the north gate of the city had no walls before it to arrest the bad spirits, and that in consequence they had come in and played their pranks among the business men, causing stagnation of trade, failures, and hard times generally! The wall across the street was at once erected, and as the devils cannot turn a right angle, no more can get in by that portal!

With Rev. Mr. Yates for a guide, we walk down the comparatively clean streets of the French settlement, and enter the city by the northern gate. The walls are of brick, about twenty feet high. We pass some poor wretches who obtain their rice by picking up straws, sticks, and reeds from festering muck-heaps, which they dry and sell for fuel. By the entrance are itinerant venders of doughnuts, barbers, and fortune-tellers.

We are compelled to turn to the right, as we step inside, — a brick wall being built across the street.

“This wall is Fung Shuey,” says Mr. Yates.

A few steps farther, and he calls our attention to a basket dangling from a pole in front of a chamber window.

“That also is Fung Shuey.”

The basket was put up to catch any of the bad imps who might be aiming to get into the apartment.

Down the street a few rods we see a board fence built in front of windows which face the north, and are informed that the fence is Fung Shuey.

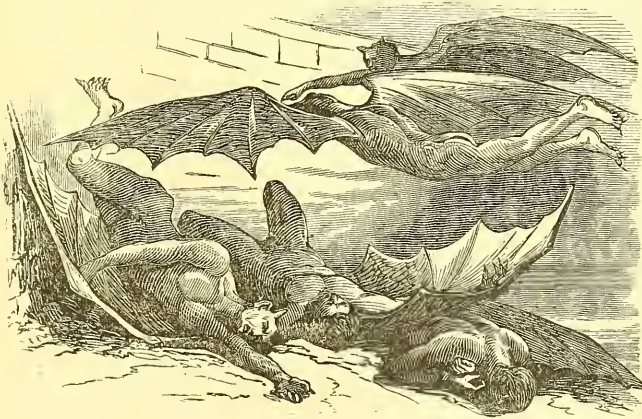
We notice a rude picture of a Chinese deity on the wall with a lamp burning before it, reminding us of the pictures of the Virgin on the walls of old Rome.

“More Fung Shuey.”

Our stroll takes us to the Mission church, a plain edifice with a Gothic tower; near by is the yamun, or palace of a mandarin. He calls our attention to its situation, and says, “Here we have some Fung Shuey which is connected with our church edifice.” While the city was besieged by the rebels the mandarin who occupied the palace near Mr. Yates’s church died, and all the Fung Shuey doctors said his death was caused by the tower of the church, which kept off the good spirits but let in the bad.

After the rebels were driven away, a deputation of officials waited upon the missionaries, and stated that, as

the tower had caused the death of a mandarin, no one was willing to come under its baleful influence, and that for the good of the community it must be torn down. The missionaries proposed to discuss the matter, but the officials declined the offer and appealed to higher authorities to remove the palace to some other quarter of the city. This was not granted. The doctors of Fung Shuey were then called in council, and it was finally decided to rebuild the edifice, which had been nearly destroyed by the rebels, in such a way that when the bad devils came down from the north they would strike the outer wall of the palace at a sharp angle, just as the current of a swift river strikes the cutwater of a clipper, and thus be turned aside. Perhaps the doctors fancied the imps would go plump against the church. Had we



FUNG SHUEY.

the philosophy of these people, and were our sight refined enough to penetrate the realm of these spirits, possibly we should see a heap of imps at the foot of the church-tower!

This superstition is universally believed in by the wisest mandarin of three buttons as well as by the poorest and most ignorant cooly, and the attempts of individuals to ward off bad spirits by the erection of fences, walls, baskets, and the planting of trees, to the detriment of their neighbors, leads to constant litigation. It must be borne in mind that Fung Shuey affects the dead as well as the living, and the greatest care is taken to protect graves from evil influences.

"Here," says Mr. Yates, "we get at the cause of the hostility of the Chinese to foreigners." We are innovators; we disturb Fung Shuey, keep out the good and let in a legion of bad spirits. We want to set up telegraph-poles, open coal-mines; and build railroads, which would disturb the dead; for if railroads are constructed, the Chinese will be compelled to gather up the bones of their fathers, put them in pots, and remove them to other localities.

With this insight into the religion of China, we can better comprehend the reason for the deadness of the empire. The people think constantly of the dead; every motive of action has reference to the reward or punishment they will receive from their ancestors. How can a nation advance while dragging a hundred generations? Their thoughts and aspirations are circumscribed by their slavish fear of the dead. An innovator—a man who does what the fathers did not do—perils the happiness of both the living and the dead. Foreigners are innovators, therefore to be resisted. Hence all advancement thus far has been made by superior force,—by the cannon's argument. Every treaty that has been made with foreign powers has been wrung from a government reluctant to disturb the old order of things. We see why missionaries have such up-hill work, and wonder at what they have accomplished; we see why the Chinese are



determined not to have railroads. The empire is a graveyard. Railroads are remorseless; they cut through the cities of the living and of the dead alike. A railroad running ten miles in China would disturb the whole spirit-realm. Unlucky strokes from spades might sever skulls from vertebræ in some ancestral burial-ground, and then there would be headless ghosts wandering through the land of darkness, and sickness, pestilence, calamity, and untold horrors would settle upon China. Firmness only on the part of the Western nations in the revision of the treaties will forward Christian civilization in this benighted land. China will advance only by pressure from without. The inertia of the mass is too great to move of itself along the path of modern civilization. When that screeching innovator, the locomotive, begins to move across the plains of this Flowery Land, ploughing up old bones, breaking the chains which bind the living to the dead, there will be hope for China. It will yet do for China what it is doing for India. It is a powerful missionary. Idols, caste, prejudices, sacred bulls, Brahmans, customs, religions, laws, governments, dynasties, pashas, mandarins, and kings are borne down by that great leveller. No other agent of civilization can be so potent in these Eastern lands, not even the press.

There is a strong anti-foreign party composed of mandarins, officials, and literary men, who fear that the introduction of machinery, with liberty for foreigners to go where they please, and carry on trade, will in the end diminish their power and influence. In October last the emperor sent a secret note to the governor-general of the two provinces of Kiangsi and Nganwhei, calling for his views in regard to the revision of the treaties with foreign powers.

This official, Tseng, who is a mandarin of high rank, and one of the ablest in the empire, has prepared a curious

document. He says that "the object of foreigners in coming to China and trading largely in goods is to follow out their nefarious devices of depriving others of advantages, and they wish to damage the merchants of China." He draws a picture of the deplorable condition of the empire, and attributes it to the throwing open of the treaty ports and the presence of foreign steamers, which have ruined trade and driven off junks.

He says: "If small steamers be allowed in the interior, native craft of every size, sailors, and pilots will suffer; and if they are allowed to construct telegraphs and railroads, owners of carts, mules, chairs, and inns, and the coolies, will suffer."

We do not wonder at such an expression; it is the same old cry which has been raised in every land against public improvements. What a prejudice Stephenson had to encounter in England before getting the first railroad started! Land-owners, turnpike-men, owners of fast horses, proprietors of stage lines, lords, dukes, and earls, opposed the introduction of railroads with just such arguments. The ablest lawyers of the realm, politicians in the Commons and peers in the House of Lords drew gloomy pictures of the ruin and distress which railroads would bring upon the country. And to-day the farm laborers of England are smashing mowers and reapers, because they compete, as they think, with manual labor.

But Governor-General Tseng is not altogether an old fogey. He is anxious to introduce foreign machinery into the coal-mines on the Yangtse and in the Northern Peninsula. The Chinese are mining the surface veins, and the coal, though of poor quality, is used by the river steamers in their downward trips. It is believed that veins lower in the strata will yield a better article. The governor-general says:—

“It would enrich China to borrow appliances for extracting coal, and it would appear to deserve a trial.”

The position which he would have the emperor take is summed up in the following sentence:—

“With respect to the points that are not highly obnoxious, we not only should not contend over them much; we should grant them, if asked. It is only as to railroads, steamers, salt, and residence in the interior for trade, as destructive to our people’s interest, that a strenuous fight should be made.”

It has been known, for some time, that there are gold deposits in the mountains of the Shangtung province, which lies north of Shanghae half-way to Peking. The mandarins have kept a close watch over the country, driving off all gold-seekers, dreading an irruption of red-shirted men from California and Australia. But the Chinese have at last broken loose. The people have set the officials at defiance, and have gone to work washing the gold from the streams. They are called the Cheefoo mines, and are easy of access. How extensive or how rich the deposit is not known. Should they prove to be rich, Tseng’s recommendations for keeping out foreigners will be of no avail. The Chinese themselves have caught the gold-fever. So many of them have been in California that they are keenly alive to anything relating to gold-mining. The mines bring business, and there are no sharper or shrewder men in the world than the Chinese.

“The best thing that could happen to China,” says a leading American merchant, “would be the introduction of a few thousand California gold-miners.” The irruption of such an element, if not too violent, would infuse new life into the dead mass.

In 1849 one of the high officers of the empire was sent into exile for publishing a geography, for eulogizing the character of Washington, and praising the

people of other lands, especially of the United States. Up to that time the Chinese believed that they were the mightiest people under the sun, the favored of Heaven. The emperor signed himself "Son of Heaven." There was no other country so grand. There was no south pole, no Antarctic continent. Their map of the world was like a shawl, China being the shawl and all other countries the fringe. This high official, the lieutenant-governor of Foochow, had come in contact with the American missionaries, acquired a knowledge of geography and history, and astonished his countrymen by issuing a work in ten volumes, with forty-two maps, which as completely upset old Chinese ideas as did the discovery of America those of the cardinals and prelates of the Church in 1492. The empire which, from all time, had been the great "Middle Kingdom" of the universe, was seen to be but a mere patch on the surface of the globe; and the high eulogy of the character of Washington, his patriotism, his prowess, placed him on a par with the old heroes of the empire, who flourished, according to Chinese chronology, four thousand years ago. The emperor was swift to take vengeance upon one who had thus degraded the empire and brought himself, the "Son of Heaven," down from his exalted position. The offender was sent into exile, and was only restored last year. One of the last official acts of Mr. Burlingame was the presentation to him of a copy of Stuart's picture of Washington. He is now in office again at Peking.

There is not much strength in the Imperial government, and we have met men here who say that it cannot last long, that it will soon fall to pieces, that the disintegrating elements at work are increasing in force. When Mr. Burlingame started from Peking, on his foreign mission, he was in danger of capture by banditti, and was obliged to send to Tientsing for an escort of marines.



The marauders are still having things their own way. It is reported that the Southwest Province, Yunan, has set up a government of its own, and we have intelligence that the Mohammedans of the western provinces have thrown off allégiance to the emperor, and are waging war against idolatry. This is in China proper, territory which lies east of the ninety-ninth meridian. Beyond that are Thibet and Turkestan, which are nearly as large as all the rest of the empire, that have paid tribute for many years, but now have broken loose from the Manchu dynasty.

These events are regarded as the beginning of a complete dissolution. But, on the other hand, the Pekin government is undoubtedly stronger to-day than it was when the Taepings were besieging Shanghai, were in possession of the whole valley of the Yangtse and rioting in the imperial city of Nankin. The lopping off of the tributary countries may give strength instead of producing weakness. The danger of the empire lies in the independence and authority of the governor-generals of the provinces, who do pretty much as they please, piling on taxes and plundering the people for their own benefit.

The Pekin government has made a good beginning. The appointment of foreigners in the customs; the establishment of the College of Pekin, with Rev. Dr. Martin, an American missionary, at its head; the appointment of Mr. Burlingame; the general friendliness toward foreigners, especially Americans, augurs well for the future of China and the advancement of American interests.

In our outlook toward the future, the part which Russia is playing in the East must not be forgotten. Her influence is powerful in Mongolia. The caravan trade between China and the chief towns of Siberia is immense. At the proper season of the year it is not a difficult journey to Kiachta. Couriers are sent from Pekin

every week with telegraphic despatches, which are transmitted from that place. By that route the information of Mr. Burlingame's appointment was sent to the United States. General Ignatieff, the moving spirit of Russian diplomacy at the present time, was formerly Minister at Peking. Before his appointment to this post he had military command in Central Asia. He understands China and the Chinese, and, under the ever-aggressive Muscovite policy, the forces of Russia, civil and military, are creeping constantly nearer to the Great Wall. It was under Ignatieff's policy that the vast region north of Corea was annexed to Russia. The arms of the Czar are triumphant at Bokhara. Mountain ranges and deserts are not formidable obstacles to a people whose home is among northern ice-fields, whose banners have waved over Paris, who held the Malakoff so many months against the combined forces of England, France, Italy, and Turkey. In the course of time the Western nations may look for the quiet transfer of Mongolia to Russia. China can make no fight against anybody. There is not force enough in the body politic to create an army able to contend against the disciplined troops of Western nations; and whenever Russia sees it for her interest to extend her Mongolian frontier, there will be no resistance.

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## CHAPTER XLIV.

### FESTIVALS.

TO the native watchman of Shanghae, especially to him whose beat is around our hotel, Dogberry's address is most appropriate: "You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch."

Through the night we hear the sound of his bamboo staff upon the pavement, beating the ground to let all rogues know that he is about. With the thumping of the bamboo and the croaking of several hundred thousand frogs without, and the singing of five hundred thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine million mosquitoes within, we have little sleep! The census of croakers and singers, like that of the four hundred millions of people in the empire, is not supposed to be exact, but only an approximation towards the true number. The soloists and grand chorus of the amphibious minstrels, and the multitudinous voices of the winged choir, are musical in comparison to the jargon between the watch and several "vagrom men," who persist in hallooming and howling on this grand festival night dedicated to dragons.

There are numerous festivals, held at different seasons of the year, in honor of deities and dragons. The epidemics which sometimes sweep over this delta in summer are believed to be under the control of the "Five Emperors," whose temple we saw at Canton. These Emperors are devil deities, who



"BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE."

send forth their messengers in various forms to poison the air.

To ward off such calamity it is necessary to propitiate their good-will. There are two classes whose favor must be won, the white and lofty and the black and dumpy demons. They are hollow figures. The first named are twelve to fifteen feet high, with tall hats and white robes. They are carried by men who walk within them, wholly concealed from view.

The demons of darkness are like dwarfs at a masquerade, clothed in black. These images are borne by boys, who, like their fellow-spirits in white, are concealed within the hideous figures.

The procession passes through streets, avenues, byways, fields, and gardens, and the Emperors thus honored are supposed to withdraw their messengers of evil. But notwithstanding all this, malarious diseases prevail at Shanghae and in other parts of the delta during the summer. Fevers are frequent, and cholera sometimes makes frightful ravages.

The transitions from heat to cold are sudden. In spring and autumn a change of  $20^{\circ}$  in a few hours is not uncommon. The annual rain-fall is about fifty inches. In July and August the air is saturated with moisture, and showers are frequent. Our boots, that have been in a closet twenty-four hours, are covered with green mould; the linen in our trunks is breaking out with yellow spots; books become musty. Fires are kindled on rainy days to dry up the dampness, and every moment of bright sunshine is improved to air clothing. Foreigners who can get away run over to Japan or up to the hills of Cheefoo, in Northern China; but the Chinese take the means already described to drive off the bad spirits that produce all this dampness, mouldiness, and accompanying sickness.



The display on this festival day is not alone in the streets of the town, but every Chinese boat on the river is decorated.

When at Canton we thought that in no other part of the world could there be found so great a collection of sea-going and river craft, but Shanghae takes the palm. Boats are here that were built under the shadow of the Himalayas and the mountains of Thibet, or came through the grand canal from the Yellow River, bringing to market the productions of Tartary. They are packed a hundred deep, in lines; moored in blocks like the squares of a city, with passage-ways — water streets — between them, through which in a sampan we work our way.

To count them would be a hopeless undertaking; we can only reckon them by the acre or square mile. Up and down, as far as we can see, they are fastened to the bank, anchored in the stream, or tied to each other. It is a city of boats, the floating homes of a multitude of people.

From every mast there waves "a banner with a strange device," — dragons spitting fire, gods with goggle-eyes; escutcheons emblazoned with mottoes from Confucius and other sages of this Flowery Land.

Reaching the landing, we take a look at the native city. The streets are filthy. Fertilizers are collected, not in closely covered carts, for no cart was ever seen inside the walls of this old town. Coolies ladle the contents of vaults and cesspools into open buckets at midday. The perfume of peach-bloom, hyacinth, and heliotrope is certainly more fragrant, though not so powerful, as the odors in this old city of Shanghae.

It being a festival day, many of the shops are closed, and the citizens are drinking tea, smoking, playing cards, or, if of a literary turn of mind, reading novels or books of poems.

The modern literature of China consists mainly of the history and geography of their own land, and of fiction and poetry.

In the bookstores may be obtained novels which are quite as useful and entertaining as many published in the United States. Here too we may purchase the works of the most popular modern poet of their country, Lin, who was born at Foochow in 1787. He was distinguished not only as a scholar and poet, but as an officer of the government. He was prefect of Canton in 1838, and destroyed the twenty thousand chests of opium delivered to him by the English. He appears to have been an efficient officer, and carried out his instructions with so much vigor that he was degraded and sent into exile in the extreme northwest province of the empire, on the borders of Tartary. The title conferred upon him by the emperor while he was in favor was "The Literary and Faithful." He died in 1851. A volume entitled the "Eagle-Shooting Turret," containing selections from his writings, was published soon after his decease.\*

While in exile he received the portrait of his wife, who was an estimable and highly educated lady, but who had a paralyzed hand, to which allusion is made in the sweet and tender lines written upon the receipt of the picture:—

"Like the wild waterfowls, in mutual love  
Each upon each dependent, did we move ;  
But now, grief-stricken, a poor, lonely man,  
I roam in desolate exile ! Still the ban  
Of separation is less hard from thee,  
Beloved ! than would the horse-hide cement † be !

\* Transactions of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. Part III. 1851, 1852.

† Ma Yuen, a hero of the Han dynasty, in order to show his devotion to his country, exclaimed: "Let me die in battle, and my corpse be wrapped up and sent home in a horse's hide."

Why should I weep? — I breathe the mountain air,  
 Although a herdsman's humble garb I wear.  
 Yet I must weep, for my mind's troubled eye  
 Sees thee on suffering's couch of misery ;  
 Thy gay co-metics all neglected, — thou  
 Dost never seek the flattering mirror now ;  
 Yet thy fair characters, in verse outpoured,  
 Have raptured all my soul, — mine own adored !  
 I see thee, welcome thee, in every line  
 Whose every pencil touch, dear wife ! is thine !

Oft think I of thy shrivelled hand again !  
 Well may it guide a melancholy pen !  
 Shall it not be restored ? the wondrous gem  
 Shines on thy verses, spiritualizing them  
 As with a heavenly agency.\*

Grass of gold †

Thou scatterest ; and thy mystic strains unrolled  
 Make my heart vibrate. There's a power in song  
 Stronger than sorrow ; was not Tsai Liuen ‡ strong  
 In all her grief ? how blest, my wife ! to hear  
 Thy heart-thoughts poured so sweetly in mine ear,  
 As if thy very soul were stamped in strains  
 Of truth and love, to lighten all my pains."

This grand festival day is brought to a close by the burning of innumerable fire-crackers, joss-sticks, and gilt paper for the benefit of friends in the spirit-world. Families invite their friends to dine with them at a neighboring tea-house, or on a flower-boat, and thus the entire day is given to pleasure.

\* The wondrous gem refers to the sudden cure of a deformity of the hand, which is reported to have happened to a wife of Kow Kwo, under the Han dynasty.

† This refers to the lanceolated strokes formed by the Chinese pencil in writing, and which are much admired.

‡ Tsai Liuen was a fairy, who married a man called Wan Süh. She wrote poetry to support herself, and bore her misfortunes with much serenity.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## ROMANISM IN CHINA.

ACCOMPANIED by our landlord, we ride through the English settlement, strike into the Soochow road, pass the limits of the city, and gain the open country. The fields and gardens are swarming with men and women at work with hoes among the young cotton-plants. The country is intersected with canals, and in all directions we see white sails apparently moving along the surface of the land. People of all conditions are abroad, — wealthy gentlemen and merchants in sedans; coolies going to market, carrying baskets filled with garden products; English sportsmen trying their horses on the race-course; half a dozen sailors having a jolly time at a beer-shop.

The picture would be incomplete were we to leave out a poor beggar lugging the decaying carcass of a cat, so long dead that it taints the air.

“What have you there, John?”

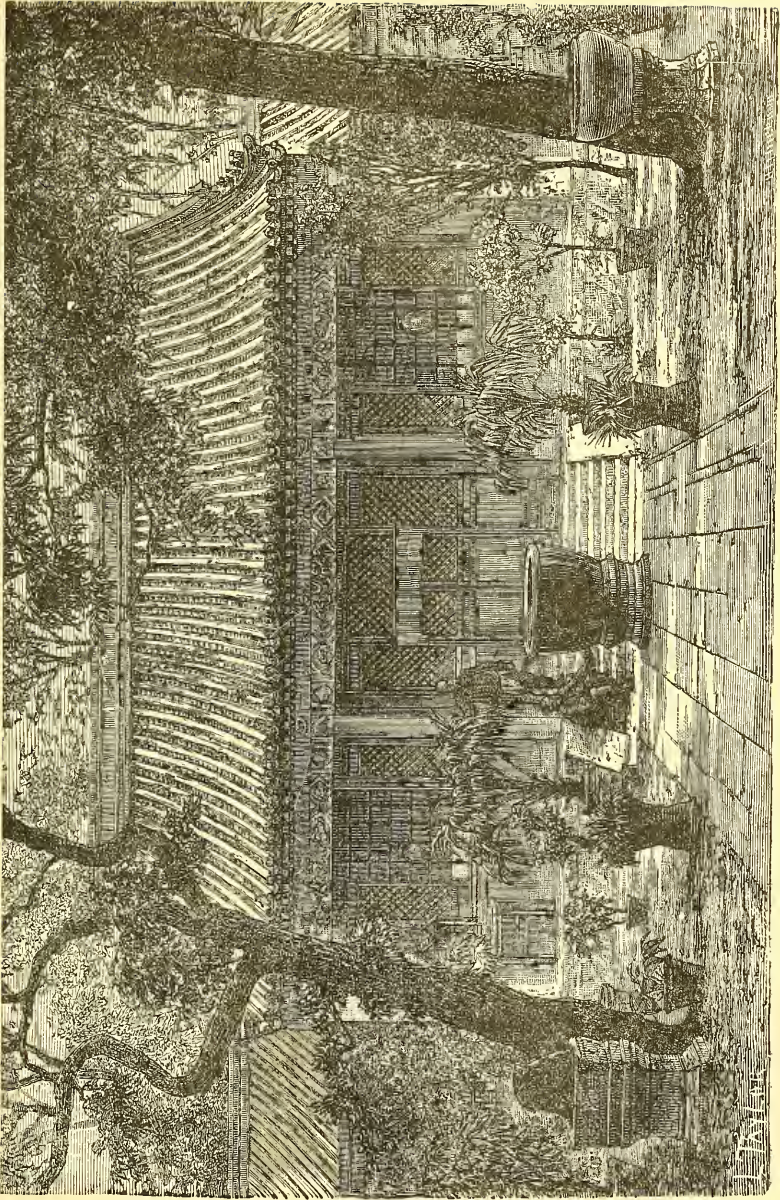
“Chow chow!”

A broad grin lights up his tawny face as he holds up his prize. It is not often that he tastes animal food, but to-day he is going to have a meat dinner!

Our way is through a cemetery. Graves are all around us. The masonry of the ancient tombs crumbled long ago, but the grass-grown mounds remain, undisturbed from century to century.

We notice a common receptacle for children who die before they are old enough to have their heads shaved. It is a structure fifteen or twenty feet square, covering a deep well that contains the decaying dust of thousands





MONASTERY CHAPEL



of infants. The child who dies without having his head shaved, not being entitled to a coffin, is reckoned a non-entity ; but if he lives to have the hair braided, he is entitled to respect after death. It is his badge of honor. He has the *queue* of life.

Farther on we come to a Foundling Hospital established by the Jesuits, a spacious brick building, four stories in height, with a church edifice attached. Looking through the gateway of the enclosure, we see a troop of boys in the garden, — foundlings, orphans, and some who have been purchased of their parents to be trained for the church.

The interior of the church is small ; it has marble floors, altars along the walls, poor pictures of scenes in the life of Christ and the Saints, tawdry paper flowers, and a great show of tinsel around the high altar. At one of the side chapels a Chinese youngster is kneeling, kissing the tiles, dipping his fingers in the holy water, and making the sign of the cross. The prayers are in Latin, — just about as intelligible to these children as Cherokee or Choctaw. As it is not necessary for the worshipper to understand what he is mumbling, he might as well repeat a stanza from Mother Goose. And yet, for all this, Romanism is doing a work in China which will be more clearly seen years hence than at the present time, — that of bringing the people to acknowledge the existence of one God. The great advantages obtained by the French priests, — the adroitness, energy, perseverance, unflagging zeal, and wealth of the church on account of the restoration of property confiscated two hundred years ago, — all these combined influences will go far toward making Catholicism the dominant religion of the empire. In this hospital we have a good illustration of the far-sightedness of the Catholic clergy. They have great schemes for the future. These children have been

forsaken by fathers and mothers, and the priests have taken them up. They will be trained for the church, will have a livelihood, which in this country is an important matter, and their power will soon be felt as teachers, priests, and missionaries, throughout the land.

The influence of Rome in China dates back to the year 1288, when Pope Nicholas IV. sent Corvino, an Italian, to labor as a missionary in this country. He built a church at Peking, and baptized several thousand persons. Intercourse between Rome and China was overland in those days. It was a long, uncertain journey. Affairs in Europe occupied the attention of the Popes, and their missionaries in the East were neglected, and little was accomplished. It was not till 1581 that the attempt was renewed of converting the Chinese to Christianity. In that year Ricci, an Italian, reached Canton, disguised as a Buddhist priest. He began his work cautiously, was well received, and in time assumed his true character. No obstacle was placed in his way by the government or people. Other priests were sent out under the control of the Jesuits. Success attended their efforts. Ricci was a shrewd man, and cultivated the friendship of the Chinese. The *Anecdotes de la Chine* has a notice of the labors of this preacher of the faith, which, if true, allows us to conclude that his Christianity was not of a high order. The author of the work, himself a Romanist, says:—

“The kings found in him a man full of complaisances, the pagans a minister who accommodated himself to their superstitions, the mandarins a politic courtier, and the Devil a faithful servant, who, far from destroying, established his reign among the heathen, and even extended it to Christians!”

He adopted the practice of sacrificing to Confucius and the ancestors, and placed a cross wreathed with flowers among the idols in the temples. Converts multiplied,



and monasteries, convents, and churches were established in many places.

Up to this period the Jesuits had control of the church in China, but the contest between that order and the Dominicans in Europe for supremacy extended to this country and raged fiercely. Plots and counter-plots were laid. The Jesuits intrigued in political affairs. The governments of Europe at this time were expelling the order. They were driven from France in 1593; from Venice, 1606; Poland, 1607; and Bohemia, 1619.

From the earliest records of authentic history, the Chinese government has been tolerant of all religions. The people might believe what they pleased, worship after their own inclination, preach any faith, provided it did not interfere with the government.

The priests, after the death of Ricci, which occurred in 1610, were wanting in worldly wisdom. The principles of the order made them arrogant. They demanded obedience of their converts to themselves rather than to the government.

An emperor came to the throne in 1723 who determined to rule. A large number of priests were banished, and edicts passed ordering the few who were permitted to remain at Canton to give no cause for complaint. Some of those who were exiled returned. They were subjected to persecution, and the property of the church confiscated, but they were never wholly driven out.

When the French brought forward the treaty lately signed between France and China, one article stipulated that all the property confiscated two hundred years ago should be restored to the Jesuits.

“It is impossible,” said the emperor’s ministers.

“It must be done,” was the reply of the French commission.

“Who can tell where it was situated? How can it be

identified? There have been great commotions,—a great many changes since then. We cannot find it,” said the ministers.

“Of course there may be some difficulty; but if the Fathers of the church can identify the property, your Highnesses will restore it?” said the bland commissioners.

“O yes; if they can show that it was once owned by the church,” was the reply; and the article went into the treaty.

A few months later the “Fathers” appeared at Peking with a great bundle of title-deeds and documents, yellowed by time, and mouldy from their long repose in the archives of the Propaganda at Rome!

The emperor’s ministers were confounded, but there was no help for it; and so the church to-day is in possession of immense estates in nearly every city of the empire.

In Shanghai there are long ranges of buildings in the heart of the city which have been restored under that article of the treaty. The income from these estates is very large.

The difference in ceremony between the religion of the Chinese and that of the Catholic Church is so slight that the Roman Church finds it easy to make converts. Incense, candles, and lamps are always burning before the idols of the temples, just as before the altars of Rome. The priests appear in yellow robes, recite prayers in concert, or responsively, with such intonations as are heard in St. Peter’s.

Paper flowers adorn the altars, and there is bowing, kneeling, passing from the left to the right, from right to left, as in the Catholic ceremonial.

A Chinaman entering a Protestant church sees no images or pictures, and he comes to the conclusion that the Protestants are altogether godless; but he enters

a Jesuit church and sees a better class of images than those he is accustomed to worship, and pictures more beautiful than those upon the walls of his own temples. Romish priests are more gorgeously arrayed than those who minister at the altar of Buddha, and he inhales sweeter incense than that ascending from joss-sticks. The music of the choir and the deep-toned organ is more pleasing than the rub-a-dub of drums. Is it any wonder that the churches are thronged at morning mass or at the hour for vespers ?

A gentleman at Shanghai, who speaks the language, has travelled through several of the provinces dressed as a Chinaman, and has had excellent opportunities for observation, says, "Of the missionary effort put forth in China, at least ninety per cent is by the Catholics."

The French minister has been pressing the Imperial government in another direction. He has obtained a decree permitting the priests to decide all questions of law between Chinese Catholics and those who still adhere to the Chinese religion. Secretly and persistently Rome is laboring to obtain possession of China.

In 1846 there were twelve bishops, seven coadjutors, eighty foreign Jesuit missionaries, and ninety native priests employed. The number of converts at that time was not far from four hundred thousand. It is estimated there are now more than seven hundred thousand.

They are baptized, required to attend mass and the confessional, and contribute to spread the gospel. They must abjure all their old idols, but may worship Mary and the Saints.

The converts are supplied with saintly charms. These are worn about their persons, and have power to protect them from dragons. Superstition, old beliefs, and ceremonials are so artfully interwoven with the superior attractions of the new religion, that there are multitudes

ready to accept it. Protestants must be prepared to see a rapid development of the Roman Catholic religion in this quarter of the globe.

The Protestant religion has made slow progress, and we do not wonder at it. The first effort towards introducing it was made by Dr. Morrison in 1807. He had first to acquire the language, then translate the Bible, which, when translated, is not easy of comprehension by the Chinese. Christian ideas cannot well be conveyed by the Chinese language, for want of proper terms, and a great portion of Biblical history is incomprehensible, because of its allusions to rites, ceremonies, and customs with which they are unacquainted. The opening of Mark's Gospel, in our translation, is as follows : —

“The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.”

“This,” says Mr. Nevius, “seems perfectly simple to us, and it may appear strange to some that any difficulty can be found in it; but almost every word is an enigma to a Chinaman. According to the Chinese idiom the translation runs thus :—

“‘God's Son Jesus Christ Gospel beginning.’

“The word ‘God’ suggests a thousand deities, supernal and infernal, but certainly not the God of the Bible. . . . The names of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, are translated by Chinese characters resembling, as nearly as possible, the sounds of the original, and representing simply foreign names without meaning or associations. ‘Gospel’ is translated by two characters meaning respectively ‘happiness’ and ‘sound,’ but the combination is a new and peculiar one, and it would be difficult for the un-instructed reader to tell with certainty its meaning. The last word, ‘beginning,’ which is evidently connected with the two preceding it, forming the expression ‘happiness, sound, beginning,’ affords no assistance towards making



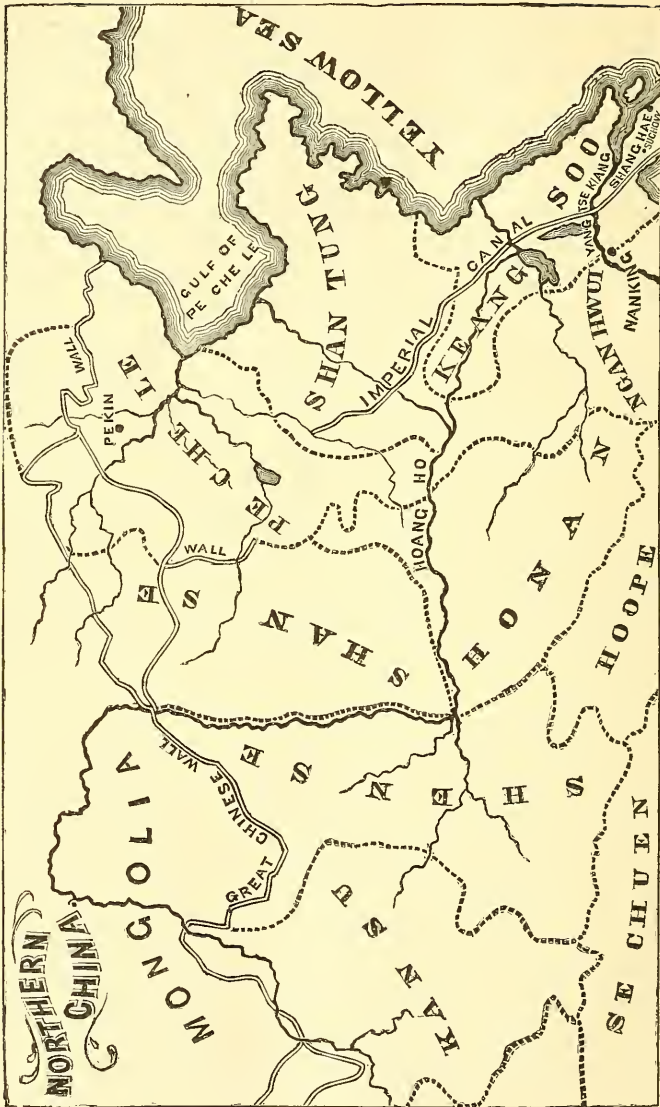
it intelligible. Each of the following verses, looked at from the Chinese stand-point, presents similar difficulties, and is liable to some other misconception."

A foreigner, attempting to acquire the Chinese language, and discouraged by his futile efforts, declared that it must have been invented by the Devil. It is abstract, hard, uncouth. Years of constant practice are required to enable one to comprehend it. To translate the Bible, and make it intelligible to the natives, was a difficulty which had to be surmounted at the outset.

Morrison labored seven years before he found a convert, and the first church was not gathered till twenty-eight years after he commenced teaching. Then came the opium war. The forcing of the drug upon the empire by a nation calling itself Christian prejudiced the people against the new religion. Foreign shipmasters and merchants were supposed to be Christians, but their morality often was of a lower grade than that taught by Confucius. Their deportment did not commend Christianity. Notwithstanding all this, the progress made by the Protestant missionaries has been quite rapid during the last few years.

The number of missionaries in China in 1865 was one hundred and eighty-seven. Of these ninety-two were American, seventy-eight English, and seventeen German. The present number of native church-members is not far from three thousand. About two hundred native preachers and teachers are employed. No theological school has yet been established for the training of preachers, and the native helpers have no commentaries or other books to enable them to explain the Bible. But the Chinese are a reading people, and the leaves of Scripture scattered here and there are read till worn out.

Protestantism as yet has only obtained a foothold. Its success lies all in the future.



## CHAPTER XLVI.

## UP THE YANGTSE.

THE Yangtse-kiang is one of the largest rivers of the globe, surpassed in grandeur only by the Amazon and Mississippi. Some geographers have placed it fourth on the list, giving the third place to the Nile, but the flood poured out by the Yangtse is far greater than that which flows from the plateau of Central Africa into the Mediterranean. Its source is three thousand miles distant from the ocean, among the mountains of Thibet.

That region has not yet been reached by explorers, and it lies temptingly before the geographer, naturalist, and traveller. It is almost the only portion of the globe which has not been traversed by scientific men. The river is navigable for ships of the largest size to Hankow, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. Sea-going steamers can ascend about eleven hundred miles, while light-draft, flat-bottomed river steamers, it is believed, can ascend to the very base of the Himalayas.

It is the great artery of the empire and its grand highway of commerce. Like all rivers which flow through countries where the rain-fall is large, it is subject to great changes. The water begins to rise in March and attains its highest level in July, when, like the Mississippi, it submerges the lowlands. Frequently there is great destruction of property, but the annual inundation has its compensating features in the fertilizing deposits left behind when the waters recede.

This mighty stream is to be in the future, far more than now, an avenue for foreign trade. Great cities stand

upon its banks. The mercantile marine afloat upon these waters transports the merchandise of two hundred and fifty millions of people.

The English were first here with heavy sea-going steamers drawing twelve to fifteen feet of water; but enterprising Americans brought out such boats as navigate the Hudson, and by their superior speed, carrying capacity, and economy have driven the English from the river.

At four o'clock in the morning, while the dawn is lighting the eastern horizon, the Kiang Loon, "the River Dragon," swings from its moorings, and we go down the Wusung with the tide, wheel into the broad estuary of the Yangtse, bound for the heart of China.

The commander, Captain Friend of Gloucester, Mass., has been navigating the stream so long that he is as familiar with its windings, eddies, currents, sand-bars, and mud-banks as a Cape Cod skipper with his own coast.

Our destination is Hankow, and we have one hundred and fifty miles to make before reaching the most northern bend. Running at times close in shore, we see creeks, inlets, and canals leading through the green meadows in all directions. We might sail hundreds of miles through this delta, finding canals and water-ways as numerous and intricate as the highways and byways of the country towns of New England. There are numerous lakes, larger than Winnipisaukee or Champlain, or those of Central New York, navigable for steamers as capacious as those which ply on the Ohio River.

Fishermen are watching their nets along the banks. They do not like the steamers of the foreigners, for they believe that the fish are frightened from their old haunts by the plashing of the paddles.

We meet the Plymouth Rock, bound for Shanghae, loaded to the water's edge with twenty thousand chests



of tea ; but there is little to attract attention till we are seventy-five miles on our way. The first place of any importance is Kiang Yang, a large walled town, picturesque with its ancient fortifications, temples, and a seven-storied pagoda, that was reared centuries ago. Shrubs and grasses are growing in the crevices of the crumbling stone. The city lies along the river-bank, with suburbs extending to a range of green hills in the distance. The whitewashed cottages and temples, the yellow flags floating from tall staffs illuminated with dragons, the inlets and creeks filled with junks and smaller boats, with blue mountains far away in the north, make up the strange but pleasing picture.

Farther on we behold a range of mountains looming in the south, but lowering to cliffs along the river. On their summits are tall pagodas, that were reared by wealthy men of ancient times as holy places, or as memorials of their benevolence.

Rounding a bluff, we sweep on toward the southwest, passing towns where crowds of people in blue blouses and broad-brimmed hats stare at us from the doors of their houses and the decks of their junks. There are no mansions and church edifices,—features such as lend a charm to an American or European landscape,—but small houses with tiled roofs, standing on narrow, dirty streets.

The broad plains and verdant meadows, the fields, hedgerows, clustered trees, cottages half hid beneath the foliage, blue smoke curling upward, people in the fields, present a picturesque scene ; but in China, as well as in other lands, “ distance lends enchantment to the view.”

We have already learned that poverty and degradation is the lot of a large portion of the Chinese.

The first stopping-place for our steamer is at Ching Kiang, a large walled town on the southern bank. Below

it is the rock Ts'ioo, which rises abruptly four hundred feet above the stream. Its sides are clothed with foliage, and its summit crowned with Buddhist temples.

The city of Ching Kiang occupies an important point on the river. Its name signifies "River Guard," and it commands the Yangtse and the grand canal.

About one hundred miles south of Shanghae is the great city of Hang-chow, on a large stream which comes down from the hills of the eastern provinces. At that city the canal commences. It runs across the meadows in a northwesterly direction to Soochow, a city about seventy miles west of Shanghae, and thence to this city, connecting with the Yangtse.

There are no obstacles north of the river, and so the imperial water-way—this noble work of the ancients—reaches a hundred miles farther to the Hoang-ho or Yellow River, and thence continues to Peking. We have said that it goes to the Yellow River, but it is a statement which needs to be explained. The Hoang-ho is a capricious stream. Formerly it emptied into the Yellow Sea, but recent explorations show that by far the largest volume of water runs north into the Gulf of Pecheli. This statement is confirmed by Rev. Dr. Martin, now at the head of the Peking University, who has travelled extensively over Northern China.

We might step on board one of these river boats, spread the lateen-sails, turn up the canal, at the northern bend of the Yangtse, and come out at Peking, or at any one of the fifty outlets along the coast, or, gaining the main channel of the Yellow River, work our way one thousand miles due west from the sea, then, turning north four hundred miles, pass the great wall, enter Mongolia, sail three or four hundred miles in that country, re-enter China, and traverse the northwest provinces of the empire.

As yet nothing is known as to the practicability of navigating these northern streams by steam, but here are junks loaded with salt for the Manchus of Tartary, also boats bound for Peking. During the war between the Allies and China the city of Ching Kiang was taken by the naval forces, and the whole northern provinces felt the blow at once, for it stopped all trade between the north and south.

It was this which probably did more than anything else towards bringing the Chinese government to accept the terms of the English.

The town of Kwa-chow, on the northern bank opposite Ching Kiang, is a great salt port. Foreign vessels are not allowed to transport the article, and the trade is wholly in the hands of the government, which derives a large revenue from the custom receipts. The salt trade at this port gives employment to eighteen hundred junks, manned by thirty thousand sailors.

A portion of the people are averse to any further opening of the interior waters to foreign steamers, which are prohibited from towing native boats. When the current is strong it takes a junk six weeks to run from this point to Hankow, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, though it is easily accomplished by steamer in two days. The complaint is that the introduction of American boats has already deprived twenty-five thousand men of employment. Notwithstanding this hostility, the native merchants and speculators always travel by steamer. The Kiang Loon is crowded with them.

The crop of tea for the year is just coming to market, and the dealers are as lively as any class of merchants in America. They have an immense amount of treasure on board, — Spanish dollars and Sycee silver ingots, in the shape of a woman's shoe, besides about seventy tons of copper cash!

Bills of exchange are coming into use among the leading traders of the seaboard cities, but those in the interior prefer specie.

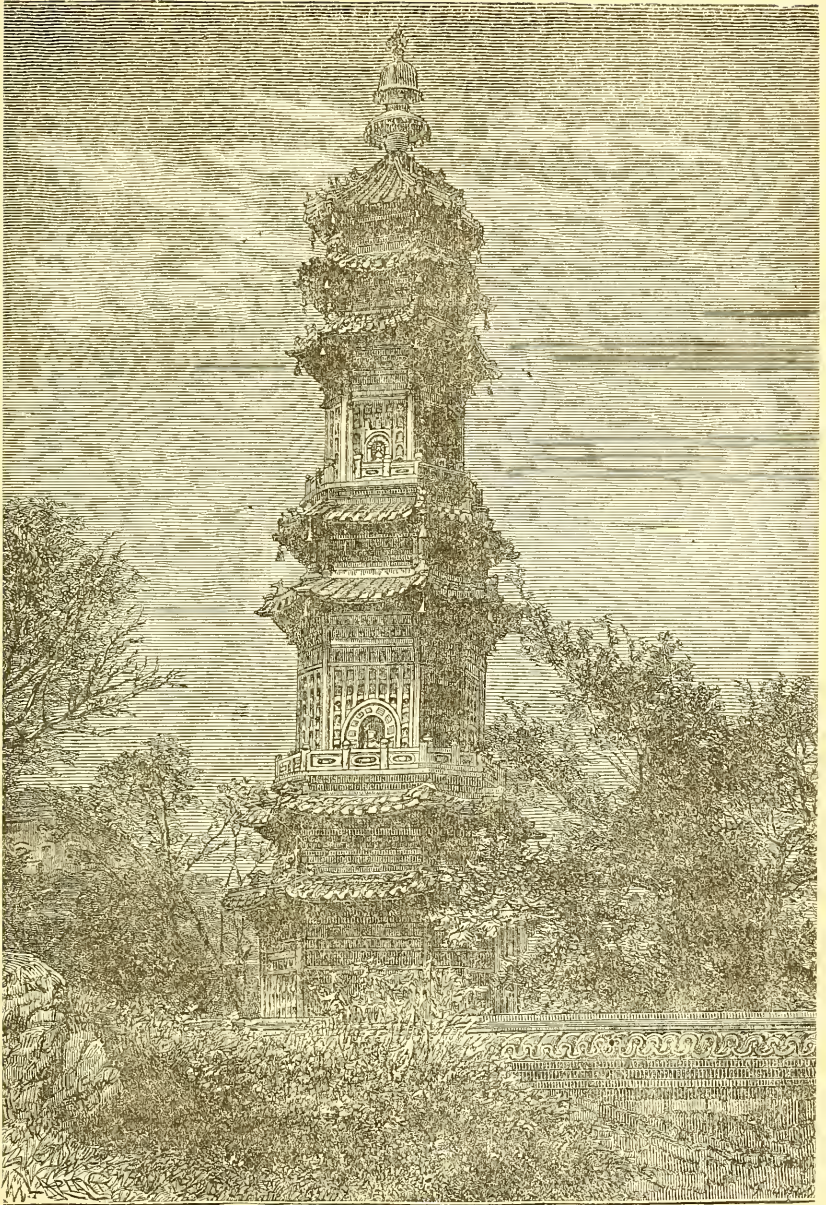
When Ching Kiang was made a trading port, it was supposed it would be one of the most important on the river, but the expectations have not been realized; other ports higher up are better commercial points.

We meet large rafts of timber, with houses upon them, which have floated two thousand miles from the western provinces. The raftsmen, till reaching Hankow, never saw a steamboat, and they gaze in wonder at a vessel rolling on wheels up stream twelve miles an hour! They will have marvellous stories to tell when they get back to their far-distant homes.

Nankin, or the "Southern Capital," as its name implies, was the capital of the empire till the Manchu dynasty, in the fifteenth century, came into power, when the seat of government was transferred to Peking. It was once a great city, adorned with imperial palaces, famous for its porcelain tower, a picture of which was to be found in all school geographies in our boyhood days, which, with the great wall, a mandarin carried in his sedan, and a cooly with rats and puppies for pies, made up the sum total of our ideas about China. But the pagoda has disappeared, and Nankin is an insignificant place in comparison with its former greatness. In March, 1853, the rebels captured the town, and held it till July, 1864.

It is one hundred and ninety-four miles west of Shanghai, on the south bank of the river. The walls are about thirty feet thick at the base, and varying in height from fifty to sixty feet. They enclose an area of twenty-five square miles. The population, previous to the rebellion, was estimated at about two millions. The famous pagoda stood without the walls on the southwest side of the city. It was destroyed by the rebels.





THE PORCELAIN TOWER.



Not only in Nankin, but along the river, there are ruins. Residents here say that the destruction of life during the war may be estimated at twenty-five millions! The struggle commenced in the southwest province of Yunnan, on the borders of Burmah. It spread to Canton. It rolled down the valley of the Yangtse to Shanghai, and down the Yellow River to Peking. Every one of the great cities of the interior fell into the hands of the insurgents. They took possession of town and country. It was a struggle in which no quarter was shown by either party.

The rebels consumed all that came in their way, and desolation marked their progress. Disease and famine followed them. It was a contest which lasted nearly twenty years. Captain Friend, of this steamer, saw the final victorious attack of the imperial troops upon the rebels at this city, the cutting off of heads on the shore, the sinking of thousands in the river as they attempted to escape. There was no mercy shown. The imperial troops were animated by one desire only,—to kill. It was a terrible harvest which was reaped on these meadows during those years.

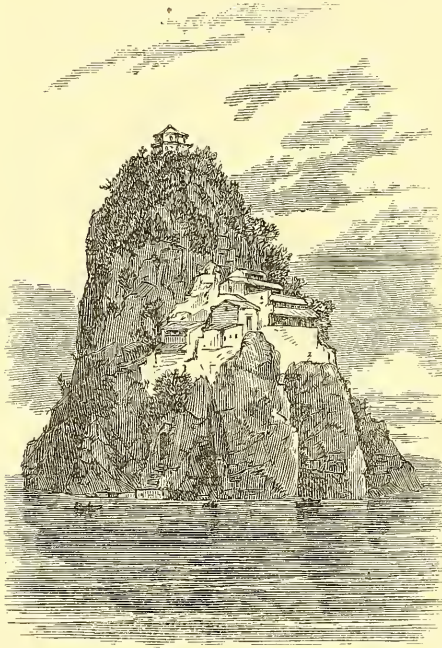
Nankin is not a port open to foreign trade, and we steam past it, stopping the wheels a moment to drop a Chinese passenger into a boat which puts out from the shore for that purpose. The tombs of the Ming dynasty are near here. They were damaged by the rebels, and are now hardly worth a visit.

About four hundred miles from Shanghai we leave the dead level of the meadows and approach an elevated region, a range of hills and mountains, which have a general direction from the northwest to the southeast. We look upon landscapes of surpassing beauty,—hills, green slopes, brown rocks, and secluded glens. The cliffs are like those of Cumberland in old England, and

as green as the hills of Vermont. We recall the words of Coleridge :—

“ A green and silent spot amid the hills,  
 Small and silent dells! O'er stiller place  
 No singing skylark ever poised himself.”

We pass a remarkable rock, which rises four hundred feet above the stream. Its eastern wall is perpendicular,



LITTLE ORPHAN ISLAND.

and so smooth that a sparrow could scarcely find a resting-place. The western side is not quite so steep. The Buddhist monks have built their huts, like dove-boxes, on a shelf half-way up the height, and erected a joss-house upon the summit. Shrubs and small trees spring from the crevices of the rocks. The island bears the name of “The Little Orphan.”

Looking across a green fringe of meadow southward, we behold a beautiful sheet of water, the Poyang Lake. The surrounding mountains are mirrored in its waters. Numerous sails are flitting along its pebbly shores. Were we to embark in a small junk, we might sail up



the river which enters it from the south, and thus make our way by water half the distance to Canton.

As we pass the outlet of the lake, we have a view of the calm waters reposing beneath a cloudless sky, reflecting the beauties of the surrounding scenery. A fortress commands the narrow passage between the Yangtse and this Champlain of China, and a temple dedicated to the god of war rears its white walls on the brow of the hill above the fortification. The priests have given their leisure time, of which they have a great deal, to the cultivation of vegetables and flowers in the gardens attached to their place of worship. In the small ponds near by they propagate fish, which find a ready market at Kiu-kiang.

The lake is about fifty miles long and fifteen wide. It is dotted with islands, green and sunny, and beautiful with vegetation peculiar to the clime. On this sweet summer day, under a softened light, the view is as charming as any beneath Italian skies.

A large amount of green tea is produced in this district. These junks which we see whitening the lake, motionless upon the calm waters, —

“As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean,” —

are doubtless loaded with tea for the Kiu-kiang market.

The city, in its general appearance, is much like those already visited, — houses and shops of one story, with the usual accompaniment of dirt and unsavory smells, sickening to us, but as refreshing to Chinese olfactories, perhaps, as rosemary or verbena to ours. In the market, as at Canton, are tubs containing young eels, coops filled with fowls, cages crowded with dogs, which set up a furious barking as we approach. We can bear it with the philosophy of a stoic, knowing that the curs will soon be at their last bark, and that the stew-pan is their destiny.

A large area inside the walls is covered with ruins, — heaps of brick and broken tiles, — the relics of the rebellion. Escaping from the crowd of boys following us to get a look at the foreigners, we stroll through the suburbs, and reach the grounds belonging to the Roman Catholics, who have a church, convent, and other buildings. French priests, wearing the costumes of the Chinese, adapting themselves to the habits and customs of those whom they are seeking to convert, are moving about the premises, superintending workmen who are hammering stone for a new edifice. They have selected an excellent location, not only with reference to the city, but the surrounding country as well; not only for present, but for future operations.

In coming years the thunder of the locomotive will be heard along this valley, connecting the southern sea-coast with the central cities of the empire. The chief affluents of the Yangtse are the Han, Ming, and Lung on the north, and the Kiang on the south, and they are the avenues by which Western civilization will make its way to the millions of people in the interior. As a great continental thoroughfare, the Yangtse is not surpassed by any river on the face of the globe, the Mississippi not excepted. The tide of trade and travel sets directly across the Mississippi, from east to west. The commerce of the world is in the same direction. This mighty stream runs in the direction of the universal trade line. It is in the great commercial zone that belts the earth. These junks, freighted with tea, coming down the Poyang Lake one after another like a covey of ducks, will discharge their cargo into the river steamers, which in turn will transport it to Shanghae, and thence by sailing vessel or ocean steamship it will be taken along the same lines of latitude to San Francisco, and, if land carriage can be made cheap enough, to Chicago and New York.

As yet modern civilization has barely obtained a foothold in this portion of the empire. Five ports are opened to trade, and permission is given to go up to Hankow with steamers. Missionaries may travel where they please, for they are looked upon as inoffensive persons. The Chinese government has been wise enough to take foreigners into its customs service, and to encourage natives to acquire foreign languages. It has further exhibited its wisdom by appointing Mr. Burlingame an envoy to Western nations.

We are gliding toward the heart of the empire, in a steamer built on the Hudson, propelled by an engine from the hands of New York machinists. Our captain is a clear-headed Yankee from Cape Ann. We are brought face to face with questions of the future. What part is America to play on this continent? San Francisco is only twenty-six days distant. The Pacific Railroad is opened and New York is but one month from Shanghae. What is to be the measure of the influence of American ideas — political, social, moral, and religious — in this land? More important, — what influence is China to have upon America? Sixty to eighty thousand Chinamen already are in California and Oregon, and one thousand Americans, perhaps, in all China. The steamers of the Pacific mail are crowded with Chinamen. Every sailing ship bound to San Francisco carries a full complement of emigrants. America has thirty-five million inhabitants, China four hundred millions. Here, every inch of land is occupied; there, millions of acres are waiting the coming of the cultivator.

There are merchants in China as rich as the wealthiest men of the United States. The West is yet tributary to the East. China compels us to bring our silver to her coffers. She is powerful enough to keep the balance of trade against us.

Is there vitality enough in our country to affect this inert mass? Is there not reason to fear that the emigration of Chinamen to America will serve as a drag upon our own progress? Is there power enough in the great democratic mill to grind up the odds and ends of all lands,—to reduce Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, England, Scotland, Italy, Africa, Mexico, and China to common pulp? These are grave questions for the consideration of the people of the United States.

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## CHAPTER XLVII.

### CENTRAL CHINA.

AT Whang-choo, a city on the northern bank, with beautiful green hills behind it, we have an opportunity of seeing a Chinese military encampment, which is surrounded by a low earthwork as a protection against surprise from the prowling banditti, which still infest the northern provinces.

Although the rebellion is subdued, the rebels are not all exterminated. They gather in bands, make a sudden raid upon a village or town, but disperse upon the approach of the slow-moving troops. Many of the plunderers, quite likely, are soldiers discharged from the army. When their term of service expires they are sent adrift without means of returning to their distant homes, and it is one of the most natural things in the world that they should become plunderers. The Pekin government is too inert to put down the pillaging of these predatory bands. If caught, their heads are cut off; but they are seldom captured. They are the Klu Klux of China.



The inhabitants fear and tolerate them just as the people of Tennessee and Texas bear with the murderous gangs infesting those States.

These soldiers who stand upon the bank of the river gazing at us, judging from their appearance, are the rag-amuffins of the land. They wear round straw hats, shaped like the tin colanders which are hanging up in every American kitchen.

There is little uniformity of dress, but each soldier wears his "chop" — the number of his regiment — on his breast and back. Viewing them from front or rear, we see a full-orbed moon about a foot in diameter, set off with red lettering like that upon chests of tea, as if each soldier was a bundle of merchandise, packed, labelled, and ready for market.

Over the encampment wave several thousand red and white flags. That which waves over the tent of the general-in-chief is large enough for the mainsail of a man-of-war, with a white ground, dark border, and Chinese characters in the centre in black. There are so many flags that the hillside has the appearance of a flower-garden blooming with roses, hollyhocks, poppies, bachelors'-buttons, and marigolds. The Chinese can do a vast deal of fighting with flags, gongs, and lanterns!

We are informed that when the English attacked one of their towns, during the late war, the besieged hung several thousand lanterns on the walls at night, and kept up a tremendous beating of gongs, to let the foreign devils know they were wide awake and prepared for an attack!

The city of Hankow is situated at the mouth of the Han, one of the largest tributaries of the Yangtse, which has its source among the highlands in the North Central Provinces. At this junction of the two streams are three populous towns, — Hankow and Hanyan on the northern

bank, divided by the Han; and on the south bank Wuchang, one of the chief literary cities of the empire.

The three places are considered as one under the name of Hankow by foreigners, just as Brooklyn and Jersey City might be looked upon by strangers as parts of New York. The population probably is nearly equal to that of those three cities. The lowest estimate places it at more than one million.

The course of the Yangtse is southwest, and as we approach the city the foreign settlement is seen at our right hand. The residences of the merchants are spacious and lofty, with green blinds and wide verandas, fronting a grand esplanade along the river-bank, which is set out with shade-trees and adorned with flowers.

How striking the contrast between these buildings and the low, narrow, mean, unfloored houses and shops of the Chinese quarter a little farther up stream! Wherever we turn our eyes we see the old civilization confronted by the new,—and there is a difference between them of three thousand years.

The river here is a mile in width. It is now rapidly rising, and in a few weeks the surrounding country will be under water. Last year the whole city was inundated. In the European quarter the people lived in the second story of their houses, and navigated the streets in boats. In the native section everybody took to junks and sampans, having three weeks of boat life. On both sides of the river there are large shallow lakes or lagoons, reaching miles away, so that at this season of the year Hankow bears some resemblance to Venice. The difference between the winter and summer level of the river at this point is from fifty to sixty feet, which has involved an immense outlay of money on the part of foreign residents to obtain wharfage. One can hardly realize that in 1861 the first foreigner settled here, and

that all the noble edifices, the promenades, the warehouses, the embankment along the river, the wall in rear of the city, have been built since then. Looking at what has been done here, and at Kiu-kiang, Shanghae, Ningpoo, Foochow, Hong Kong, and other river and sea-coast towns, taking into consideration what has been accomplished at Pekin, — the establishing of a college, the regulation of customs, and the general policy of government, — it is not extravagant to say that there has been as much progress during the last seven years as for fifteen hundred years previous.

The foreigners here, at the close of 1861, numbered about forty; in 1863 they had increased to one hundred and fifty, but depression of business and overtrading has reduced them to about one hundred. These English, Americans, and Germans have an excellent club-room, library, and athenæum, well supplied with papers and magazines; a volunteer fire brigade and rifle corps, boat-club, ice-club, for the cutting and storing of ice in winter for their own consumption, a race-course, cricket-ground, livery-stable, and newspaper! So Western civilization plants itself in the heart of China. The climate in summer is hot and dry, and far healthier than at Shanghae. While it has these advantages, it is not pleasant, on the other hand, to be compelled to navigate a sampan through parlors and bedrooms for one month during the year.

Accompanied by an English gentleman connected with one of the mercantile firms, and crossing the river, we enter the suburbs of Wu-chang. Our path leads through vegetable and flower gardens, where cabbages, beans, garlies, onions, celery, cucumbers, and other plants are in vigorous growth. The gardens are not laid out with much regularity; nor are they kept free from weeds. We doubt if any people in the world can surpass the Chinese in forcing successive crops from the same piece

of ground. All fertilizers are applied in liquid form. In every garden there are tanks filled with liquid waste, which coolies are bringing from the city in open buckets. Other laborers are applying it to the growing crops. A walk of nearly two miles through the main street brings us to the house of Bishop Williams. We had the pleasure of meeting him in London, in 1867, while the Pan-Anglican Assembly of Bishops and Prelates of the Episcopal Churches was in session. He formerly resided in Japan, and has but recently removed to this city. It was with difficulty that he could obtain a house in Wu-chang. Being a literary city, where students from all the central provinces of the empire assemble, the predominating influence has been against foreigners. In past times visitors have been jostled in the streets, and householders are afraid to let their premises.

We find the bishop sick in bed, attended by a Chinese servant. If any one is under the impression that missionaries live in grand style, surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of life, we think they would take a different view after seeing his premises. The house is on a narrow street, where sickening odors pervade the air. We enter the front hall, which is but a shed, pass through a court and a succession of rooms with stone floors, bare brick walls, windows with oiled paper instead of panes of glass, and find the bishop in his bedroom. It is scantily furnished, — two or three chairs, a table, his narrow bed, no carpet, no pictures, a room almost as cheerless as the cell of a monastery. It is not that the bishop is an ascetic, but this is the best he can do. He has selected this place as a favorable position, and will soon be joined by other missionaries.

Ascending an elevation in the centre of the city, a wide panorama is spread before us, — the river with countless



junks and sampans ; the three cities ; the suburbs, villages, fields, gardens ; here and there a pagoda rearing its gray walls, and multitudes of people in the streets. At our feet is the palace, or yamun, of the governor-general of the two central provinces, a mandarin of three buttons, and ruler of from sixty to seventy millions of people. The entrance to the palace is marked by two tall flag-staffs, from which immense banners float in the breeze. Upon the brick wall of the outer court we see the representation of a fiery dragon, of proportions more astounding than the megatherium or ichthyosaurus, teeth longer and sharper than a crocodile's, claws more terrible than those of a lion, with scales like a fish, a tail like a serpent's, eyes more fiery than any hobgoblin's, and flames darting like lightning from his nostrils. Pendent from the eaves of the palace are paper lanterns, each the size of a hogshead. Squads of soldiers, as dirty as the coolies of the streets, are lounging around the doors, playing cards. Upon the walls are paintings by Chinese artists, distinguished for gay colors, and an utter absence of perspective. Such the outside appearance. There may be luxurious apartments within, but probably throughout the palace there is nothing which would be called comfortable by Americans.

Passing a building, we hear the voices of children, and looking through the open door see a room crowded with urchins, with shaven brows and small pigtailed. They are studying aloud at small tables. The master sits or half reclines on a bamboo couch. He can hardly be called a master, for the boys do pretty much as they please ; neither can he be called a teacher, for he does not profess to teach them : he only hears the recitation. These pupils know nothing of geography or arithmetic, for Chinese education does not embrace that which we esteem fundamental.

These pamphlets which they hold in their hands contain extracts from the writings of Confucius and Mencius on morals and political economy. When the lesson is committed to memory, they turn their backs to the master and recite it, screaming at the top of their voices. The pupils do not comprehend what they are reciting any more than an American child that has just learned to talk understands the Catechism.

The Chinese consider the writings of Confucius as the foundation of all wisdom. Whatever is learned from him is good. The scholar will understand it in after life. A corresponding method of education in the United States would be to throw aside all text-books, — readers, geographies, grammars, histories, and arithmetics, — and study the ceremonial law, the sayings of Solomon, or the chapters of hard names from Chronicles!

Writing is taught, and by long practice the boys become experts.

There are numerous primary schools, supported by parents or public-spirited men. Girls are not often educated. Woman is of little more account here than in India. She does not need an education. It is beyond her sphere. The question as to what her sphere may be has not yet been agitated. When it is settled in our own land, there will be a wide field in China for philanthropic effort.

Wandering through these streets, on this sultry day, when the doors of the houses are wide open to admit fresh air, we have an opportunity of seeing the women in their homes. By far the largest portion of them toil from morning till night. But in a great literary city there are people of wealth and refinement. Some of the women of the higher classes would be called good-looking in Western lands. The accompanying illustration, from a photograph, that has been faithfully reproduced for this

volume by the artist, will enable the reader to form a better conception of the personal appearance and style of dress than pages of description. It will be seen that the hair is worn low in the neck, which is the prevailing fashion in some provinces at the present time. An old salt undoubtedly would call it the "sou'-wester style."



ONE OF THE UPPER CLASS.

The women of China are far above those of other Eastern nations. The wife of an Arab or a Hindoo is a slave, — a drawer of water and hewer of wood. Here they sometimes work in the fields, but their proper sphere is in the house attending to domestic duties. Wives seldom go upon the street with their husbands. Sometimes they may be seen together at a picnic, or at the graves of their ancestors, but they do not lock arms or walk in company. The husband will be a few rods in advance or in rear of the wife.

The women are capable of strong affection, and we are assured by missionaries that they are faithful in keeping the marriage vow. There are those who lead dissolute lives; but they, as a class, are as susceptible of the claims of virtue as those of more enlightened lands. Give them an education, and they will honor their sex.

Reflecting upon their present condition, and what capabilities are before them, the Eden of the future

seems far distant. Social customs and religious belief are against them. Their lot in life is hard, for superstition has taught them that they committed grievous sin in a former state of existence, and were created women in this as a penalty for the crime. They lead a life of degradation here, and will pass to another like it in the future life, if not circumspect in this.

They are exhorted by the moral writers, and by their husbands, to lead virtuous lives, if they would not be women in the hereafter. One of the moralists, in a book upon the marriage relation, thus addresses the female sex:—

“That you have not in this life been born a male is owing to your amount of wickedness in a previous state of existence; you did not then desire to adorn virtue and perform good actions, so that now you have been hopelessly born a poor female; and if you do not now amend your faults, your wickedness will be greater, so that it is to be feared that, in the next existence, if you wish for a male’s body it will be difficult to obtain it.”

It is one of the glories of the Christian religion that it elevates woman, and one of the brightest features of the present time that men are coming into clearer perceptions of the claims of the female sex. The day cannot be far distant when the wave of progress will roll across the Pacific to the shores of this old land. Then the millions of women now degraded will rise to a higher plane of existence, and, with enlarged liberty, enlightened intellect, a clear vision, enjoy the benefits of modern civilization, and live in the peaceful light of the “Shining Cross.”





CHINESE MANDARIN AND WIFE.



## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

COMPETITIVE examination was established about the commencement of the Christian era. It is the foundation of the present political system of the empire. It is democratic in principle, and deserves the attention of statesmen the world over. Under it a person of the lowest condition may attain to the highest positions of honor. There are several classes who are excluded from entering the course of study, — play-actors, prostitutes, executioners, jailers, and inferior servants waiting upon mandarins. Their children to the third generation are also excluded. The theory adopted is that these persons and their immediate descendants are wanting in those moral qualifications which are necessary in the administration of government. Persons who have lost a parent cannot enter the course of study till after the expiration of three years, inasmuch as hard study is inconsistent with due respect for the dead during that period of time.

In the United States official positions are obtained through personal favor, or on political considerations. Beer and whiskey have influence. Brothers, cousins, friends, are appointed to office by those who have the dispensing of patronage. Party service demands pay. Merit and qualification are too often the least of considerations.

Not so in China. The theory of the system there is, that all civil officers must be literary graduates. Three degrees have been established. The first may be obtained

in the *Hien*, or district college; the second in the *Fu*, or provincial college; the third in the Imperial University at Peking.

The city of Wu-chang being a provincial capital at the centre of the empire, and easily accessible, has become one of the chief literary centres. In this respect we may think of it as ranking with Cambridge or Oxford in England, Harvard or Yale or Ann Arbor in the United States.

The student having been through the district college, and obtaining a degree from the Chancellor, comes to Wu-chang to enter the higher courses. Each student is required, before leaving home, to file a paper with the local magistrate containing the name of his father, grandfather, teacher, and next-door neighbor, stating also his own age, height, and complexion. The names of several literary graduates are necessary as indorsers for his good character, and one of these must be present when he enters the University.

Passing down one of the streets we reach the University buildings, occupying a large area enclosed by a wall about twenty feet high, covered completely over with placards displaying the names of the successful candidates for honors at the last examination. Entering the enclosure, we find a paved court containing long ranges of sheds, with tiled roofs, beneath which are about ten thousand small cell-like apartments or alcoves, three or four feet square, open in front, with a seat, and a board which can be placed against the wall, on supports, for a table. These are the students' quarters, which they occupy during examination.

A Chinese university does not have recitation-hall or dormitory. It is not a place at which students spend four years in study, but simply a barrack where they congregate for a few days, — a prison rather, for while here



they are shut in and are not allowed any communication with their friends.

In the centre of the area stands the "Temple of Perfect Justice," a building erected for the convenience of the examiners, and imperial commissioners, who are sent from Peking to decide upon the literary merits of the students, and are sworn to render an impartial verdict. Spacious apartments are assigned them, for they are accompanied by a large retinue of servants.

The students who come to this city have taken their first degree in the district college. It is not Master or Bachelor of Arts, but the degree of "Beautiful Ability," which means quite as much in China as that of A. B. in the United States, and without it no student can compete for higher honors.

The examinations are held triennially, and there are never less than ten or twelve thousand competitors.

These are great occasions. People from the surrounding country come in to see the honors conferred. Friends are here to witness the triumph of those most dear. The city is filled with strangers. It is a grand harvest-time for hotel and shop keepers. Excitement is at fever heat. The student who wins brings honor, not only to himself, but to his friends. He is on the road to fortune, for if he passes examination, official position awaits him. Wealth is sure; privilege is one of the results,—graduates, like members of Congress, being exempt from arrest, except for crime. High station in life, favor of the emperor, everything worth living for as viewed from the Chinese stand-point, is involved in the effort.

Students bring bedding and food, as they are required to stay on the premises several days; servants and friends accompany them to the gate, which is guarded by soldiers, who allow none but scholars to enter. When all are in, the gate is shut and sealed, and the troops pre-

vent all outsiders from approaching the wall. The students are allowed no books, but are supplied with paper, pen, and ink. The commissioners announce themes from the "Four Books" of the ancient classics, upon which they are to write three essays and one poem.

As soon as the subjects are given out, all hands apply themselves to composition. They have no aid, can consult no one, but must rely wholly on themselves. Their compositions, when finished, are handed to one class of examiners, whose business is to see that there are no great defects, and that the rules have been complied with. If they pass this ordeal they are copied, so that the judges may not show favoritism by any previous knowledge of the handwriting of the candidates.

A jury of literary men read the essays, which if they reach a certain degree of excellence, receive a red mark of approval, and are passed on to the chief examiners. All others are rejected.

The standard adopted by the final judges must be very high or the scholarship exceedingly low, for not more than one hundred out of the ten or twelve thousand obtain the second degree of "Advanced Men,"—a prosaic title in comparison with "Beautiful Ability."

Great ovations await those who win these high honors. The best orchestras of the empire are here with fiddles, flageolets, cymbals, gongs, and drums; cannon are fired, bonfires kindled, lanterns lighted, processions formed, feasts prepared, songs sung, and the whole city joins in the grand jubilee.

Messengers convey the tidings to all the surrounding country. This is an election, and as exciting as a political contest in America. Each district is interested in the success of its candidates, and so drums beat and bonfires blaze over the entire province.

The name of the student who takes the first honor is

placed highest on the wall, where it may be seen by the excited multitude.

The successful competitors, if they aspire to the third degree, have an allowance from the imperial treasury to enable them to go to Peking, where they pass a similar examination in the highest literary halls. If successful there, they receive the degree of Doctor of Laws, and are prepared to occupy high official stations.

A large number of students reside here. Many who failed this year will apply themselves for three years, and then try again. Old men are among the competitors, who have been studying for a half-century without success. Men eighty years of age have died during the trial, through excitement, while in pursuit of literary fame, and the distinction and privileges which lie behind it.

The democratic principle in this political system is remarkable, and the theory of competitive examinations must commend itself to all who believe in a democratic form of government. It has lasted nearly two thousand years, and there must be an element of stability in a system which continues that period of time.

The effect upon the community is apparent. In no country is literature held in higher estimation. Wherever we go we see bookstores. Printing-offices are numerous,—shops where men sit at small tables with blocks on which the “word characters” are engraved.

It is a reading community. The preparation for examination familiarizes a large number of men with history, political economy, and general literature. To be sure, it is the history of China, and not of other nations; but we are not to forget that the authentic history of this people reaches back to the time of Moses, that the “Book of Classics” is as old as the Pentateuch, and the chief text-book of political wisdom written by Confucius as ancient as the prophecy of Isaiah.

Literary and political aspirations fill the students,—the desire for fame combined with the hankering for office.

But notwithstanding all this, the method of choosing political and military officers by competitive examination gives a powerful stimulus to literary pursuits. Every village has its schools, and ambitious young men, seeing the possibility of attaining positions of honor, eagerly engage in study. Poor people deny themselves comforts that they may educate their sons. Brothers in a family unite to help on one of their number, that all may obtain honor. Virtue in this respect is found in China as well as in our own land.

Unfortunately, the profound reverence paid to the Chinese classics robs the system of some of its excellence. It is now conducted as if we were to choose our officials on their ability to write an essay from a text in the Book of Genesis, or a poem from a passage in the Song of Solomon. It is an open question whether that would not be quite as sensible a proceeding as to elect one who has just taken out naturalization papers, and whose only recommendation is that he keeps a liquor-shop, and can influence voters by supplying them with whiskey!

Lop off the defects of the Chinese system, adopt its excellences, modify some of its parts, and we shall have the true democratic system for official service. We commend it to the attention of the people of the United States.

The students leave their studies to see the foreigners, and we soon have a crowd at our heels. That there is something very funny in our appearance is manifest. The wits of the college are saying their smart things, the wags getting off their best jokes. The play-grounds of Yale or Harvard never resounded with heartier laughter, and there never was a more jolly crowd on the play-ground of Dartmouth than that around us. Some walk



in front of us to take a look at our faces, while others make remarks behind our backs. The cut of our coat is outlandish, no doubt. Our hats are queer. We are fit subjects for caricature.

They are ready for a lark, and the older ones push the younger against us. We have seen school-boys at home play similar pranks. But the fun has been carried far enough. It is annoying. We stop, look steadily at them a moment. It will not do to be demonstrative; such a course will bring a shower of stones, and we shall have the worst of it in a fight. Cool nerves, and a control of the muscles, are far better than shaking of fists, loud words, or energetic action when surrounded by such a crowd.

They stop their jests, become respectful, and allow us to go our way without further molestation. Children follow us, dogs bark, people rush out of their shops to see us, but no indignity is offered, and we roam at will through the town. The inhabitants are largely engaged in the manufacture of chop-sticks, cords of which are piled in the shops, the common ones of bamboo, those used by the middle classes of ebony. The wealthy citizens use ivory, which comes mainly from Siberia, brought overland from Kiactka. They are manufactured from bones and tusks of fossil mammoths, which lived when the Arctic region had a tropical clime. Far up towards the north pole, in the frozen ocean, is the Isle of Bones, which abounds with fossil ivory.

“The Isle of Bones,” says Figuier, “has served as a quarry of this valuable material for export to China for five hundred years, and it has been exported to Europe for more than one hundred, but the supply from these strange mines is undiminished.”\*

Ten thousand years ago, according to geologists, the

\* The World before the Deluge, p. 341.

elephants and mammoths of that region became extinct. But their tusks are here, and the Chinese workmen are sawing them up for the benefit of the mandarins and the fair ladies of this thickly peopled empire.

Large quantities of chop-sticks are sent out from this city up the Yangtse to Upper China, down the stream to Shanghae, from thence to California or the Sandwich Islands, Australia, or wherever the Chinese emigrant may be found.

Returning to Hankow, we find an invitation awaiting us from the governor of the district, to visit him at his palace. He has learned through the consul, Mr. Salter, that an American journalist is in the city, and has sent us his card,—a piece of red paper about a foot long and eight or ten inches wide,—accompanying which is the letter of invitation, abounding in flowery language, and containing the following sentence:—

“A literary man travelling that he may write with spirit makes me think that we are all of one family. I shall wait the arrival of the worthy gentleman *with clean-swept floors!*”

We go in state, accompanied by the consul and the interpreter, Mr. Jenkins. Our sedan-bearers are in livery. The people rush from their houses into the street, to see the grand procession of sedans containing the foreigners, on their way to the palace of the highest official of the district. If the Chinese embassy made a sensation in this country, so do we create one on a small scale in the heart of China.

A crowd attend us to the outer court of the yamun, where we are received by a guard of soldiers. The great doors are flung wide open, and we descend from our sedans in the inner court, surrounded by pictures of dragons and warriors with drawn swords.

Passing through a doorway, we find ourselves face to

face with his Excellency, who, placing his fists together, shakes them at us. Remembering that, when we are in Rome, we are to do as the Romans do, we shake ours at him. With many a shake, chin chin, and bow, we strive to outdo each other in politeness. If he bows low, we lower; if he shakes gently, we vigorously.

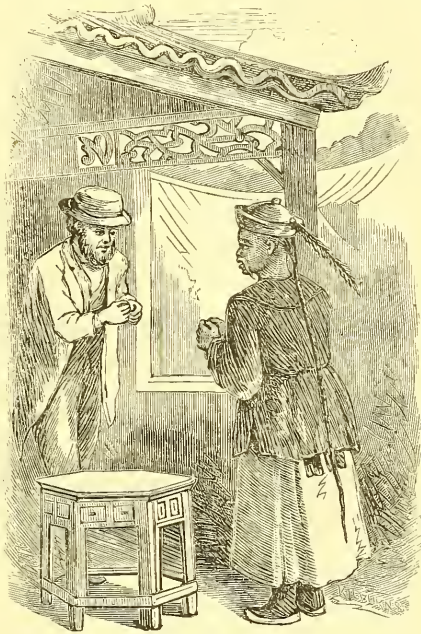
We sit down to a repast prepared and waiting for us at a small table.

“How old are you?” is his first question.

This is etiquette, and has been since Joseph presented his father to Pharaoh, yet the question might be embarrassing to some of the gentle sex.

We know that he is a grandfather by his mustache, but politeness requires us in turn to ask his age. He is sixty-seven.

The first course of the repast is brought on, — roasted watermelon seeds! The second is cherry cordial, of which he is exceedingly fond. Glass after glass is drained. He drinks our health, the health of the consul, and that of the interpreter. Food in various forms, minced, prepared with rice and sugar, is placed before us.



CHIN CHIN.

Being at the table of his Excellency, we eat what is set before us, asking no questions for the stomach's sake.

Whether the animal which furnished the meat ever barked or mewed we do not care to know. Sweetmeats, cups of delicious tea, more cordials, end the repast.

The governor has many questions to ask in regard to the United States.



THE GOVERNOR.

He has read about the war, and wishes to know how we are getting on. He has read the letter recently written by Governor - General Tseng to the emperor in regard to the proposed revision of the treaties between China and foreign nations, but, being a diplomat, expresses no opinion.

He is a well-informed old gentleman, with twinkling black eyes. He hopes

that we like China, that we shall stay long. He is sorry to hear that we are to leave Hankow in the morning, as it will deprive him of the great pleasure which he has anticipated of returning our visit.

We chin chin once more, shake our fists again, bow profoundly, and then his Excellency of the "clean-swept floors," to show his great respect for us, takes hold of our fists and shakes them for us.

So we take our departure, and return through the streets, followed by a wondering crowd.



## CHAPTER XLIX.

## CULTIVATION OF TEA.

THE position of Hankow being in the vicinity of the tea region, the facilities afforded for transportation has made it an important place for trade. About forty million pounds of tea per annum are sent down the river from this place for export.

Tea-drinking is so general among Americans that a brief description of the plant, its cultivation, and the preparation of the leaves for market, will be of interest.

That cannot be accounted a small matter which affects, in any measure, the happiness of thirty million people three hundred and sixty-five times a year. So important is the beverage we obtain by decocting this herb, that it has become a universal synonyme for an entire repast.

"Please take tea with us," is not simply an invitation to slake our thirst, but to partake in full measure of all the viands of the evening meal.

The charming home picture so skilfully drawn by one of England's sweetest poets when he wrote,

" Now stir the fire and wheel the sofa round,"

would not have been perfect had he left out,

" The bubbling and loud hissing urn,  
And cups that cheer, but not inebriate."

The drooping watcher, the tired housekeeper, the brain-taxed editor, and the weary hod-carrier, all turn to tea for solace; nor do they seek in vain.

It is a disputed question whether there is any nutriment in tea, but experience goes to show that there is

cheer at any rate, and if taken in moderation no evil results follow.

Dr. Draper says of tea: "It is a mild stimulant to the skin and kidneys, prevents sleepiness, counteracts the effects of alcohol, and reduces the rate of waste of the tissues; an action supposed to be due to the theine, or peculiar principle of the plant, the quantity of which is variously estimated from one half of one to four per cent."

To an American tea has an interest aside from its social or stimulating or nutritive qualities, for indirectly it helped us gain our independence.

"The tea perhaps was very good  
Bohea, Souchong, Young Hyson;  
But drinking tea was not the rage,  
For duty made it pizen."

Among the exciting causes that resulted in the war of the Revolution, and independence of America, tea held a very prominent place.

Events trivial in themselves sometimes exert a controlling influence upon the destiny, not of individuals merely, but of cities and nations. If Rome was saved from surprise and capture by the clamoring of a goose, so the tax of threepence a pound upon tea had very much to do in sundering the American Colonies from the British crown, and starting them on a national career of their own.

Among the Chinese tea has long been in common use. An Arabian merchant, Soliman, who visited China more than a thousand years ago, spoke of it as the common beverage of the people. Its use in Europe appears to have been very limited till the early part of the seventeenth century. The Portuguese had held commercial intercourse with the Chinese long before that time, and had doubtless acquired, to some extent, a relish for the

herb ; but it was almost unknown in Europe till after the formation of the Dutch East India Company, about the close of the sixteenth century. The Hollanders, at that time a leading maritime nation, imported a considerable quantity of the article, and it slowly came into favor in Great Britain and on the Continent.

In 1660 it was so far introduced among the English people, that the sale of it in the saloons was seized upon as a source of revenue to the government. Parliament that year passed an act imposing a tax of eightpence per gallon on all tea made and sold in coffee-houses. The drinking of tea must have been a costly luxury, since the price of it in England then was three guineas per pound. In less than fifty years from that time the price had fallen to about one fifth of that sum.

The consumption of tea in the United States amounts to more than 30,000,000 pounds per annum, or nearly one pound for each inhabitant.

Americans use an unduly large proportion of *green* tea, but no Chinaman would think of drinking this variety which we so highly prize, for they know that the greenness which gives it such value in our estimation is not a natural condition of the leaf in its dried state. It is obtained by the admixture of foreign substances, and poisonous ones at that. Prussian blue, and other injurious substances, are used in the preparation of green tea.

The tea shrub is an evergreen, and may be propagated either by seeds or slips. The illustration which we give was drawn by a Chinese artist, and represents the young plant just springing from the ground. The hoe in the hands of the cooly is a rude affair,—a blade of wood shod with iron, and a bamboo handle.

In some portions of the country the hoes are wholly of iron, but nearly all of the agricultural implements are

clumsy and ill adapted for use. It is not to be wondered at, for the memory of the writer runs back to the time



THE YOUNG PLANT.

when ploughs in New England had wooden mould-boards plated with old ox-shoes and bits of iron, when the shovels were of wood shod with iron, and the forks so clumsy and unpolished that there was a great waste of strength in using them.



TRANSPLANTING.



When the tea-plant has attained a height of a foot or more, it is transplanted into well-cultivated fields. The cooly, as will be seen in the illustration, uses a long knife in opening the mellow soil. Slips from the main stalk are taken off, set out in trenches, and subsequently transplanted.

Though it sometimes attains a growth that would seem to give it a right to be ranked among trees, yet as cultivated by the Chinese it is not often more than seven feet in height. The root is not unlike that of the peach, and the plant is very tenacious of life. It blossoms in the winter, the flower resembling the wild rose. The seeds contain considerable oleaginous matter, and a commodity called "tea oil" is extracted from them.

The shrub is hardy and thrives well on poor, gravelly soil. It is very desirable to have a southern aspect, since sunshine promotes the thrift of the plant, and greatly improves the quality of the tea.

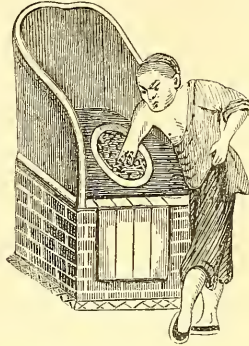
The leaves are gathered three times a year. The first picking occurs early in the spring, while the leaves are young and tender. This crop is mostly bought up by the mandarins and wealthy people. Very little, if any, of this harvest ever reaches America. The second plucking comes several weeks later, and the quality is inferior.

The third picking is in midsummer, quality poorer still, and it is gathered with less care.

The tea is prepared for market by roasting, or firing, as the process is called. Iron pans are brought to different degrees of heat over charcoal fires. The tea is first subjected to a low degree of heat; when sufficiently heated it is thrown upon a mat, and the leaves are rolled, then passed into the second pan, which has a higher temperature, then rolled again. Each process is called "a firing." The tea is greened by the use of turmeric, Prussian blue, and gypsum. The turmeric is applied at a low degree of

heat, the other coloring matter at a later stage and over

a hotter fire. The leaf at the first has quite a brownish hue, but when thus treated is of a bright green.

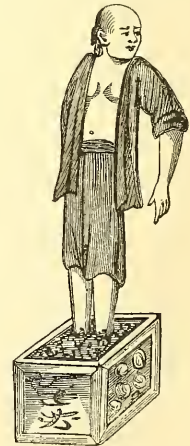


FIRING TEA.

The tea used for home consumption is not doctored. The Chinese wonder at the taste of

people who live on the other side of the globe. They do not drink strong teas. The best article does not greatly color the water in which it is infused; and most foreigners, if they were to judge of its excellence by the eye, would pronounce it "slops," but tasting it would elicit a different opinion. When a Chinaman wishes to make a superb drink, he selects the tender leaves of a young plant. He does not boil them, but pours boiling water upon them, keeping in the aroma by having a close-fitting cover to the pot or cup in which the tea is made.

In packing tea one man pours it into the chest from a basket, while an-



PACKING.

other tramples it with his bare feet. It is not pleasant to think of while you are sipping the beverage. But peasants in France tread the wine-press, and if they do not defile the nectar good enough for the gods, why should we sicken at the thought that a Chinaman's heel has pressed the tea into a chest? Perhaps sugar would not be quite so toothsome as it is, if we knew all about the processes going on in refineries, where men wear such scant clothing that the sight of them reminds us of the Mermaid of the Rhine,

“Vot had n't got nodings on,”

as sung by Hans Breitman.

The tea being packed into the chest, the lead is soldered, cover nailed down, paper pasted over, and the “chop” mark affixed, matting sewed over all, and it is ready for shipment.

All of the English and American tea firms have tasters, who take samples of each “chop,” steep it, test it by taste, weight, and measure, and thus ascertain its quality. The tasting-room of an old established house resembles a pantry, china-closet, and canned fruit shop all in one. Samples of all the teas purchased since the firm commenced are preserved in the cans, which are labelled with cost, quality, and year of purchase. On tasting-day fifty or one hundred samples are prepared, — so many grains weighed out, steeped so many minutes in a given quantity of water, then poured into small china cups, tasted. The entire “chop” or lot is judged by the sample.

The tea district is mainly south of the Yangtse River, extending from the sea-coast eight hundred miles inland. It thrives on the hills and in the soil of that region. Foochow on the coast, Ningpo, Shanghai, and Hankow, are the chief shipping ports.

In the tea-saloons we notice that all grounds are carefully saved. Those in our own cups, as well as those in the cups of the natives who drink at a neighboring table, are tossed into a basket, which when full is emptied upon a screen placed in the sun. After drying awhile they are "fired" again, coloring matter added, the leaves re-rolled, trodden a second time beneath the feet of a native, repacked and sold, as good as new, to do service once more, — quite likely in the United States!

The average cost of teas in China is from fifteen to twenty cents per pound, but duties, freights, insurance, interest on capital, profits to importers and middle-men, swell it to prices which make it an article of luxury.

More poor tea is drank in the United States than in any other land. Russia imports the best. England stands next, and consumes an enormous quantity. France uses very little, and a small quantity is consumed on the Continent. Cheap wine and beer take its place.

The value of the export of tea from China to Great Britain and the United States is as follows:—

To Great Britain in 1867.	
Black tea . . . . .	\$11,440,000
Green tea . . . . .	4,061,000
	<hr/>
	\$15,501,000
To United States.	
Black tea . . . . .	\$ 2,007,066
Green tea . . . . .	5,503,000
	<hr/>
	\$7,510,066

The commercial relations between the United States and China do not make a very flattering exhibit for ourselves. The total exports to the United States in 1866 were valued at seven million eight hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars, while the value of goods sent to



China was only *two hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars*! The balance, more than seven and one half millions, was paid in silver.

Great Britain shows a different balance-sheet. That country exported to China in 1866 produce amounting to *ninety-nine million dollars*, and received from China, for herself and colonies, in produce, fifty-two million one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars, and the balance of *thirty-three million four hundred and eighty-nine thousand* was in specie! By forcing opium upon the Chinese, she is able to carry on her India government with a full exchequer, and at the same time make China her debtor more than thirty-three millions per annum!

America never will compete with England in selling opium to the Chinese, inasmuch as it cannot be raised profitably in this country. We shall not send whiskey across the Pacific, for they do not crave it. If they wish to get intoxicated, they can do it much more cheaply by drinking their own *samshu*. If we would stop the outflow of specie, we must export more goods or import less tea and silk. But our importations, instead of diminishing, are on the increase. We have a rapid growth, and a corresponding demand for tea and silk. China at the present time takes about six million dollars' worth per annum of cloth, mainly gray cottons.

The United States might supply nearly the entire amount, for the cottons are mostly coarse and can be woven more cheaply in American looms than anywhere else. A visit to a warehouse in China where American and English cottons are stored side by side will enable us to understand why England successfully competes with us.

It is a long voyage from England to this country. Ships are four to five months making the passage, passing twice through the tropics. English shippers accordingly pay great attention to the packing of goods. Every bale,

after being compressed, is bound with iron and encased in water-proof wrapping.

Not so the goods from the United States, which often are mildewed when unpacked. The result is that American cottons are out of favor. California flour and the lumber of Oregon have found a favorable market; but unless the manufacturers and shippers of the United States obtain possession of the trade in cotton fabrics, we shall always be compelled to send our silver to China.

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## CHAPTER L.

### THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

CHINA is awaking from her long repose. "I aver," says Mr. Burlingame, "that there is no spot on this earth where there has been greater progress made within the past four years than in the Empire of China. She has extended her business and reformed her revenue system; she is changing her naval and military organizations, and is establishing a great school where modern science and the foreign languages are taught. She has done this under very adverse circumstances. She has done this after a great war lasting through thirteen years,—a war out of which she comes with no national debt."\*

The University which has been established at Pekin is for the education of Chinese scholars in the modern sciences and languages. It was founded through the influence of Prince Kung, the emperor's uncle, and the most influential man in the empire.

\* Speech in New York, June 28, 1868.

Rev. Dr. Martin, a native of Indiana, for eighteen years a missionary, has been appointed President. English, French, and German are taught by competent professors.

Fifty-six students are under training for official positions. Ninety were sent last year from the district colleges, having been selected by competitive examination, of whom twenty-seven were found qualified for admission to the University.

The mandarins do not all look with favor upon this enterprise. They know that knowledge is power, and ignorance weakness; that if learned men come up, ignorant men, though they may wear three buttons, in time will have to go down. Here and there a mandarin is found ready to uphold the government in its new progressive policy.

Not long since a book appeared, written by a high official, upon the course of the government in granting concessions to foreigners, and the influence of missionaries. The following literal translation of a single sentence shows the largeness and liberality of his views. He says:—

“The advantages resulting from commercial intercourse are not sufficient to compensate its attendant evils, but the benefits resulting from the enlightening influences of missionary teaching are more than can be enumerated.”

That the missionaries are held in high esteem is shown by the positions they occupy. Dr. Martin is at the head of the University. Dr. Williams is connected with the United States legation at Peking, and Mr. Burlingame would have found his diplomatic duties much more arduous than they were had it not been for the thorough acquaintance of this gentleman with China and her institutions. Rev. Mr. Yates is interpreter to the Municipal

Council at Shanghai, and Dr. Jenkins to the United States consul. Dr. Jenkins has a son who is interpreter at Hankow. At Canton Dr. Owens is translator to the consulate. Were it not for the missionaries, the ministers and consuls would find it difficult to get on with their business. The governmental language is the mandarin dialect, wholly distinct from the provincial. The common people and the mercantile community know nothing of the mandarin, speaking only the dialect of their several provinces: hence it is that the services of the missionaries are indispensable. The government has felt the want of competent scholars, and has established the University to educate men for official positions. Progress is in the right direction, — literary, scientific, and practical. Dr. Martin has completed a new work on natural science, — philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geology, well illustrated with drawings by Chinese artists. In the illustrations, where the artist is not called upon to exercise his own imagination, the execution is excellent, but in a few engravings, where they have recourse to their own ideas, there are amusing blunders. The book is beautifully printed by block-work. They have not learned to use types, though ten centuries before Guttenberg began to multiply books at Mayence on the Rhine, when Rome was in her glory, even as far back as the age of Pericles, if we may believe Chinese history, books were printed in this country.

The establishment of the University was resisted by the reactionary party of the empire. There are men here, as well as in other lands, who want things to continue just as they are. Is it any wonder that the Chinese cling with pertinacity to the institutions of their fathers? Like their own great river, flowing from the Himalayas to the sea; has been the steady, unbroken current of their history. What American does not feel a



glow of patriotic pride at the progress in freedom and intelligence, attained during the two centuries of our existence? We begin to feel that we are in the vigor of national manhood. But we are to measure our two hundred years with the four thousand of China. What Englishman standing beneath the groined arches of Westminster, gazing upon the tattered and dusty banners above him, once borne by departed kings of the realm, does not plume himself upon being a Briton? His country has a history, a national life reaching back to the Heptarchy, a thousand years!

Age is venerable. We take off our hats in its presence. We stand with awe upon the forum of old Rome, and bow with uncovered head upon the Bema of Athens, while the procession of statesmen, heroes, philosophers, and sages of ancient times passes by.

Is it surprising that the Chinese, with a history reaching back to the time of Moses, with a code of laws framed when Babylon was mistress of the world, feel proud of their civilization?

If this were a treatise upon the science of government or civilization, instead of a book of observations, we might profitably inquire how it happens that China has lived for forty centuries, while everywhere else national life, like a plant, has had growth and decay? Is it in the pacific temper of the people? China never has been aggressive. Egypt waged war with all her contemporaries. Sparta, Athens, Macedon, and the other members of the Grecian family, were ever quarrelling among themselves, or else combined against the Persians. Rome trampled all nations beneath her feet. The governments of modern Europe have ever been ready to interfere in the affairs of their neighbors. But China has remained at home and minded her own business. It is not that she has been isolated. Genghis Khan found means to

traverse the region of Central Asia and pour his conquering hosts upon the plains of India. Tamerlane found no obstacle in his westward march from Tartary. There were no greater obstacles in the way of any aspiring and ambitious monarch of China, but no one of her emperors had a disposition to conquer other lands. They had vast navies, and might have invaded India by sea. There was constant intercourse between the two countries through the early centuries of our era.

China has always been the chief commercial nation of the East. She has had myriads of people from which to raise armies, but has never called them to the field to wage aggressive war upon a neighboring state. In this respect she has been a Quaker among the nations; if not a peacemaker, hardly ever a peace-breaker.

Undoubtedly the pacific temperament of the people has been one cause of the great duration of national life, for a peaceful temper is conducive to longevity.

Perhaps a stronger reason may be found in the democratic principle which lies at the foundation of her political system. It may seem a contradiction to say that a government with a monarchical head can have a democratic base. But the Chinese have this political axiom: "The will of the people is the will of Heaven, and must not be set at naught by the Emperor the Son of Heaven."

Four thousand years ago the emperors were chosen by the nobles, who, in making their selection, took into view the virtues of the candidates, no less than their talents and rank. Hence the illustrious Yaou was elected in preference to an older brother, who led a dissolute life. In succeeding elections the emperor's sons were passed by and others chosen. But there is a bewitching charm in royalty, and in time an emperor came to the throne who cared more for the transmission of the crown to his

posterity than for the rights of the people or wishes of the nobles.

As Napoleon, fascinated by power, turned a consulate into a monarchy, so the Emperor Yu changed the Chinese government from an elective to a hereditary form. By this change the principal heir of the emperor succeeded to the throne, while the other members of the royal family were provided for by making them rulers over the different provinces. They became hereditary governors, and in a few generations the feudal system was firmly established. The power of the central government was in some measure held in check by the feudal lords, while in case of invasion all were united in defence against the common foe.

Perhaps for those rude ages, when life and property were insecure, when their northern neighbors, more warlike than themselves, were liable at any time to lay waste the country, the Chinese could not have adopted a governmental policy more serviceable to them. At any rate, this order of things continued for the greater part of twenty centuries. The essays, poems, and other writings of literary men of ancient times recognize this form of government, and discourse as fully upon the relations of the local governments to one another and to the imperial authority as American politicians do upon "State rights" and "Federal powers." Confucius, in a beautiful simile, likens the imperial power to the polar star, and the principalities to constellations revolving around it.

In the year 246 B. C., Lecheng, a powerful, ambitious noble, usurped the throne and proclaimed himself ruler, under the title of the first Whangte. He established despotic rule, destroyed the power of the feudal lords, and did what he could to blot from the memory of the people all recollection of the checks that had formerly existed to limit the imperial power. His maxim was, "Good gov-

ernment is irreconcilable with a multitude of masters." He was bold and bad ; burned the classics that he might make more secure the continuance of absolutism ; built the great bulwark against the Tartars, which stands to this day ; but the dynasty which he established in usurpation and blood was of short duration.

Some of his successors encouraged literature, but most of them sought their own gratification rather than the good of their subjects.

Cruel and tyrannical as were some of the rulers, much that is valuable has come down from those distant periods. During the rule of the Han dynasty the classics were restored, and the democratic principle of competitive examinations established. The invention of paper, the discovery of the art of printing, the advancement in education, and the multiplication of books in that epoch, gave a great stimulus to national life.

Because the people now have a voice in electing their rulers and administering government, and from the fact that knowledge is diffused, this nation, which has been considered as dead, by being brought in contact with the nations of the West is now taking a new lease of life.

China was awakened by the thunder of England's cannon. Knowing little of the power of modern civilization, wise in their own conceit, proud of their longevity, looking upon themselves as the favored of Heaven and perfect in all things, and the rest of mankind as barbarians, they were the most arrogant people in the world.

The lesson which England taught them in 1842 was as salutary as if it had been prompted by a disinterested motive.

It was a severe lecture which they received in 1856, when the allied forces quartered themselves in the im-



perial palace at Peking. Then the government began to understand that Western civilization was superior to that of China, and from that time to the present the empire has made wonderful progress.

The treaties of 1858 are now subject to revision. Mr. Burlingame has already negotiated a supplementary treaty at Washington, which is denounced by men in California and Oregon, and by foreign merchants in China, as being one-sided, and as giving the Chinese the best part of the bargain. It is presumed that any treaties which may be concluded between China and European powers will be similar to this, as China cannot consistently grant privileges to one which at the same time are not common to all. Under the present treaty, twelve ports are accessible to foreign trade and residence; the Yangtse is open for steamers to Hankow; foreigners can travel with passports anywhere for business or pleasure; they can send foreign goods into the interior by paying a definite commutation, fixed at one half the ordinary rates levied on merchandise in transit.

But merchants in China ask for still greater privileges. They are Anglo-Saxons, — energetic, restless, and animated by progressive ideas. They want full liberty to live anywhere, to navigate all the waters of the empire with steamers. They want railroads and telegraphs. They are anxious to work coal-mines, and set up machinery for manufacturing purposes. The empire must be thrown open to modern civilization, and, if China refuses, she must be forced to accede to the demands of modern times.

It would not be just to assert that such is the position taken by all the foreign merchants in China, but such are the demands of some of them.

The mission of Mr. Burlingame is freely discussed, and not always in a friendly spirit. It would not be strange

if that ambassador, animated and enthusiastic in carrying out his mission, should arrive at an exalted opinion of the desire of the Chinese to enter upon the new path. He has been brought in contact with Prince Kung, the leader of the progressive party in the government, but there is a strong reactionary party, backed up by the ignorance and degradation of the empire.

The English residents in China have little faith that the Chinese will advance, except as they are pushed. Sitting in the club-house at Shanghai, we hear a great deal said about knocking the heads of the Chinamen as the only way to obtain any new concessions. Whatever may be the amount of moral force which America has at Peking, whether greater or less than that of England, any one visiting China will not need such a "pair of microscopes" as Mr. Samuel Weller described while giving his testimony in the case of *Bardell vs. Pickwick* to see that the physical force of England is held in high respect by the Chinese. The United States government has no troops outside of its own territory; but English soldiers and war-ships are here, to back up any demand made by the Queen's ambassador or consul. There is no dillydallying on the part of her officials in obtaining redress, if harm is done to English residents. The policy of Great Britain, we think, is more in favor with the foreign merchants than that pursued by the United States. Whether it is the best is another matter, to say nothing of the moral aspects of the question. The merchants contend that it is a kindness to China to compel her to adopt the improvements of modern times, and that, unless she accepts them, she will not be able to avert internal dissensions, or oppose her powerful Muscovite neighbor advancing towards her northern boundary.

On the other hand, the Chinese object to foreigners residing in the interior and introducing new inventions.

unless under native jurisdiction. They know that the introduction of steamers on the rivers, machinery in the workshops and fields, will revolutionize society, and that millions will be driven from their present pursuits. Undoubtedly there are many Americans who look upon China as a great missionary field, where we, in consequence of our geographical position, are to civilize one third of the human race. Let us see how we have commenced. In California and Oregon a Chinaman has no rights which an American is bound to respect. Oregon orders them out of her domain. Laws are passed discriminating against them. No Chinaman can toil in the gold-mines of the Pacific coast without paying an exorbitant tax. An Oregonian going to China is allowed to remain in peace. He may find justice in American consular courts, irrespective of Chinese jurisdiction. If he wishes to send goods into the interior, the revenue laws discriminate in his favor. Would the people of the United States consent to the establishment of a foreign court in San Francisco? But China has granted us the right to make our own municipal laws at Shanghai, and to find redress in our own tribunals. A Chinaman walking peaceably through the streets of San Francisco is set upon by a brutal mob, knocked down, and kicked into the gutter, because he is an Asiatic.

"You call yourselves Christians," is his only reply, as he rises and brushes the dirt from his clothes, and goes peaceably on his way.

He might plead till doomsday before the courts for redress, without obtaining it.

We ramble alone, day after day, through Canton, Shanghai, and the great cities in the interior of the empire, without molestation. Were we maltreated, the consul would demand instant redress, and obtain it!

California and Oregon protest against the introduction

of Chinese labor, because it competes with the Irish labor in those States.

“The introduction of your own steamers,” says Mr. Burlingame, “throws out of employment one hundred thousand junk-men, and the introduction of several hundred foreigners into civil service embittered of course the ancient native employees.” The Celt just over from Ireland, with the ink scarcely dry upon his naturalization papers, proposes to shut out the more industrious Asiatic from all chance of employment in this country; and partisan politicians, devoid of all sense of honor and justice, and comprehending nothing of the true principles of democratic economy, pass laws which are a disgrace to our country.

The people of California and Oregon may hang their heads in shame when they contrast their treatment of the Chinese with that which Americans receive in China. Their persecution of the Asiatics demands the reprobation of the nation.

That the government and the people of China are moving slowly along the path of progress cannot be doubted, yet it will take a long while to overcome the inertia of the mighty mass. It would not be strange if the reactionary party should yet succeed in obstructing the onward movement. There are men in China, as there are in California, who would like to see all foreigners swept into the sea. People who have been thrown out of employment by the introduction of steamboats are restless; mandarins who see their power departing are ready to stir up discontent. There cannot be a social revolution without a disturbance of elements, and it will be contrary to the experience of all history if China is an exception.



## CHAPTER LI.

## NORTHERN CHINA.

TRAVELLERS visiting Northern China make Shanghai their point of departure. Unfortunately for us, we are here at the very worst season for a journey to Peking, and are compelled to forego the pleasure which we had anticipated in visiting the capital of the empire. The discomforts more than counterbalance the pleasure if the trip is made in July or August. It should be undertaken in May, June, September, or October. It must be remembered that there are no comfortable hotels, and that the only accommodation is that furnished by the native inns. The midsummer months are intensely hot, the winter and early spring cold, rainy, and disagreeable.

Steamers leave Shanghai every week for the northern ports. The first stopping-place is at Chefoo, on the promontory of Shantung. The fare from Shanghai to that city is sixty-six dollars, and the voyage occupies four days. The province of which this is the chief port is a little larger than the State of New York, and contains twenty-eight million inhabitants. The promontory is hilly, but the interior is a low plain, intersected by a network of creeks and small rivers, through which the Yellow River pours its flood to the sea.

Chefoo is considered the healthiest section of China accessible to foreigners, and during the hot months is a resort for those residing at Peking and Shanghai.

From Chefoo the steamer sails across the gulf of Pechili to the village of Taku, situated at the mouth of the Peiho, and from thence to Tientsin, sixty-seven

miles up that stream, which closes to navigation about the middle of November, and does not reopen till March. The lands are low, — laid off into rice-fields and orchards, — the river is so winding and narrow that the steamers not unfrequently come to a stand-still in the mud-banks.

Formerly communication with Shanghae was by the Grand Canal; but since the Yellow River has run away from its old channel and found new outlets to the sea, a portion of the canal has become useless, and the trade and travel is now along the coast in junks and foreign steamers.

Tientsin has a population of about four hundred thousand. It is one of the filthiest cities in China, and very unhealthy. To one who has seen Canton and the interior cities of the empire, it will present few objects of interest; but it is accounted one of the best places in China for foreign trade, and a hotel has been opened by a Frenchman. Several missionaries reside there, from whom travellers will always receive courteous attention.

It is eighty miles from Tientsin to Peking, and there are two routes, one by boat to Tungchow, which is thirteen miles from the capital, the other by cart all the way from Tientsin. The journey by land requires three, that by the river five days. The cost of a boat for the trip is from seven to ten dollars. The charge for a cart and one mule, one dollar per day; two mules, two dollars.

There is no harder riding than in a China cart. The wheels are clumsy, the body nailed to the axle, and there is no seat, spring, or cushion. The mules are harnessed tandem. The road is worn by constant travel, and there are deep ruts, sloughs, and miry places, which the driver is not careful to avoid. The only accommodations for the night will be those furnished at the native wayside inns. The thirteen-mile ride from Tungchow to Peking will be as much native cart-riding as most travel-

lers will care for. The conveyance by boat will be far more comfortable.

Passports are needed to Peking, which may be obtained of the consul at Tientsin.

Peking is an old city. It was the capital of the kingdom of Yen. From Chinese records we learn that 222 B. C. it fell into the hands of the Tsin dynasty. Genghis Khan captured it 1215 A. D., and it has been the capital of the empire from that time to the present.

It is composed of two parts, — the northern or Tartar, the southern or Chinese city. The former contains about twelve square miles, and is surrounded by a wall about fifty feet high and forty thick, with frequent buttresses. Within this area is the imperial palace and the residences of the officials.

The Chinese section is also walled, and contains the shops and residences of the mercantile and industrial portion of the community. The total circumference of the two cities is about twenty miles, and the population probably is not far from two million.

As in all Chinese cities, the dull uniformity is unbroken by spires, domes, or towers, and the only objects seen above the tiled roofs are the numerous flag-staffs which stand in front of the official residences of the mandarins.

The walls that surround the imperial palace enclose a space about a mile square. It is known by the foreigners as the "Prohibited City," into which no one is allowed to enter unless connected with the royal family or high in official position.

According to Chinese writers, the room in which the emperor receives his officers of state is painted in vermilion and carpeted with yellow velvet, figured with black dragons.

Within the enclosure is the "Palace of the Earth's Repose," and the "Heavenly Flower Garden"; in plain

English, they would be called the palace and garden of the empress. In the eastern division of the Prohibited City is the "Hall of Intense Thought"; also the "Hall of the Literary Abyss"—in other words, the hall where Confucius is worshipped, and the library.

Among the objects of interest in the Tartar city is the Lama Temple, containing a colossal image of Buddha sixty feet high, composed of wood and clay, with a bronzed surface. The temples are numerous, but they are not more magnificent than those of Canton or of the cities in the interior. Peking has not yet recovered from its capture by the Allies in 1860, when several of the palaces were destroyed.

The great wall, which is one of the chief objects of interest in this empire, is about fifty miles north of the city. It is a five days' excursion to that wonderful structure, reared two and a half centuries before the Christian era. This, and the few temples in Peking, are the only particular objects of interest in Northern China.

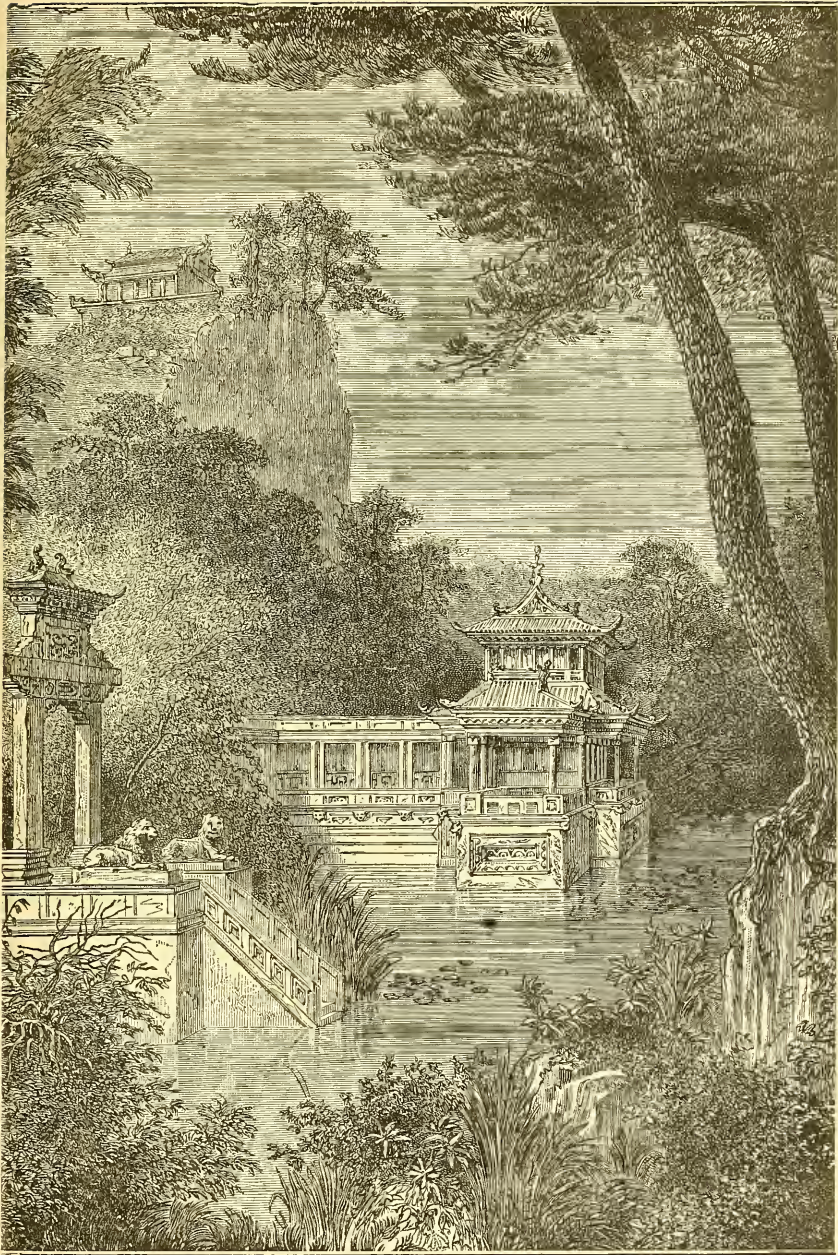
The round trip from Shanghai will require one month, and the expense will be from \$ 250 to \$ 300. Probably most travellers will leave it out of their programme, and devote the time to other portions of the route around the world.

Bidding farewell to the many kind acquaintances at Shanghai, who have made our stay pleasant and profitable, we steam down the Wusung into the Yangtse on the Costa Rica of the Pacific mail line of steamships.

We have agreeable company in the person of Captain Phelps, formerly of the United States navy, and now principal agent of the steamship company in China and Japan, residing at Yokohama.

The Costa Rica has two barges in tow, which are to be taken to Nagasaki. The distance is four hundred and eighty miles, and the trip is usually made in forty-eight





GARDEN OF THE EMPRESS.





hours ; but for five days we are tossed and tumbled on the Yellow Sea in a typhoon.

The gentle breeze of the morning gradually freshens. The barges break loose, are picked up and more securely fastened. The waves increase in height. The light fleecy clouds, flitting up from the southeast, assume a grayer hue. The gale is rising to a tempest. The stout warps, which were attached to the lighters in the morning, vibrate across the waves like the overstrained strings of a harp, then part, and they are free once more. Darkness is coming on, and a boat would hardly live in such a sea. Through the night they drift while we steam around them, the wheels slowly turning. They are too valuable to be abandoned. The wildness of the night is succeeded by a calmer morning. The boats are launched, and the truants secured, this time with newer and stronger cables.

But space is wanting for a detailed narrative of the greater fury of the storm, — the sailors lashing themselves to the rigging ; the laboring of the ship through the lagging hours, rolling the passengers out of their berths ; the cannon breaking loose, crashing into the cattle-pens, and crushing the legs of the cows ; waves dashing over the deck, washing the geese from their pen, taking the cackling flock out to sea ; chairs and tables tumbling, crockery smashing, wind howling, lightning flashing ; a mighty billow rolling over the steamer, engulfing the barges, severing the two eleven-inch and the five three-inch best Manila cables, between them and the ship, as if they were but threads !

The storm has ceased, and the sea no longer raves. We are in sight of Japan.

“ Earth how beautiful ! how clear  
Of cloud or mist the atmosphere !  
What a glory greets the eye ! ”

Hill upon hill, mountain upon mountain; white sand and gray rocks along the shore; groves of pine and palm, bamboo and oak; terraces, gardens, and orchards adorning the land; villages reposing in peaceful vales; the boats of fishermen anchored in snug harbors or sailing over the sea. Charming the scene!

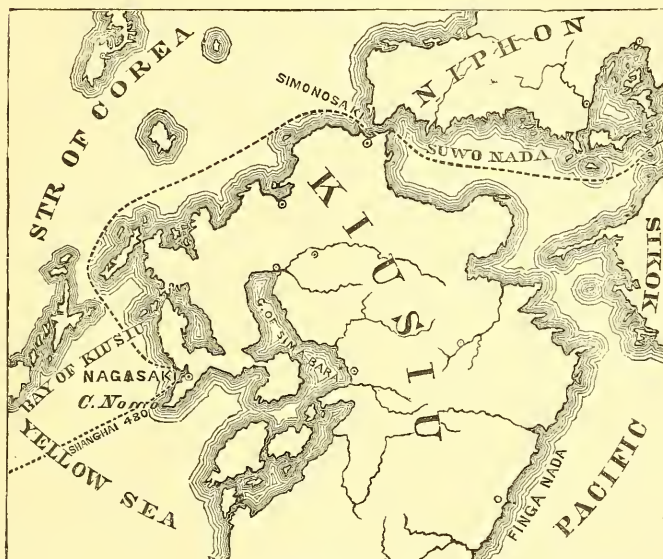
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## CHAPTER LII.

### APPROACH TO NAGASAKI.

THE harbor of Nagasaki is approached through a narrow inlet which is so concealed from view by small islands that mariners unacquainted with the coast sometimes are puzzled to find it. Not till we are close in shore can we see any opening among the hills. There are small sheds upon the hillsides, that, upon a close inspection, we discover to be erected over cannon placed *en barbette* in fortifications commanding the entrance. About fifty guns are in position, mostly twenty-four-pounders,—bronze ordnance, cast several hundred years ago, and said to contain a large percentage of silver. They probably would not be any more effective on that account, but are more valuable than old iron for smelting. None of the foreign powers as yet have had any serious conflict with the Japanese, and their military prowess has not been tested, but they are following in the path of Western nations in naval and military preparations. A gunboat, built in England, lies off the harbor as we approach, looking after the vessels coaling at an island at our right hand, where coal of excellent quality is mined.

Before us rises the island of Pappenberg, a conical hill barely a mile in circumference, with a perpendicular precipice a hundred feet high upon the southern side. When Christianity was suppressed, three hundred years



WESTERN JAPAN.

ago, it was the scene of a terrible slaughter. Twenty thousand men, women, and children were driven up the slope, upon the northern side, and pitched headlong down the declivity upon the rocks below. No Christian is allowed to visit it. We pass within cable's length of the rocks on which the martyrs to the faith gave up their lives. Fishermen are casting their nets along the shore, where the mangled bodies were tumbled into the deep. No monument marks the spot; but the gray cliff, wearing its emerald crown, is an everlasting memorial to the martyred dead:—



“ Like sheep to slaughter led,  
Unmurmuring they met their cruel fate ;  
For conscious innocence their souls upheld,  
In patient virtue great.”

Passing the island, we enter the narrow inlet and behold the harbor, — a deep indentation of the coast, two miles in length, about a mile wide, and surrounded by high hills. At our right hand are the residences of foreigners, and beyond them the city.

We have reached a new empire, and, before landing, we may profitably review its history.

In 1853 Commodore Perry, commanding a United States fleet, appeared off the coast of Japan to hold communication with a people which for centuries had held themselves aloof from the rest of the world. The first treaty between the Tycoon and the United States was signed the succeeding year. It provided that citizens of America should be allowed to trade at two ports, under restrictions ; that supplies should be furnished to ships putting into those harbors ; and that shipwrecked sailors should be well treated. In 1858 a more satisfactory treaty was negotiated. This action of our country stirred up other nations ; and Great Britain, the Netherlands, France, Russia, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and Prussia made haste to open diplomatic and commercial relations with the Tycoon.

Although ten years have elapsed since the signing of the last treaty, we know very little of the country or its government. And yet this is one of the oldest nations on the face of the earth, with a history going back nearly to the time of Moses. Through the long centuries revolutions, wars, the struggles of dynasties, all have been going on here.

The first allusion in European writings to Japan is in Marco Polo's account of his travels in Cathay, who was at the court of Ghengis Khan of Tartary from 1260 to

1294 A. D. That great Tartar chieftain fitted out a grand expedition for the conquest of this empire of *Zipangu*, — the Japanese pronunciation of the word Japan.

The country was discovered by the Portuguese in 1542, in that age which, above all others, was marked by zeal for the propagation of religion. It was in 1540 that seven young men met in a little underground chapel in Paris, and organized themselves into a society, taking solemn vows never to marry, to remain always in poverty, to render absolute obedience to their chief; to go at any instant, by day or by night, into unknown danger, — to the burning sands of Africa, to the jungles of Asia; to employ any means, — truth when it would serve, falsehood and duplicity when nothing else would do, — to propagate the Gospel. Their election of a chief fell upon Ignatius Loyola, whose ablest follower was Francis Xavier.

India was then conspicuously before the Western nations. All governments were reaching out their hands to grasp the wealth of that land which exported gold, ivory, and peacock's feathers, whose rivers sparkled with diamonds, whose temple roofs were overlaid with pure gold, and whose barbaric kings displayed wealth greater than that of all Christendom. It was an age of greed as well as of zeal. The chief officer of the Society of Jesus and his most devoted followers were in Spain in 1542.

At that time a vessel was fitting out in one of the ports for Goa, the Portuguese colony of India.

At a day's notice from Loyola, Xavier was ready for the journey to his future field of labor. He stopped not to bid farewell to friends, made no provision for the voyage, packed no ponderous trunks, but with his old tattered cloak, a bag over his shoulder, started upon his far-distant mission, reached Goa before the end of the year, went to the Straits of Malacca, visited the neigh-

boring islands, where he fell in with a Japanese named Angrio, who had been brought to Malacca by the Portuguese, and who accepted the new religion. Xavier pushed on to Japan, arrived here at Nagasaki in 1549, made a few converts, obtained information, laid plans for the future, sailed for China, and died on the passage.

But his plans were taken up by his followers. Priests came, and Christianity obtained a foothold at this port. The Portuguese began to trade here at Nagasaki in 1558. A church was established, and several of the Japanese damios, or princes, embraced the Christian religion. The emperor was well disposed towards the missionaries. Two of the damios were sent to Europe as ambassadors to the Pope in 1582, at which time Christianity had made great progress in the empire. They were received at Rome with grand ceremonies; there was great rejoicing throughout Christendom over the thought that the far East was welcoming the Gospel, that the islands of the sea had stretched out their hands to God, and that prophecy was being fulfilled. It is stated that it was the custom of the priests to go through the streets bearing a cross, ringing a bell, and sprinkling holy water upon the crowd. Upon whomsoever a drop fell he was counted as a Christian, was made to believe that he had received the new religion, and was numbered among the converts.

A new Tycoon came into power in 1587. He was a conservative, who held that Japanese should rule Japan, and that foreigners were of an inferior race. He ordered them to quit the country. The people began to throw stones at them in the streets, to jostle them off the sidewalks, and occasionally a Japanese gentleman of the conservative party manifested his superiority by ripping up or cutting down a priest. The government began to hang native Christians on trees, impaled them on stakes, or pitched them down precipices. The first martyr was ex-

ecuted in 1598, but the Jesuits were not wholly driven from the country till twenty-two years later. In 1620, when the *Mayflower* was making her lonely voyage across the Atlantic, the Tycoon drove the last Jesuit priest from the empire, and a few years later the Dutch traders, who had made no efforts to introduce a new religion, were confined to the small island in front of the town of Nagasaki, called the *Desima*. Through them the Japanese informed themselves of what was going on in the world, at the same time keeping themselves wholly secluded.

• The chief islands forming the Japanese group are four in number, — *Yesso*, *Niphon*, *Kiusiu*, and *Sikok*. In addition there are several hundred small islands, some inhabited, others the resort of innumerable waterfowl. The two southern islands, *Kiusiu* and *Sikok*, are most fertile, and have a dense population. Being situated between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels, the climate is variable, cooler than that of the United States in the same latitude in summer, and warmer in winter. Europeans residing in China, worn and wasted by hard work, come to Nagasaki to recover their strength and to revel in the beauties of the mountain scenery.

The entire group of islands is of volcanic origin. It is easy to trace here and there the various strata of lava which ages ago flowed down the mountain-sides. Earthquakes are frequent, and the people rarely build their houses more than one story high on that account. Though the hand of man has accomplished but little in the way of adornment, Nature has done so much that we are charmed with the prospect before us.



## CHAPTER LIII.

## WESTERN JAPAN.

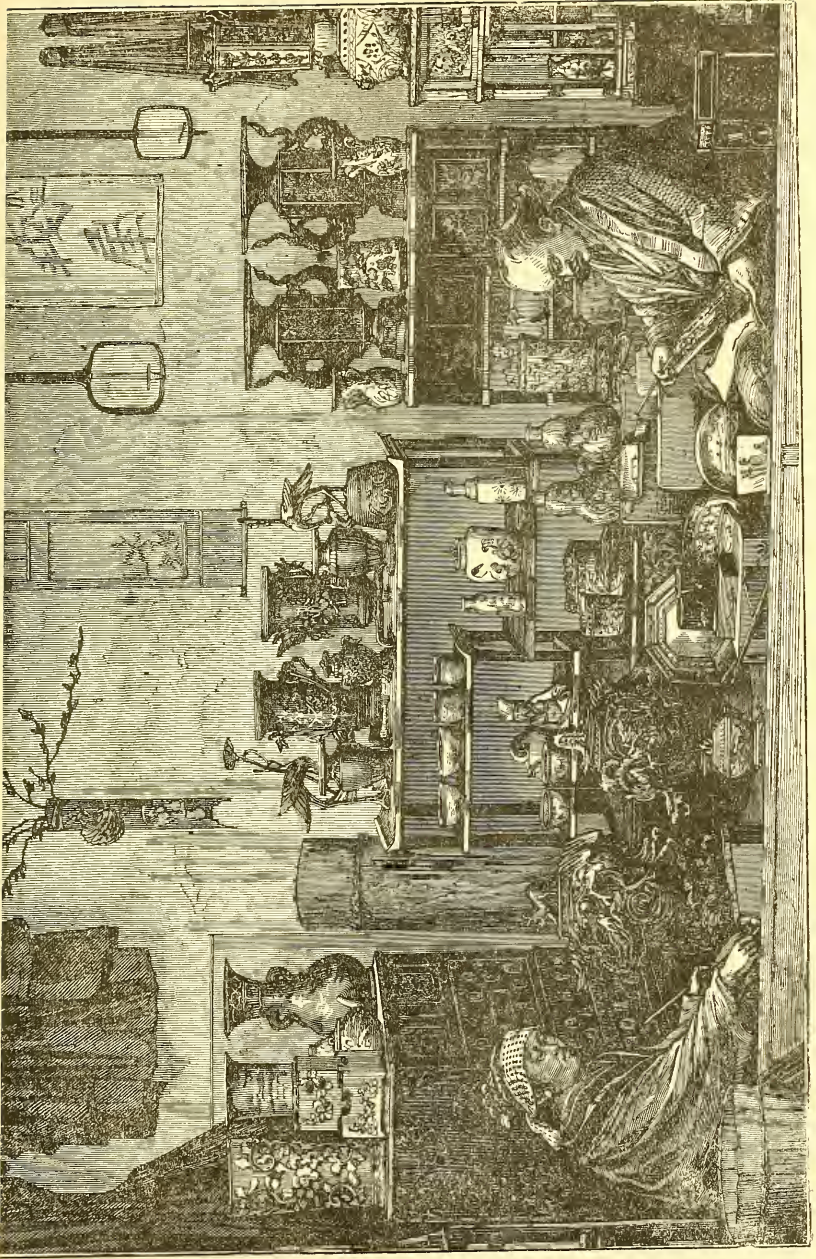
THE city of Nagasaki is located on the eastern shore of the bay, and is spread out upon a level plain with its suburbs rising upon the slopes of lofty hills. Though the houses are low and of uniform architecture, though the temples have no domes, minarets, or spires, their situation upon the hillsides, surrounded by groves, gives a pleasing picture to the scenery.

A few ships swing at their anchors, — American, English, and French vessels of war; three Japanese gunboats and native junks; but the mercantile activity which characterizes Shanghai is wanting.

The population of the city is estimated at one hundred thousand. The streets are wider than those of Chinese cities, cross at right angles, and are well paved, though carts or carriages never pass through them. Everything is carried by coolies. The city is divided into wards, having gates, which are closed at night as a precaution against riot.

That the people are hardier than the Chinese is our first impression. They are taller, have a more manly physique, and are less mildly tempered. The second impression is that they are lower in morals.

A shopkeeper invites us to enter his establishment. The front part is his shop, wide open by day, but closed by wooden shutters at night. We accept the invitation, and look at his work-boxes, tea-trays, lacquered ware, fans, and carved ivory. A movable screen separates the shop from the parlor. A few low stools, pic-



JAPANESE BAZAR.



tures by Japanese artists on the walls, pots and pans, teacups, saucers, bowls, and plates of nice porcelain, mats which will be spread on the floor at night for bedding, are the chief articles of furniture.

We are in the presence of the shopkeeper's wife and daughter, the last a young lady about twenty years of age. Her only clothing is a skirt reaching from the waist to the ankles. The mother is well dressed in a long flowing robe. She bustles about, sets the stools aside, disappears behind a screen and reappears with a stuffed chair, and with many a smile and nod and wink motions us to the seat, then herself crouches upon the floor at our feet, shows us photographs of Nagasaki and other works of art.

She has long black hair, combed, braided, and tastefully adorned with artificial flowers, a pug nose, high and prominent cheek-bones, a broad forehead, small black eyes, a tawny complexion with a tinge of peach-bloom on her cheeks, a homely mouth, and a red lip. Not many artists would give such features to their ideal of perfect beauty, but for all that there is a pleasing expression of the countenance when animated, or when she smiles; but when the smile becomes a laugh, and the lips part, we see that her teeth are black as jet.

She has been taking a cup of tea. The hot wa-



PREPARING FOR A SMOKK.



ter is still steaming in the kettle, and the little porcelain pot and diminutive cup are on a box by her side. She is preparing for a smoke.



DEVOTED LOVE.

This lady has plucked out every hair of her eyebrows. Thereby hangs a story. Years ago a beautiful princess of Japan, in order to show her devotion to her husband, blackened her teeth and pulled out her eyebrows, making herself hideous in the sight of all gallants, and so all loving wives follow her example.

We see a family bathing in their own house, not taking the trouble even to place a screen between themselves and the open door. Turning up a side street we come to a public bath-house, where men, women, and children have laid aside their clothing, and are bathing together with as much freedom as a flock of ducks!

We meet now and then a lady of the upper class, wearing a blue silk dress, or of flaming yellow or red, with under-dress of other bright colors, flowing sleeves, em-



broidered with gold, wearing yellow or crimson slippers, her hair neatly plaited, set off with pinks and marigolds, ear-drops of jade-stone, a costly fan, its sticks of ivory elaborately carved, adorned with beetles, bugs, and flies of bronze or pearl.

The handsomest buildings in the native city, like those described by Kempfer two hundred years ago, are now devoted to immoral uses. The keepers of the establishments purchase girls of their parents, lodge them in good apartments, teach them to dance, sing, play, or write, and instruct them in domestic economy. It is said that



JAPANESE LADIES.

a girl in such an establishment has a far better chance of obtaining a husband than those who are not thus educated, — a statement which we are loath to credit. But society in Japan presents a remarkable contrast to other Eastern countries in the education of women. Here boys and girls of the poorer classes are taught together in village schools. At the age of twelve or fourteen the boys are put into schools by themselves, while the girls are taught domestic economy. The education is not of a high order, but far better than utter ignorance, as in

India. Girls belonging to the higher classes practise music, painting, and the composition of poetry.

Strange contrasts! There is no disgrace to the girls in leading such a life before marriage, but their parents are debarred from good society, while the keeper of the establishment is looked upon as a vile fellow. The sense of modesty, as understood by civilized nations, seems to be wholly wanting. In Egypt and India modesty consists in covering the face, even though the body may be exposed; but in Japan it is not immodest to expose face and body alike. There is plenty of room for civilization and Christianity to develop their power in this quarter of the globe.

The chief musical instrument used by the ladies is somewhat like

“David’s harp of solemn sound,”

to quote from Dr. Watts, which had ten strings, while these have all the way from three to thirteen, which are stretched on a highly ornamented frame, lacquered and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Minstrels saunter the streets and frequent the tea-houses, playing on harps,



MINSTRELS.

bamboo flutes, and flageolets, accompanying singers whose voices are pitched on a high key, and whose songs are wails in the minor mode. Their music is not so thunderous and ear-split-

ting as that of the Chinese, but is equally wanting in rhythm and harmony.

They are more accomplished in painting than in music. Their mistakes in perspective are as amusing as those delineated by Hogarth. In a picture before us we see a boat in the foreground in which are several gayly dressed ladies, one of them holding an umbrella which shelters several vessels in a distant harbor, as well as a large town surrounded by groves and gardens. The ducks and water-fowl sporting in the stream a half-mile away are nearly as large as the nearer sail-boats.

In brilliant coloring the Japanese are unsurpassed. Boxes, screens, tea-trays, and books are highly and elaborately ornamented. The designs are rude attempts at landscape, with Fusi-yama, the "matchless mountain" of the empire, which we shall see on the eastern coast, as a prominent feature. The stork, stretching its broad wings in flight, or wading by reedy marshes, is a frequent figure. It is the guardian bird of Japan, and is as affectionately regarded here as in Germany.

We meet men wearing one long and another short swords in their belts. These fellows are called Yakonins; they are the retainers of the various daimios, or princes, of the empire. They hold themselves in high esteem, and look upon foreigners as belonging to an inferior race. At the present time these gentlemen are on a rampage, being greatly exercised on the question whether Japanese shall rule Japan, or whether interlopers from the United States and England shall have social and political privileges.

A fanatical or drunken Yakonin ought to shake hands with "conservative" gentlemen of Texas and other Southern States. Several foreigners have lost their lives lately at the hands of these fellows. They attacked the English Minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, at Yedo, in

1869. Admiral Rowan of the United States navy, then at Yokohama, ordered all the officers to carry their revolvers when on shore, and if they saw a Yakonin drawing his sword to shoot him down instantly, for it is a rule with them never to unsheathe it except to strike down an enemy. The country was convulsed with civil war, and they were under no restraint. Conservatism has the same arguments here that it has in America. No political privileges shall be granted to foreigners. They shall have no social or political rights.

We are accompanied in our stroll through the town by several fellow-passengers, and have a crowd following us, indulging their curiosity. The women are greatly amused when they discover the hoop-skirts worn by the ladies of our party. They test the springs, gaze at the mysterious framework in wonder, and then give way to



THE MYSTERY OF CRINOLINE.



boisterous merriment. To them it is undoubtedly the most ridiculous arrangement in the world. Undoubtedly they think that the women of America must have very strange ideas of dress to wear such complicated machinery.

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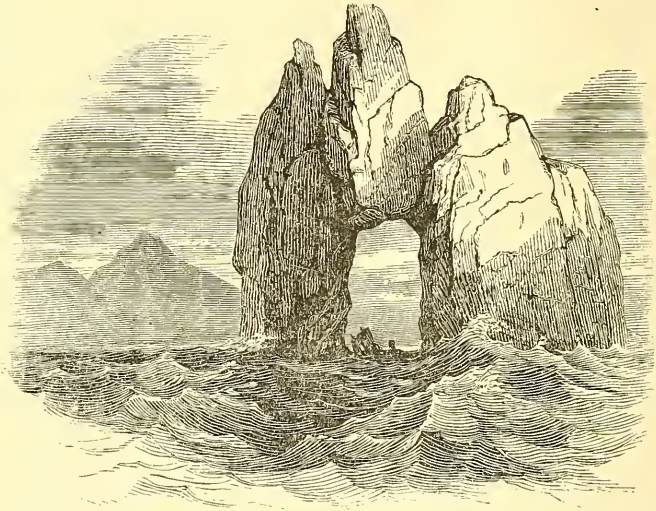
## CHAPTER LIV.

## THROUGH THE INLAND SEA.

NEVER was there a lovelier morning than that which dawns upon us as we steam out of the harbor of Nagasaki and up the western coast of the island of Kiusiu. Clear the air and calm the sea. We look upon an ever-changing panorama,—pebbly beaches, sunny hill-sides, whitewashed cottages, blooming gardens, deep bays, dotted with white sails; rocky islands, with beetling cliffs; scarped rock, sharp needles of granite, worn by the waves; sheltered coves, where the fishermen moor their boats; lofty mountains in the distance,—a picture of surpassing beauty.

Ten miles north of the entrance to Nagasaki harbor we behold a wonderful specimen of natural architecture,—two granite columns, one hundred and fifty feet high, at a guess, and fifty feet apart, rugged, sharpened at the top, with a great boulder of a thousand tons, chucked like a wedge between the pillars, forming a stupendous gateway through which a fleet of fishing-boats and schooners, or a yacht squadron, might sail in grand procession. How came it there? By what volcanic upheaval was it tossed high in the air, to fall like a wedge into its position? Or did it tumble from a mountain cliff which has been worn

away by the waves? It is so remarkable, so immense, so perfect a gateway, that we are all but ready to exclaim: It is not Nature's architecture, but the handiwork of the



SCENERY OF THE WESTERN COAST.

Titans and Cyclops, — the fabled, strong, and mighty monsters of mythological era! But there is nothing of man's work, nothing of legend and fable, so wonderful as the handiwork of God.

While enjoying the beauties of this coast, we meet a Japanese steamer, the *Sir Harry Parkes*, bearing the flag of the full moon, the national ensign. This steamer sailed from Nagasaki three weeks ago, with four hundred native Christians on board, who had been arrested, thrown into prison, put on board this vessel, and carried off, no one knows whither. There are stories that they were taken out to sea and thrown overboard; but the more probable supposition is, that they have been sent to the

mines, away north, on the island of Yesso. They will be worked hard, poorly fed, and subject to cruel treatment. Their only crime is that they are Christians.

What vitality there is in a religious idea! Through the three hundred years which have elapsed since the expulsion of the Jesuits Christianity has lived in the empire. Persecution has failed to root it out.

One of our passengers is the Catholic prelate of Japan, on his way to Yokohama, to see the French ambassador in regard to the persecution. He informs us that there are probably one hundred thousand Christians in the empire. He is already in communication with twenty thousand. They have held their faith in secret, have met in the mountains, in caves and dens, maintained rude forms of prayer and ceremonies of worship. The present persecution is instigated by the priests of Buddha. One of them last year visited Nagasaki, called upon Mr. Verbeck, a Dutchman, who is trading there, stayed with him awhile, obtained some information in regard to Christianity, and then disappeared. Not long since a pamphlet was published, inciting hostility to the new religion. Mr. Verbeck at once recognized it as the production of the priest who had been under his instruction.

Mr. Verbeck, who is a Protestant, and the French bishop, both are of the opinion that idolatry is dying out in the empire. There is a great desire on the part of the people to acquire the English language. In all of the cities open to foreign trade there are many men and women who can speak English. They have found out that it is of great advantage, as they can earn more money, and it gives them wider influence. Acquaintance with foreign languages and ideas, and an enlargement of mental vision, leads them to discard the worship of idols. They discover that the priests are ignorant and lazy, living upon the people, and doing no good. In the country

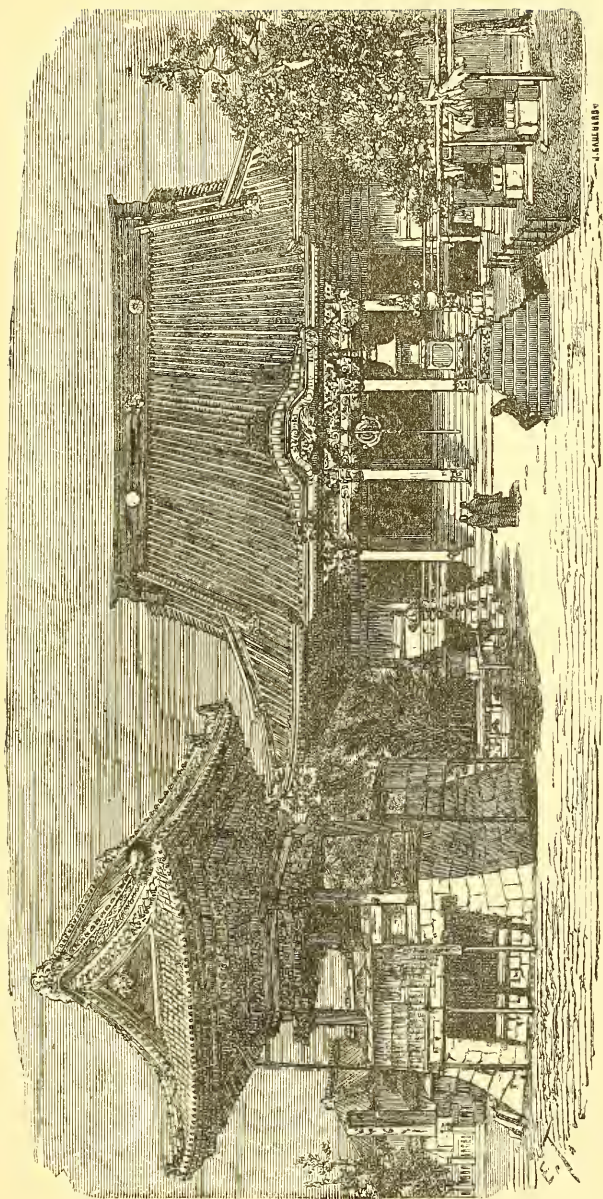
the priests have great influence, but in Nagasaki they are looked upon as burdens upon the community.

Our course for one hundred and fifty miles is along the western shore of Kiusiu. The climate of this region is variable, but far more healthy than the corresponding coast of China. The country is well wooded, owing to the care taken by the government to preserve the forests. People are not allowed to cut down a tree in this part of the empire until they have planted one to take its place. Extensive forests exist in the northern islands, where there is a scanty population, and the law is not enforced in that section. The bamboo, pine, and oak grow side by side, and present by their great contrast a pleasing feature in the landscape.

The approach to the Straits of Si-mo-na-sa-ki, through which we reach the Inland Sea, is marked by a great number of junks and boats under sail. It is the great water-way of the empire, the passage between Nippon and Kiusiu. We have been sailing north, and now at our right is the island of Siro-sima, distinguished by rocks which rise perpendicularly three hundred feet from the sea, seamed, scarred, worn by the waves, crumbled by storms and shaken by earthquakes. We look into deep caverns, and hear the surf thundering in the grottos. Thousands of sea-fowl have their homes in the clefts. Passing on, rounding the island of Rokuren, a Paradise of itself, clothed with trees, shrubs, long rank grass, flowers of every hue, we enter the narrow straits and sail up a tortuous channel.

On the southern main-land is the town of Kokura, where a silver stream falls into the sea after leaping and laughing its way from the mountain summits, which rise four thousand feet above us. The hillsides are beautifully terraced, set off with shrubbery, groves, orchards, houses in sunny nooks, and a cemetery with white headstones.





JAPANESE HOUSE.



People from the town are strolling along a sandy beach and hundreds of boats are dancing on the waves in a sheltered cove.

We sweep past numerous islands, green gems on the glassy deep, and catch glimpses of pleasant homes,—snug cottages almost hid from sight by the dense foliage of overhanging trees.

The Japanese do not worship their ancestors, as is the case with the Chinese, but the teachings of Confucius have left a deep impression on this people. A modified form of the Confucian religion prevails to some extent. Buddhist and Sinto worshippers alike reverence the dead, and the most charming spots are selected on the hillsides for their places of sepulture. The graves are carefully tended.

A funeral procession, the mourners in white robes, is winding up a narrow path. The Japanese deem white the most appropriate color to be worn while in mourning. The dead are usually buried at sunset. Two pieces or joints of bamboo are placed before the grave to hold the flowers, which are brought fresh from the garden every morning, and flowering plants and shrubs are planted in the cemeteries. In this respect the Japanese show a higher degree of refinement than any other Eastern nation.

The higher classes do not appear in public during the period of mourning. They give no feasts, entertain no company, and only are seen while decorating the graves with fresh flowers. The bridal veil is the shroud of married women at their decease. If a husband or wife dies, space is always left in the cemetery for the surviving partner.

The Sintoos believe that the spirit at death passes at once to a place of happiness or misery, to be punished or rewarded according to the deeds of the present life.

According to Chinese history, the Sintoo religion prevailed before the children of Israel received a code of laws on Mount Sinai. If this is true, the doctrine of rewards and punishments in the future life was not any monkish idea introduced from Europe. A thousand years before Plato discoursed of the immortality of the soul, the philosophers of Japan talked of the future life. Conscience entered into their philosophy. Death was not sleep. They had

“That dread of something after death.”

In the month of August a festival is held, during which the spirits of the dead are supposed to revisit the earth. Tombs, trees, gardens, houses, are illuminated with lanterns of every hue. It is a joyful night.

“Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door.”

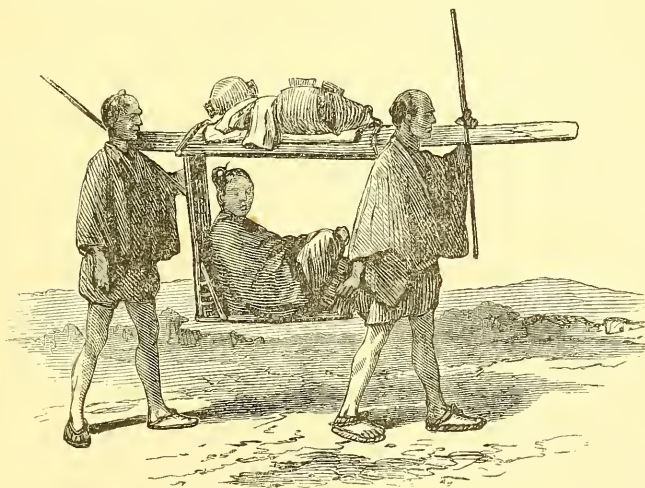
On the second evening the spirits return to their shadowy land, which lies somewhere beyond the sea. With much ceremony, little paper boats are borne to the seaside, lighted tapers placed within, and the tiny craft launched upon the waves.

The straits are not more than half a mile wide, and at this narrow crossing we see the *Tokaido*, or imperial highway of the empire, which extends to Yedo. Each damio keeps it in repair in his own territory. Tea-houses and inns are established at regular intervals. The road is twenty feet wide, built three centuries ago; *macadamized* three hundred years before McAdam thought of using pounded stone for highways.

Upon the northern side of the straits is the large town of Chofu, the capital of damio Choisiu. In 1864 he undertook to levy a contribution upon ships going through the straits, and fired upon the American bark *Pembroke*



from the batteries which we see along the water, under the shade of the trees. The United States ship-of-war Wyoming, Captain McDougal, was at Yokohama, and came down to see about it. Choisiu had two gunboats at anchor in front of the town, and opened fire from them and from all his batteries. Captain McDougal steamed between the town and the gunboats, ran alongside the latter, sent them to the bottom and steamed back again, as if nothing had happened. This was in July, and in September, the damio still being insolent, the allied fleet at Yokohama came down and silenced his batteries and brought him to terms.



THE CANGO.

The common mode of travelling, by the poor classes, is on foot or horseback. Ladies of the higher classes ride in the *cango*, borne by two coolies, as seen in the accompanying illustration. The back is slightly inclined; but as the space is contracted, the occupant is obliged to sit

cross-legged, or with the knees in close proximity to the chin.

The damios and their wives are carried in the *no-rimon*, which is much like an East India palankeen. The roads which lead from the Takaido to the towns in the interior are mere paths, traversed by people on foot, or riding the small, kicking, vicious ponies of the country.

We have entered the narrow passage, called the Inland Sea, which separates the island of Kiusiu from Nippon. It is rather a succession of broad sheets of water connected by narrow straits. The Japanese word *Nada* means sea, and in sailing east we pass first through the Iyo-nada, then the Bingo-nada, the Harima-nada, and the Isumi-nada, so named from the damios whose districts border on the passage.

We enter the Straits of Si-mo-na-sa-ki at sunset, and during the night our course is across the Iyo-nada. We see the dim outline of mountains in the distance. The waters are as calm and peaceful as a forest-sheltered pool.

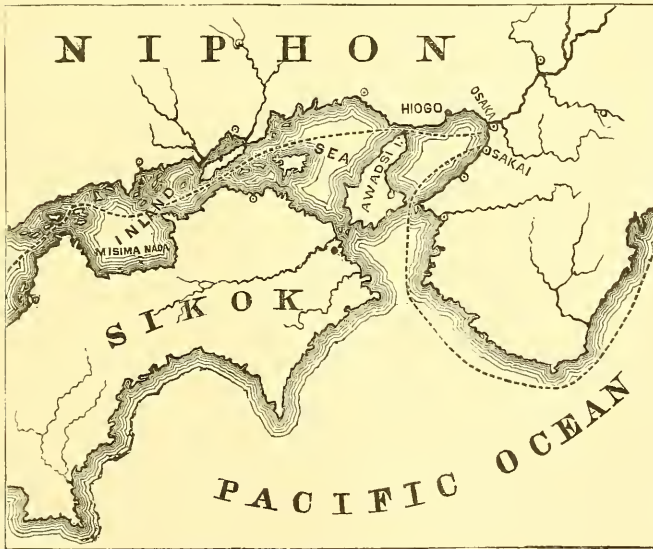
We are aroused from sleep in the early morning by the voice of the mate. "If you want to gaze upon the loveliest scenery in the world, now is your time," he says, with his lips to the key-hole of our state-room door.

Reaching the deck we behold the glories of the Inland Sea in the light of the approaching dawn. Our course is towards the rising sun. Before, behind, on either hand, and beneath us in the unruffled depths, we see the beauty of a thousand isles. Some of them are but specks on the water,—emerald gems in setting of polished silver. Others are of larger area, with whitened shores washed by the ebbing and flowing tides. There are fields, forests, wooded hills, shaded

ravines, and mountain cliffs,— a panorama painted by a Hand divine !

It is more than a panorama. Its loveliness far surpasses all artistic skill. It is a palace, with court, hall, drawing-room, chamber, and corridor. But what conception of man can imitate such a design ! What artistic cunning can fashion in mullioned window, hooded porch, lofty portal, by corbel or gargoyle, such beauty as that in the groves of pine and palm that crown the hills and adorn the slopes !

Or shall we liken it to a cathedral ? This narrow passage between these two green islands, where the hills rise



THE INLAND SEA.

to the magnitude of mountains, is the western gateway ? We gaze entranced down transept and nave, into chapel and choir, up to domes, turrets, towers, and pinnacles, with

such mural painting as never yet was attempted by old masters.

What chancel, or oratory, or approach to high altar, so gorgeous as this sapphire sea, rippled with silver and flooded with golden light! Comparison fails. We can only gaze entranced before the ever-changing loveliness. We dream of Arcadian scenes, and listen to hear, as Ulysses heard, the song of sirens on the shore, or fairies of the sea calling from the sylvan shades :—

“Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,  
For here are the blissful downs and dales,  
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,  
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,  
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land,  
Over the islands free;  
And the rainbow lives in the curves of the sand.  
Hither, come hither and see!”

We gaze upon the changing views till eyes grow weary, wishing that all our friends might behold the indescribable glories of this Inland Sea.

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## CHAPTER LV.

### HIOGO.

ALL day long we have been in sight of countless sails, — junks and fishing-boats, rudely constructed, with lofty quarter-decks and an immense amount of rudder. We have been steaming at the rate of eleven knots an hour, but have not for a moment lost sight of the junks. We count over five hundred under sail at once, while other hundreds are at anchor or drawn up in coves and under the lee of islands. The presence of such a number



of sailing craft is sufficient of itself to indicate a dense population.

The shores are dotted with towns and villages, and the country is under high cultivation. The wheat and barley crops have been harvested; the rice-fields are of the richest green, the stalks knee-high, and the crop will be gathered in season to be followed by turnips.

We are approaching the town of Hiogo, which is situated on the southern shore of Nippon, about two hundred miles south of Yedo by land, three hundred and seventy by sea. It was opened to foreign trade in January, 1868, under the treaty of 1858.

It is located on the western side of the bay with a high mountain behind it.

Nearing the harbor we see green fields, pastures, mountain ridges, ravines, groves, peasants' huts, and discern a forest of masts through the smoky atmosphere, steam past a martello tower of hewn stone, with cannon in the embrasures, and come to anchor amid a fleet of war vessels, — four American, three English, two French, one Prussian, and a half-dozen Japanese.

This is the port of Osaka, one of the great cities of the empire, lying fourteen miles east of us, on the other side of the bay. The water is not deep enough to permit vessels to approach the city, and Hiogo has become the place for foreign trade. Osaka is the Venice of Japan, situated in a meadow, a river winding through it, besides being traversed by numerous canals. A gentleman who has visited the city says that there are over four hundred bridges across the river and canals. They are all of stone, and some of them of elaborate workmanship and fine architectural beauty. It has for a long time been a favorite dwelling-place of the daimios, or princes, who have their palaces along the banks of the main river, each with its well-kept garden, with broad flights of stone steps extending down to the water.

There is no resemblance between this city and Venice, except in the means of water communication, — no such old palatial, imposing edifices as those upon the Grand Canal of the city of the Doges, no such wonderful temple as the Cathedral St. Mark's, with three thousand years of genius in its walls. It is a city of half a million inhabitants, with five hundred temples.

The inhabitants are largely engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods, silk, sugar, paper, oil, and products of flax.

The tradesmen and mechanics have their mutual-aid societies, which have been organized for centuries. This feature of modern civilization — the brotherhood of man — is not wholly of Western origin.

The country around Osaka is fertile and densely settled. Foreign merchants at Hioko are confident that a large and lucrative trade will spring up at this port, and they are already looking forward to the time when a railroad, running along the sea-shore, will connect it with Osaka. The Tocaïdo passes through Hiogo.

The climate is delightful, the harbor spacious and deep enough for the largest ships, and, being in the Inland Sea, is thoroughly protected from storms. It is only about thirty miles from Kioto, the capital of the Mikado, or Emperor.

A brawny Japanese boatman takes us ashore, and we saunter along the streets, followed by a crowd, curious to see the ladies of our party.

If we enter a shop, they gather at the door, blocking the street. Our ladies are looking for curiosities, but they themselves are the curiosities of the moment. A woman walking on pattens, and carrying a child on her back, gazes with laughing eyes and smiling face at the ladies of our party. Feminine curiosity is as marked here as at Nagasaki.

Avoiding the increasing multitude, we gain the suburbs of the town, pass up an avenue bordered by hedges and bounded by rice-fields, irrigated by water drawn from numerous wells.

On our return we stop at a tea-house to refresh ourselves with a cup of Japanese tea. The proprietor is delighted to have his establishment patronized by foreigners, arranges seats for us, brings out his best china, passes the cups around on a highly ornamented tray, fills them again and again from a porcelain pot, smiles, grins, nods, and winks his pleasure, gives us all we can possibly swallow, and thinks himself well paid with four cents for twenty cups!



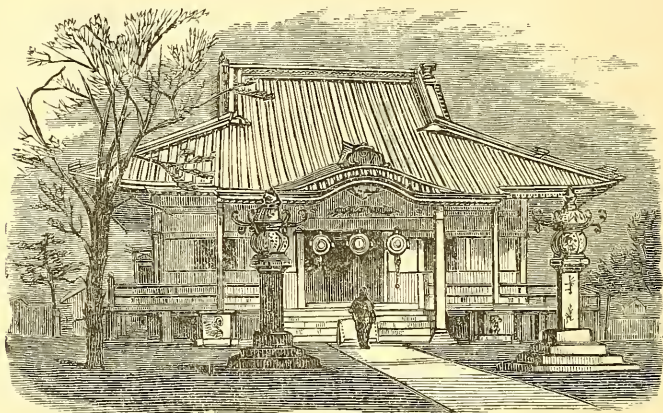
PLEASED TO SEE US.

His tea-houses and gardens are hung with enormous paper lanterns of red, green, blue, casting rainbow hues upon the people, who sit beneath the trees through the evening sipping tea, winding up with a glass of *saki*,—rice liquor,—and, since the foreigners came, with whiskey and brandy, that sets them whooping like Indians on the war-path. From this we see how rapidly they are advancing in civilization!

A walk of a mile brings us to a temple dedicated to the Goddess of Agriculture,—not to the Ceres of the Grecian Pantheon, but to the Sun, which in Japan is regarded as a female deity.

The temple has a tiled roof; but tiles, woodwork, posts, all are highly ornamented. A bell is suspended over the entrance. There is an altar on which the worshippers lay their offerings of fruit, flowers, or money.

The trees around the temple are hung with slips of paper printed with prayers, requesting the deity to give



TEMPLE TO THE SUN GODDESS.

a good yield of rice. The Hiogo traders, like their Christian brethren in Western lands, have an eye to business, and have even stuck up their advertisements on the posts of the temple. One man informs the public that he has lime for sale; literally, "stone fire-ashes," or ashes of stone. A worshipper is at his evening devotion walking round the temple, touching the bell at every circuit. Step, motion, action, look, feature, all indicate his zeal. He goes as if on a wager.

A woman enters the court, touches her forehead to the altar, commences her walk round, round, round again, touching the altar and the bell at every turn.

Outside the gate, not three steps from the avenue, a priest is taking his bath in a tub, with no more sense of modesty than the stone post against which he leans.

Here, as at Nagasaki, we see members of families bathing together in their own houses, or in the public bath with their neighbors.



The Japanese are affectionate. Among the higher classes, it is said, that men who have offended the laws have killed themselves by *Harrkari*, or "happy despatch," that the punishment of the offence might not fall upon their children and friends. It is a point of honor among high officials to rip themselves open if they incur the displeasure of the Tycoon or Mikado. By so doing, the family does not suffer, and not unfrequently a son is advanced by having so honorable a father!

The Japanese are social in their habits, and visit not only the tea-houses, but the fields and woods in company to enjoy each other's society. Picnics are common at this season of the year. A short distance out from Hiago there is a small stream leaping down the hillside, with shady nooks along its banks, whither the Hiogans resort for recreation.

The ladies take more care to protect their faces from the sun than those of America. Their hats are more capacious than the bonnets worn by our grandmothers. They might be used for market-baskets. They serve the wearers admirably in all weather, alike protecting from sun and rain. No wonder they laugh at the diminutive hats worn by our ladies.



WELL PROTECTED.

Luncheon-baskets are as common here as in England. It is not unusual to see a party of friends, with a lacquered cabinet, containing plates, bowls, knives, teacups, and a basket filled with provisions, on their way to the woods or the hillside, where the entire day is passed in conversation, reading, singing, playing cards, and drinking tea and saki. Sometimes the saki turns the picnic into a row, and the return is very much like the going home from Donnybrook Fair.

The coolies of Japan are stout fellows, who stagger through the streets and along the highways with im-

mense burdens. They wear bowl-shaped hats, and are better dressed than the same class of laborers in China. They are noisy while at work, and very savage in a fight. If we wish them to hurry their pace while riding in a cango we shout, "Jigger! jigger!" which is equivalent to saying, Hurry up!



PORTER.

The distance from Hiogo to Yokohama is three hundred and fifty-five miles. Our course for eighteen miles is due south, then rounding a sharp point of land we are on the Pacific Ocean, running up the eastern coast. The

land rises abruptly from the sea. The hills are as green as those on the western shore. The land is not so well cultivated, and the people not so numerous as in other

sections of the empire. A gentleman on the steamer, who has been several years in Japan, assures us that the population of the empire has been over-estimated; that, instead of containing thirty millions, it probably does not contain more than eighteen or twenty. Another gentleman puts the number at a still lower rate. This eastern section of Nippon is subject to earthquakes. We pass Simôda, the port opened to the United States by the treaty negotiated by Commodore Perry. A large portion of the town was shaken down and the harbor filled up by an earthquake in 1864.

Long before reaching the entrance to the Bay of Yedo, Fusiyama, "The Matchless Mountain" of Japan, appears in view. It is sixty miles from the coast, yet the captain of the Costa Rica informs us that he has seen it when one hundred miles at sea, or one hundred and sixty from the mountain.

It stands alone in a broad plain with an elevation of nearly fifteen thousand feet, rising in the form of a cone. It is an extinct volcano. Its last eruption occurred in 1707, and caused great destruction of property and life from the sudden overflowing of lava. Pilgrims toil up its rugged sides to pay their devotions at the tomb of Sinto, the great sage of Japan, who was buried there three hundred years before the time of Christ. He founded the religion which bears his name, and which is closely allied to Buddhism. It is the prevailing religion of the country.

Off the entrance to the bay is Vrie's Island, named for an old Dutch admiral who sailed these waters when Holland was the only nation holding commercial intercourse with Japan. The island is volcanic, and we see a column of gray smoke ascending from the loftiest summit. There has been no eruption of late years, but the surrounding country shakes from time to time, indi-

cating that there are internal commotions not far distant from this vent-hole in the earth's crust.

The entrance to the Bay of Yedo bears some resemblance to the "Narrows" of New York. The strait is defended by earthworks, along the beach and upon the bluffs. The hillside batteries, if mounted with heavy guns, might almost command the channel.

A little village is nestled under the cliffs of the western shore, and a large fleet of junks are at anchor in front of the town. It is the place where all native craft bound to Yedo are inspected by the government officials.

The bay is about thirty miles in length and twenty wide. Yokohama, our destination, is on the western shore, about twenty miles from the entrance. Pleasing views meet the eye as we approach the town, — villages, grain-fields, groves of pine, with Fusi-yama lifting its crystal crown against an azure sky. Foreign ships multiply around us, and at length we drop anchor amid a large fleet of war-ships and merchant-vessels flying the flags of nearly all nations.

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## CHAPTER LVI.

### YOKOHAMA.

**Y**OKOHAMA is the great centre of foreign traffic in Japan. Its situation, only twelve miles from the capital, and in one of the richest portions of the empire, and its relations to San Francisco, Panama, and Puget Sound, on the western coast of America, give it great prominence as a commercial mart.

There is excellent anchorage along the shore, though



when a heavy southern gale prevails, the ships in the harbor are somewhat exposed. The place first selected by the foreign powers for a port was Kanagawa, which is nearer Yedo, but the shallow water off the shore decided them to locate the future port at the little fishing village of Yokohama. The fishermen had built their huts on a sandy plain, where they could draw up their boats on a smooth, hard beach. The plain was bordered on the north by a marsh. A creek, winding through the lowlands and coming out to the bay again, enclosed an area of about three hundred and forty acres, so that the village was situated on an island. South of the town, and beyond the creek, are bluffs of yellow earth, from whence material is obtained for filling up the marshes.

The island is in the form of a rectangle, and has a sea frontage of about a mile, along which the residences of the foreign merchants are erected.

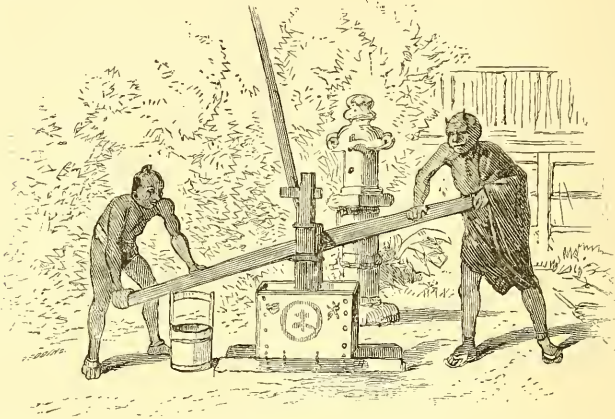
Although ten years ago it was so insignificant a place, it has now a population of about twenty-five thousand. At first the Japanese were afraid to settle so near the foreigners from whom they had stood aloof through all the past; but the advantages to be derived from trade overcame their timidity, and the population has rapidly increased.

The western half of the town is occupied by the foreign merchants. It is regularly laid out, the streets crossing at right angles. The English and French have secured land on the bluffs, where military and naval hospitals have been erected. A regiment from India is encamped on the hills. They were sent for by the English minister a short time ago to defend the place, while the civil war continues which is now being waged between the northern and southern damios.

Two moles, which the Japanese call Hatobas, have been constructed, and a portion of the marsh filled up. The

improvements that have been made show great energy on the part of the foreign residents.

Passing along the street we see a fire-engine; its construction will be seen from the accompanying illustration.



FIRE-ENGINE.

The houses are built of wood, and, as at Nagasaki and Hiogo, are open at the front, with lower floors raised a foot or two above the ground, and are neatly carpeted with white matting. The shops are more tastefully arranged than at Nagasaki. One shopman, after showing us the articles which he has for sale, kindly takes us to the rear of his establishment into a garden, neatly and tastefully laid out, adorned with bronzes, an artificial grotto, fountains, flowers, shrubs, and twining vines.

The finest bronzes are from the province of Couza, which lies in the interior. Some of them are inlaid with silver in arabesque designs, but the prices asked will probably deter most travellers from purchasing. Since the opening

of the country to foreign trade everything has advanced in price. Articles of tortoise and ivory, elaborately carved, formerly were to be had at low rates.

Passing into an adjoining shop, we find very good photographs, taken by a native artist. The wife of the photographer waits upon us, and is pleased when we purchase a picture of herself wearing a pannier, with her back hair neatly combed and skewered, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration.

Panniers have been worn here from time immemorial; and the ladies who sport them in the United States are following the fashions of Japan instead of Paris.

The foreign trade of Yokohama is steadily increasing. It consists mainly of raw silk, silk-worm's eggs, tea, and lacquer-ware. The government has not favored



THE PANNIER.

an extension of the trade with foreign nations, looking upon it as a disadvantage. They do not desire the introduction of foreign goods, believing that it will drain the country of the precious metals. Though adopting this mercantile policy, the damios in power have spent large sums for foreign vessels of war, cannon, and military arms. English and American ship-owners have done an excellent business in selling old steamers, several of which are lying in the harbor.

Our use of the term "government," as applied to that of Japan, is liable to be misunderstood. Each of the great damios has his army of retainers and his ships of war, and gunboats, some of which did service as blockaders

during the war, and others as blockade-runners, are owned by different damios, who have united their forces to maintain their power.

The government of Japan is unlike any other on the face of the earth. In some respects there is an approach towards the old feudal system of Europe. For a long while we have been in the dark in regard to the political status of the empire. The treaty negotiated by Commodore Perry was with the Tycoon, as also were all subsequent treaties ; but last year the foreign ministers, after getting out of patience with the dillydallying of the Tycoon about opening the port of Hiogo, ascertained that he was not the head of the government. To understand the organization of the government, we must go back several centuries, to the time when the system was more feudal than at present, when there was an emperor, the Mikado, and leading princes or damios, each supreme in his own district, but owing allegiance to the Mikado. There came a time when one of the damios obtained great power, became ruler of eight districts, and secured a revenue of forty million dollars per annum ! He became the executive officer of the empire, wielded all power, was in effect the head of the nation, while the Mikado became his dependant, was supported by him, obeyed the Tycoon, and signed such documents as he required. No law or document was valid unless it bore the signature of the Mikado, — a fact which was not known when the treaties were negotiated.

The Tycoon who first acquired this commanding position was of the Tokugawa family, and the law of succession which was accepted continued it in the family, — each appointing his successor, and keeping the other damios under control, by compelling them to send their wives and children to Yedo, as hostages for their good behavior. Yedo is the Tycoon capital, while the capital

of the Mikado is at Kioto, not far from the recently opened port of Hiogo.

The present fight is between the North and the South. The Southern damios, Satsuma, Choisiu, and Bizen, and one or two others, each of which have a revenue of two to three million dollars, determined to break down the Tokugawa family. Stotsbashi, the Tycoon who negotiated the treaties, did not obtain the signature of the Mikado to the treaties, and this was held to be an unpardonable offence. The southern damios did not revolt from the Mikado, but with the Mikado's banner above them waged war upon Stotsbashi, who finally resigned, appointing his successor from his own family. But the southern damios were not content with driving him individually from power, — their ob-



STOTSBASHI.

ject only could be obtained by breaking down the family, and by taking the government into their own hands. They took possession of the Mikado, — who is but a boy, — issued their edicts at Yedo, and were going on swimmingly, when one of the powerful Northern damios, Idsu,



appeared in the field. He informed the Southern confederates that there was to be no change in the law of succession. He rallied the other Northern damios, and bloody battles have been fought.

Before Stotsbashi resigned, he fought the Southerners not far from Osaka, aided by some of the Northern damios; but in the heat of the battle one of his allies went over to the enemy with all his force, and Stotsbashi was utterly routed. He fled to his castle at Osaka, then on board the United States man-of-war the Iroquois, appointed his successor, and delivered himself up to the Mikado. The Southerners confiscated his immense estates, sent off his relatives into the South, and had things all their own way at Yedo. Then it was that Idsu rallied the Northern damios.

An immense amount of military supplies have been sold to the contending parties, — Enfield and Springfield rifles, breech-loaders, revolvers, rifled cannon, shells, and solid shot. Each party has its navy, — steamers sent from England and the United States, for which the Japanese have paid round sums of money, and which in a short time will be useless hulks.

It is not a war in which the people are interested; they care very little about it. History is repeating itself. It is like the dispute between York and Lancaster, or the old struggle of France as to which party shall have the Dauphin. It is also a question of the supremacy of climate, race, and blood. The Southerners are from a sunny clime. They have tropical blood in their veins, — a mingling of the blood of the inhabitants of the Central Pacific islands with that of the aborigines of the empire. The Northerners are from a vigorous clime; they face the cold wintry winds which sweep down the sea of Ochotsk from Kamtchatka.

The Tokugawa family came into power about the year

1128, and have retained it to the present time, though there have been several revolutions. What royal family in Europe can boast of such a duration of power and privilege, or show an annual revenue of forty million dollars? Surely there are some wonderful things about this country, of which we know as yet very little.

To the botanist the flora of Japan presents an interesting variety. Camellias and azalias are common, as well as a species of pine, resembling the stone pine of Italy, but here taking the form of an umbrella. The Japanese are experts in floriculture. They have produced many varieties of ilex, and other plants of the same order. The florists and botanists of the United States will be able to obtain new variegations from the gardens in the vicinity of Yokohama and Yedo.

There is not much to be seen in the vicinity of Yokohama, but an excursion of fifteen miles will take us to the ancient city of Kamakura, one of the sacred cities of the empire, containing a hundred temples. It was the capital of the empire seven centuries ago, but since the removal of the Tycoon to Yedo it has dwindled to an insignificant place.

Though some of the temples are in ruins, and others closed, there are objects which will interest the tourist who has time to make the excursion.

The road winds through a fertile valley, amid green fields and shady groves. There are frequent villages and tea-houses where refreshment may be obtained.

The old city is located in a charming valley; and the road leading to it is often thronged by pilgrims going to or returning from the sacred shrines. It was made the Miaco, or capital, of the empire in 1185, by a tycoon named Yoritomo, one of the heroes of Japan, though his heroism consisted mainly in bearing down all opposition and having things his own way. Under his rule and that of his successors it became an opulent city.

Civil war in this country is as chronic as it was in Europe under the feudal system. In a struggle for power between the Northern and Southern damios which occurred in 1333, Yoshisata, the damio of the province of Smitske, conquered the city, put a large number of the inhabitants to the sword, set fire to the wooden buildings, and pulled down those of brick and stone. From that time to the present it has been a ruin.

At the present day Kamakura does not differ from Japanese villages in general, except in the wideness of some of its streets, — vestiges of the original plan of the old capital, — its sacred buildings and traditional associations.

The various temples and shrines — more than a hundred in number — are distributed widely over the plain, but the largest and most imposing of them all is the Hachiman, erected in honor of a deified hero, who is adored by the military class. It is approached from the south by a straight and wide avenue. The temple is entered through the gateway of the “two kings,” who are represented by huge dilapidated wooden figures, with bows and arrows for weapons. A large bronze bell is suspended in one corner of the court. It has a rich tone; and when the air is still, its reverberations are heard floating over the calm waters of the distant bay. The numerous temples of Kamakura are mainly of wood, strongly built, and variously adorned, especially the gateways and cornices, with carvings representing fish, birds, flowers, and dragons. The images and figures when new were covered with gilt, but the gold has become dim, and the colors of vermilion and purple have faded to a dingy brown.

About a mile southwest of Kamakura is the famous statue Dia-boots, or the Great Buddha, in a grove of bamboos, oaks, and camelias. It is one of the most remark-

able works of art in the world. It was erected in the twelfth century, while the city was the capital. When Kamakura was destroyed, no damage was done to the temples or idols.

This great prophet is represented as sitting cross-legged in the position usually taken by the people of the East, who prefer sitting on the floor rather than in chairs. The statue occupies a position which, like the colossal figure representing Bavaria at Munich, shows it off to the best advantage. It is approached by an avenue leading by a flight of stone steps to a platform of the same material about four feet high. The figure, which sits upon this granite floor, is about fifty feet high. It is constructed of bronze plates, so closely united, and presenting so even a surface, that the joints cannot be detected without considerable scrutiny. The circumference of the body is ninety-eight feet, its nose three and a half feet long, the ears six and a half, and the other features in proportion. The head is covered with curls, of which there are eight hundred and thirty. The countenance is of a sleepy cast, representing Buddha in mournful meditation. The interior is hollow, and contains small images of Buddhist saints. Many of the idols of Japan are represented with glories encircling their brows, like those so often seen in Roman Catholic churches, and it is probable that the idea was borrowed from the Jesuits.

The neighborhood of Kamakura abounds with temples, which are surrounded by gardens, and a visit to the locality will well repay any one who may have time to make the excursion.

## CHAPTER LVII.

## YEDO.

THE capital of Japan is the chief point of interest in the eastern section of the empire. It is a great disappointment that we are not permitted to see it, but all foreigners have been compelled to leave on account of the civil war. The English, French, and American ministers have taken up their residences at Yokohama, where they will remain till the conflict is over. We are compelled, therefore, to rely upon gentlemen who have resided in Yedo for a description of the city.\*

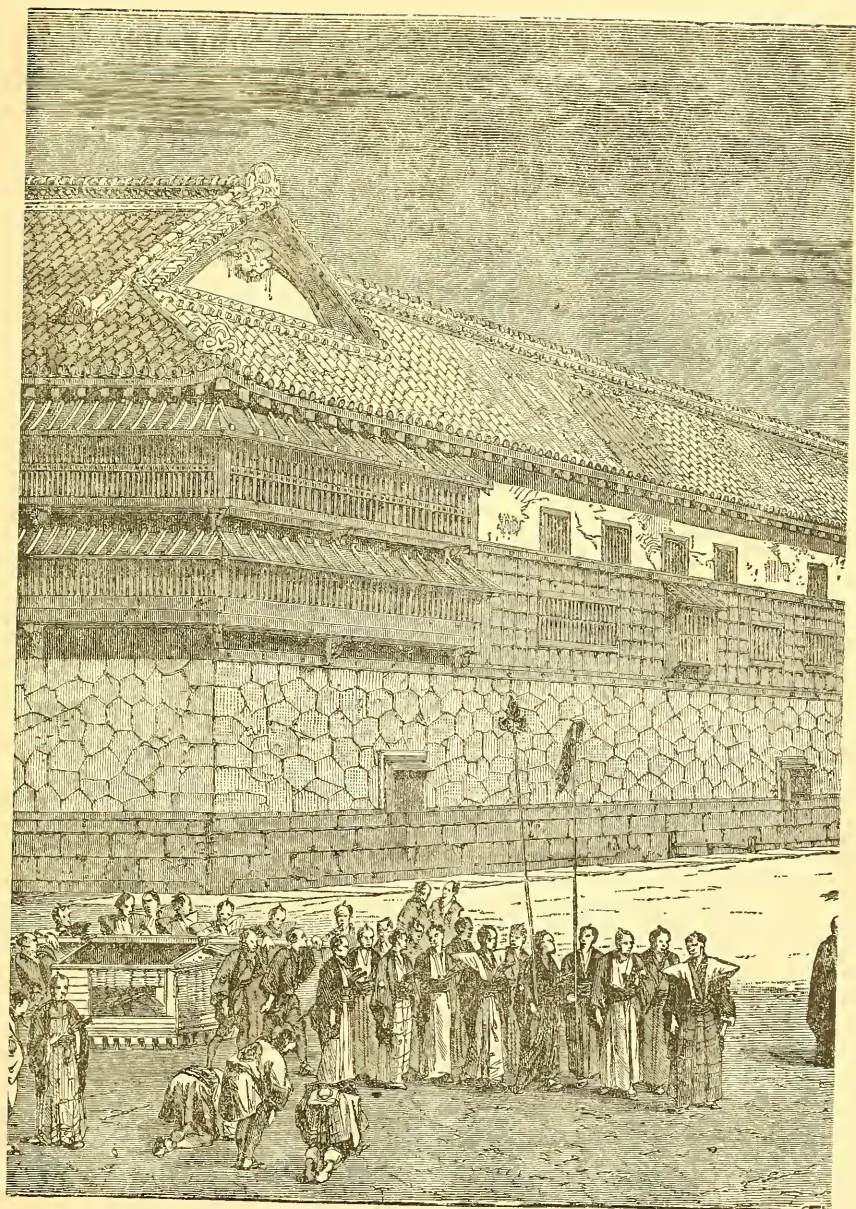
It may be reached by land or by water. The last-named mode is the easiest; but a ride on a Japanese pony over the imperial road will enable one to see the country and the people.

Permission to visit the city of the Tycoon must be obtained through the consul at Yokohama. A guard of Yakonins, if desired, can be secured. These soldiers are retainers of the damios. They wear two swords, and are bloodthirsty fellows, who, if they were to take offence at us, would not hesitate to cut off our heads; but if set to guard us will be faithful to their trust, and decapitate any one who offers insolence. With a squad of them for a guard, and mounted on one of the tough ponies of the country, the traveller bound for Yedo will have a delightful ride up the Tocaïdo.

Yedo means "river door." It is situated at the head of the bay at the mouth of the "Great River," although in the United States it would be classed as an insig-

\* The foreign ministers have now, May, 1869, returned to Yedo.

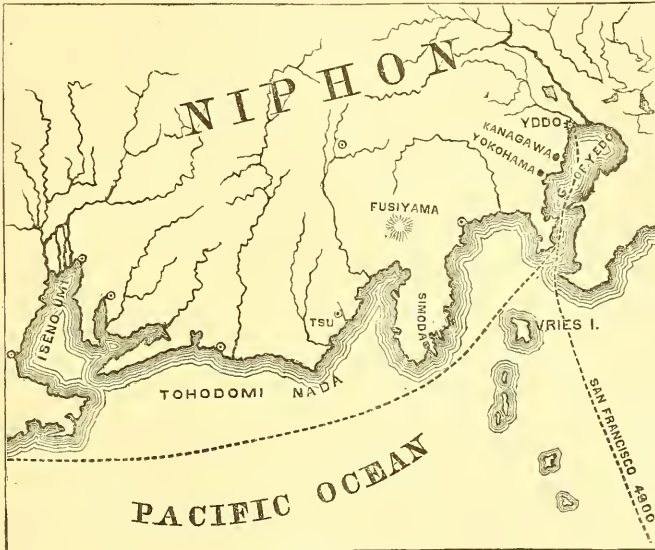




DAMIO AND ATTENDANTS.



nificant stream. The main portion of the city is built on the western bank, but there is a large suburb on an island called Hondjo.



THE EASTERN SHORE.

The island is connected with the main-land by four wooden bridges, firmly though rudely built. The river is a tidal estuary about one thousand feet wide, in which numerous small boats and junks are moored.

The imperial road as it approaches the city becomes the O-to-ri, or Grand Street, upon which are numerous shops. Crossing a creek, one will find the residences of the English and French legations on the left, and a little beyond the palace of Satsuma. The residence of the American minister is still farther on.

There are no hotels in Yedo, and a visitor will be under the necessity of putting up with such accommoda-

tions as are found in the tea-houses. As yet liberty has not been granted to foreigners to reside, outside of the legations, but the restrictions doubtless will be removed upon the revision of the present treaty.

Yedo proper is divided into three parts, — the Siro, or Castle; the Soto-Siro, or Outside of the Castle; and the Midzi, consisting of the town and suburbs.

The Castle is a city by itself, containing the palace of the Tycoon, the residences of the three brothers of the emperor, the members of the council of state, and of about twenty of the high damios. That portion of the Siro which contains the imperial palace is surrounded by a high wall and several canals, which the public are not allowed to pass.

These royal residences have none of the magnificence of the palaces of Europe, none of the comforts of our own houses. A palace in Japan would be considered rather a mean affair by most Americans. The man who earns his daily bread by driving the plane or using the trowel, and who goes home to a plainly furnished cottage, to a table spread with such food as our mechanics provide for themselves and families, who lies down upon a soft mattress at night, has far more comfort in life than those princes of the empire, who sit on the floor at meal-time and make it their couch during the night, with only a mat for a bed, and a wooden block for a pillow.

These palaces have none of the "modern conveniences," but without and within are cheerless and uncomfortable.

That portion of the city called the Soto-Siro is separated from the Siro by a canal, and from the island of Hondjo by the river. The canal is spanned by about forty bridges. Smaller canals intersect this portion of the city, which occupies an area of about five square miles. One of the bridges bears the name of Nippon Bass, or "Bridge of Japan," which is considered the



centre of the empire,— all distances on the imperial road being measured from it. This section contains a large number of houses which are occupied by the small *damios* and their retainers. The streets along the river are given to mercantile pursuits. There are five running parallel with it, which are crossed at right angles by twenty or thirty others, forming altogether seventy-eight municipal districts, separated from each other by wooden gates that are guarded by the police, who instantly close them in case of a riot.

This is the only portion of Yedo that is densely populated. Here the tides of life flow from morning till night, but the other sections of the city are as quiet almost as a country village. The eastern suburb on the island, containing an area of seven square miles, is a retired locality. It is traversed by canals, which are the boundaries of municipalities. In the western section, upon the streets leading to the bridges, are shops and warehouses. Farther eastward are residences of merchants, temples and palaces of *damios*. Each palace has a garden and pleasure-grounds attached, each temple its grove.

The *Midzi*, or suburbs, contain an area of about twenty-four square miles, in which are palaces, scattered residences of merchants, and temples. The entire area of the city is about thirty-six square miles, or as large as the townships laid out by the United States in the survey of the public lands.

In boyhood we learned from our school geographies that Yedo was the largest city in the world, containing an estimated population of about three millions. But in superficial extent it is surpassed by London, while in the number of inhabitants it is excelled by that city. Peking and Paris probably equal it. If Brooklyn and New York may be reckoned as forming the metropolis of the United States, as *Hondjo* is considered a part of Yedo, or South-



wark of London, then New York will rival the capital of the Tycoon.

A large portion of the residents are retainers and servants of the *damios*, one half of whom by law must reside at the capital.

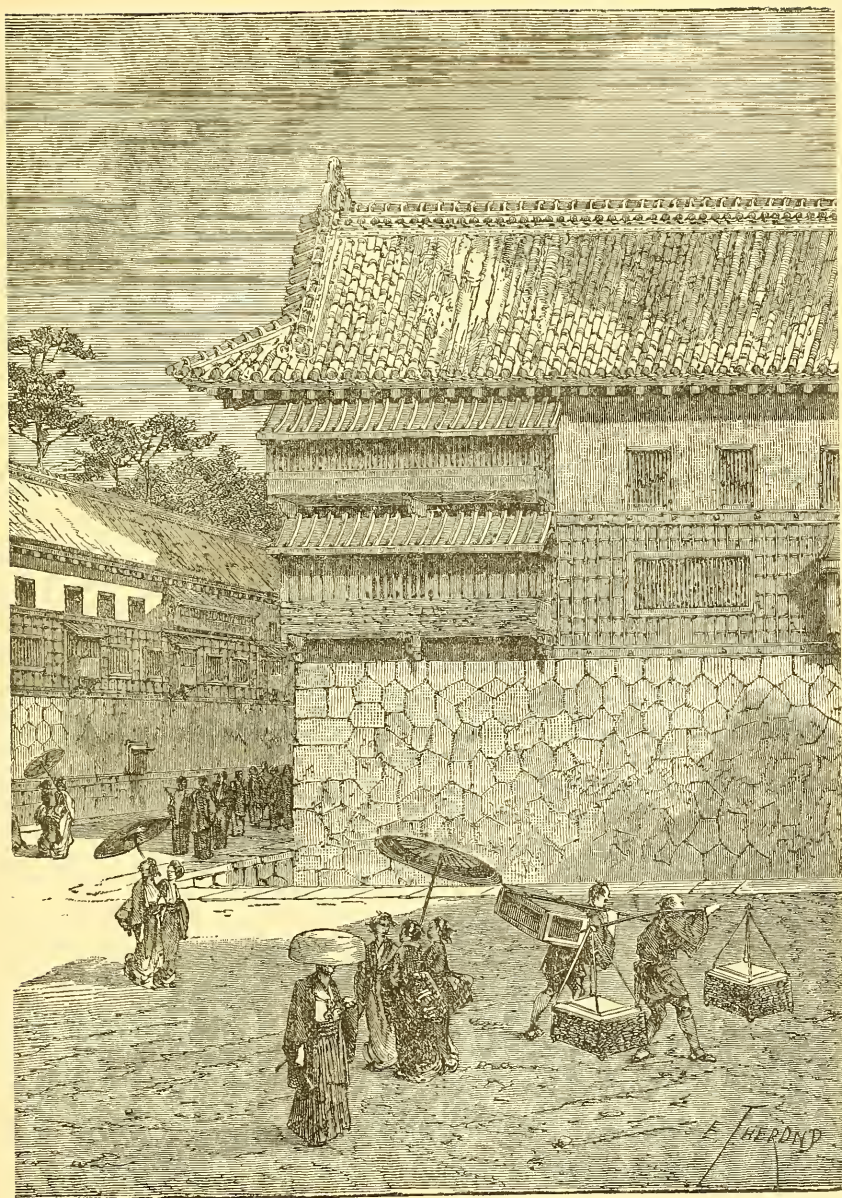
There are eighteen great *damios* and three hundred and forty-two smaller ones. Each has his followers or retainers. *Satsuma*, *Bizen*, and *Chosu* each have about ten thousand followers. Nearly all of the great chiefs have an equal number. The smaller *damios* have each about two thousand. The followers of the great *damios* always present may be set down at about ninety thousand, and those of the smaller chiefs at three hundred and forty thousand, — a total of four hundred and thirty thousand soldiers and servants.

This at first view would seem to warrant the conclusions which geographers have arrived at, that *Yedo* is the largest city in the world, and that the population is from three to four millions.

The most satisfactory estimate which we have seen in regard to the population of this capital may be found in a communication made to the North China Branch of the Asiatic Society. The writer resided at the capital, and had made a careful estimate. He gives the following summary:—

Followers of great <i>damios</i>	. . .	90,000
Followers of small <i>damios</i>	. . .	342,000
Imperial officials	. . .	150,000
Priests	. . .	200,000
Residents	. . .	572,000
		<hr/>
		1,354,000

But there is always a large floating population of pilgrims and country traders, estimated at about two hundred thousand. The most liberal estimate gives a million and a half.



STREET IN DAMIO'S QUARTER.



The description given by a gentleman who has long resided at Yedo \* will enable the traveller to understand what Yedo is :—

“On arriving in the city itself, however, one is rather disappointed. The temples disappear behind the trees with which they are surrounded; the palaces resemble scarcely anything better than large fire-proof warehouses; and the dwellings of the merchants and other citizens, though extremely clean, are small, and look rather poor. There are no handsome shops, no grand establishments, no triumphal arches, no statues, no monuments; in short, nothing of what constitutes the beauty of our Occidental capitals. The streets and quarters belonging to the *damios* are almost deserted. The mercantile quarter, though in it there is great animation, looks neither rich nor handsome; and altogether there is not one street in Yedo which could in the least recall such streets as, at home, we expect to find in the capital of a great and powerful empire. When riding through the *damios*' quarter, one might easily fancy himself in a great and wealthy village, or outside the park of some rich proprietor; and in passing through the mercantile district he might believe himself in a manufacturing city, crowded with a poor population. Yedo, though not ugly, certainly does not deserve the reputation for splendor and magnificence which has been given to it by some writers.”

The numerous temples in this great city, although very much like those at Nagasaki and Osaka in their general appearance, yet present sufficient variation to make them interesting to the traveller who wishes to become acquainted with the habits, customs, social and religious life of the Japanese.

\* Paper communicated to North China Branch of the Asiatic Society, December, 1864.



## CHAPTER LVIII.

## FROM JAPAN TO CALIFORNIA.

THERE are no steamships afloat that for comfort equal those of the Pacific Mail Company, which ply between Hong Kong and San Francisco, touching at Yokohama.

In the year 1865 Congress appropriated to a monthly steam line of first-class ships between San Francisco, Japan, and China, calling at the Sandwich Islands, an annual payment of five hundred thousand dollars for ten years for carrying the mails. The contract was awarded to the Pacific Mail Company, and the service began the 1st of January, 1867, steamers leaving both ends of the route,—the Colorado from San Francisco *via* Honolulu, and the New York from Hong Kong. The Costa Rica was put on to ply between Shanghai and Yokohama, connecting at the latter port with the New York. The Costa Rica at that time made the trip round the southern point of Japan.

It was discovered on the first voyage that the harbor of Honolulu was not deep enough to float vessels of five thousand tons' measurement, and authority was obtained for a change of the route. The service to the Sandwich Islands was cancelled in consideration of its extension through the Inland Sea, carrying mails to Nagasaki. Five round trips, including branch service, were performed the first year, quarterly trips at first, and then one every six weeks. Steamers now leave both ends of the route once a month. The monthly service began June 1, 1868. Notwithstanding the great distance which these



ships have to run, about four thousand nine hundred miles, without stopping, and with little prospect of trade at first, the Colorado, the pioneer ship of the line, instead of losing one hundred thousand dollars the first trip, netted, we are informed, some sixty thousand dollars over all expenses. From the start European travel and valuable light freight, such as bullion, metals, raw silk, spices, drugs, fine porcelain, teas, etc., have rapidly increased, and the line has proved highly remunerative, the net profits the first year on five round voyages being one hundred and forty-seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-two dollars and fifty-seven cents.

The largest portion of the revenue is from Chinese passengers, which are taken from Hong Kong to San Francisco at forty dollars per head. Each eastward-bound steamer carries from one thousand to twelve hundred. The Chinese do not go to the United States to remain, but to make their little fortunes and return, and each westward-bound ship has seven or eight hundred on board. They are fed on rice, fish, pork, and beans.

These steamships have the greatest capacity of any afloat. The one steamer Great Eastern alone is larger. They are side-wheeled, with great breadth of beam. Four of them, the Japan, Great Republic, China, and America, have each a measurement of five thousand tons. The engines have walking-beams, and are of fifteen hundred horse power, which may be worked up to twenty-five hundred. The cylinders are one hundred and five inches in diameter, with twelve feet stroke; the diameters of the wheels forty feet, and the length of the shafts sixty-seven feet. The state-rooms are large and comfortable, the cabins as wide and ornate in finish as the drawing-rooms of a first-class hotel. The hulls are of wood, and subdivided by bulkheads into water-tight compartments. Should fire break out, thirty-two streams of wa-

ter from force-pumps, worked by the engine, may be put in play in two minutes.

The size of these magnificent steamers gives them great steadiness. The rate of speed is the same as that of the Peninsular and Oriental ships,—nine and a half knots an hour. The time between Yokohama and San Francisco is twenty days. It might be made with ease in seventeen, but at a reduction of the profits of the company,—the increase of a mile or two per hour requiring a much larger consumption of coal.

The action of the Pacific Mail Company in adopting side-wheel vessels, when all European companies are building screws, has been much criticised; but the company, looking to the transportation of Chinese emigrants as the chief source of revenue, chose a model which would give room for a large number of steerage passengers.

The steamer which bears us across the Pacific is the Colorado, with one thousand Chinese emigrants. The Great Republic lies in the harbor repairing a broken shaft; and the China, twenty days from San Francisco, drops her anchor while the Colorado is preparing to depart.

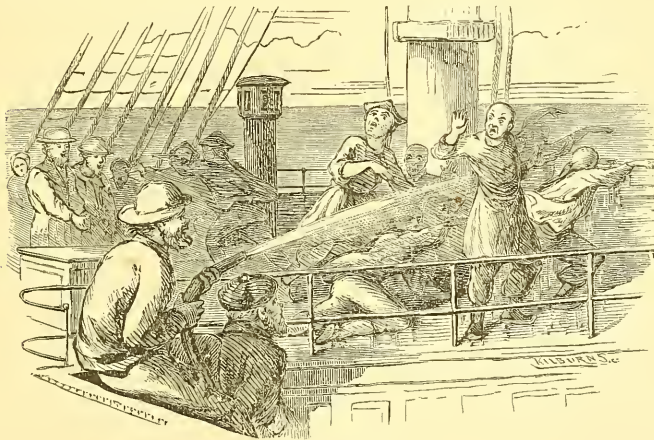
The parting gun is fired, and we move down the bay, but are brought to by a boat from Admiral Rowan's flagship. A search among the Chinese passengers brings to light four deserters, who are taken back to the fleet, and the steamer, resuming her course, passes the entrance to the bay, and strikes out into the broad ocean.

We have forty first-class passengers, sixteen of whom are bound for Europe, as the nearest and cheapest way home. It was the beginning of the tide which set across the United States when the last rail was laid between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Our course is straight across the Kuro Siwo, or "black

current" that flows up the eastern coast of Japan, about forty miles per day, runs to the Aleutian Islands, and sets even beyond them into the Polar Sea.

The shortest line from Hong Kong to San Francisco is by the great circle which follows up this current, then curves eastward and southward down the coast of Oregon. But the sea is more boisterous in those high latitudes, and the steamships strike a direct course from port to port. In making the westward trips they run about two degrees south of those going east.



WATER CURE.

We have not space to speak in detail of the few incidents of the voyage, the chief one which relieves the dull monotony being a scrimmage among the Chinese, which is suppressed by the water cure, as seen in the above illustration.

Sailing vessels are not often seen. Day after day we look out upon the dreary expanse of water, with nothing to bound the sight. We tell stories, walk the deck, doze away the hours, read till weary, watch the sparkling foam

at night, gaze upon the stars, and throw crumbs from the table to the keen-eyed waterfowl ever hovering along our track.

The route of the steamers eastward carries them about nine hundred miles north of the Sandwich Islands. The nearest approach to land is when passing Hermes Island, which lies two hundred miles south of the course. It is of coral formation and uninhabited. The company have a small quantity of coal stored there, that it may be made available in case of emergency.

Not till we are within twenty-four hours' run of San Francisco do we behold a sail. It is a pleasing sight. More thrilling is it to behold the dark outline of hills and the golden gateway of the continent, feeling that, though we are three thousand miles from home, we have reached our native land.

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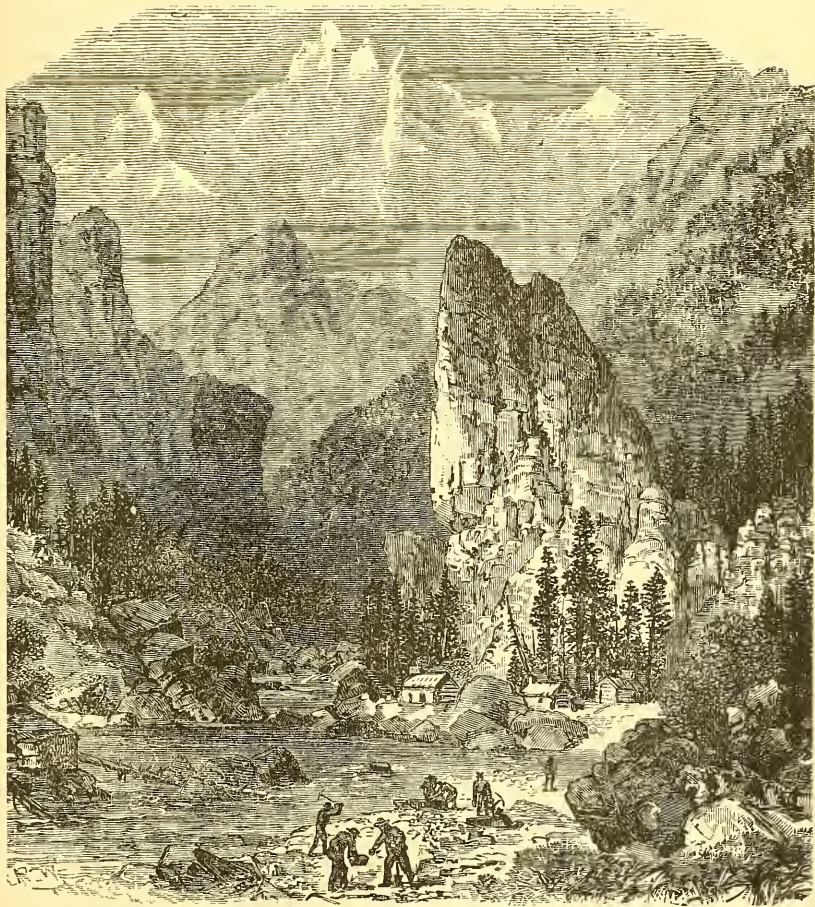
## CHAPTER LIX.

### CALIFORNIA.

WHAT a delightful story is that of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp! A gentle rub, a wish, and he had all his heart's desire. If he wanted a palace, it appeared. The advancement of the fortunate owner was from obscurity to renown, from poverty to affluence.

This fiction has ever been the delight of the Oriental story-teller. Whether rehearsed beneath the tent of the wandering Bedouin in the heart of Arabia, or within the gardens of Damascus, perfumed by flowering almonds and pomegranates, it is still a most charming romance. But here, where the golden gate of the American continent





MINING IN COLORADO.





throws open its portals to the Orient, it is no longer a fiction, but a reality.

It is but nineteen years since the shining particles of gold were discovered in the rivers of this State. The country then was but little better than a wilderness. There were wide plains, the pasture-grounds of herds of wild horses ; and snow-clad mountains, the haunts of grizzly bears ; forests, where Indians gathered their store of acorns ; and sand-hills, bare of vegetation. Through eight months of the year the clouds gave no rain. The sun shone fiercely during the summer months. The grass withered, the ground parched. It was a forbidding place upon which to rear a palace ; but here it is, the most wonderful edifice in the world !

It is not necessary that we should dwell upon the history of California, — the discovery of gold on the Sacramento ; the rush of miners, around Cape Horn and across the Isthmus of Panama ; the fortunes made or lost, the crude society, the founding of the State, and its unparalleled growth, — for the events are recent, and every one remembers them.

We have been looking at old pictures of Egypt, India, China, and Japan, covered with the dust of ages. In those lands, civilization is to-day very much as it has been through twenty centuries. Sluggish existence there, intense vitality here.

We look upon a forest of masts ; tow-boats moving across the harbor, with great ships in their wake, like ants tugging at burdens thrice their size ; a city spread over the hills, house above house, steeple beyond steeple ; steam shooting upward ; tall chimneys, sending out clouds of smoke ; streets crowded with cars, omnibuses, coaches, drays, and alive with human beings. School children are studying their lessons. The screaming of the locomotive echoes over the hills. A dull roar, like

that of Niagara, falls upon the ear. Here are all comforts and luxuries, — fruits, flowers, paintings, literature, science, art. Here is law, religion, liberty. What other age has produced so magnificent a structure? Is not the reality more wonderful than any fiction of the Orient?

California is about seven hundred miles long and two hundred wide; or, to obtain a better idea, it extends on the coast as far as from Boston to South Carolina, and its breadth is equal to New Hampshire and Vermont together. It has a population of nearly half a million. San Francisco and Sacramento have a population of nearly one hundred and seventy thousand, leaving about three hundred thousand for this vast area of country, — as large as New England, New York, and Pennsylvania together.

The development of this State is unparalleled in history. Look first at the gold product, — eight hundred and fifty millions of dollars! The total amount of coin in circulation throughout the world, before the discovery of gold in California, was estimated by political economists at three hundred and twenty millions. We have the question of high prices, of everything we eat or wear or consume, already settled. Australia has produced five hundred millions. Fourteen hundred millions of gold have been added to the bullion of the world, and the result is a rise of price in everything. It is not the war, not greenbacks. It is the same in Europe, in India, China, Japan, as in the United States. California and Australia are at the bottom of all the mischief.

The product of gold in the State, which formerly was sixty-five millions per annum, has fallen to about twenty-five, but the State is not going backward; on the contrary, the development never was so great as at the present time. There is more wealth in the fertile soil

of the plains yet to be transmuted into golden grain, purple grapes, and fabrics of silk, than has been taken from the mountain gulches. The surplus wheat crop of 1868 brought thirteen million dollars to the people. The export of all products amounted to seventeen millions. The grape-vines yielded three and a half million gallons of wine and four hundred thousand gallons of brandy. The sheep gave up about ten million pounds of wool to the shearers. The manufactures of the entire State are estimated at thirty million dollars per annum. The increase of valuation last year is estimated at twenty-one million. The assessed property, if equally divided, would give over four hundred dollars to each man, woman, child, Chinaman, and Digger Indian!

There seems to be no limit to the grape culture. Vines grow in the valleys and on the hills. Six or seven million gallons of wine will be produced this season. It has been discovered that a sea voyage gives a peculiar flavor to California wine, as it does to the wines of Europe. Not long since a gentleman in Berlin, who had received an invoice, invited his friends to a party, informing them that he had some hock from a new vineyard, which needed a name. He did not inform them that it was from America till after they had unanimously pronounced it about the best they had ever tasted. The result is, that this State is sending wine to Rhine-land!

The cultivation of silk has become a profitable occupation. The cocoons produced here are said to be larger than those of China. One great advantage which California has over China, Japan, Syria, and Italy is in the steadiness of the climate. There are no extremes of heat and cold, no thunder-storms. The silk-worm, especially when spinning or about to spin, is often destroyed by any sudden change in the electrical condition



of the atmosphere. California is singularly exempt from thunder-storms, the mulberry flourishes, the climate is equable, and all conditions, except the dearness of labor, are favorable for the cultivation of silk.

Railroads are being opened throughout the State, — southward to the rich alluvial counties, eastward and northward to the mines in the mountains ; over the Sierra Nevada range, connecting the iron network of the western slope with the vast spider's web of the Union.

But railroads, wine, wool, brandy, wheat, and fertile lands do not alone constitute a State. Education and religion, — the school-house and the church, — are vital elements. Without these the State would be a Sodom. The founders of this Commonwealth have not left them out. The school fund already amounts to one million dollars, and is rapidly increasing. Every school district has its library, its maps, charts, and globes. There is a State Board of Education and a Superintendent of Instruction.

Climbing the steep hills over which the city is spreading its streets we reach a school-house where the voices of eight hundred girls, singing their morning songs, fall upon our ears. Their eyes are as bright, their cheeks as blooming, their intellects as keen, as those of the older States. Transportation to this side of the Sierra Nevada has not diminished the iron or oxygen in the blood of the rising generation. San Francisco has the school system of Boston. Buildings, discipline, order, advancement, are similar. Another short walk brings us to the Lincoln School, where one thousand boys are obtaining the rudiments of knowledge. The building is an ornament to the city, and for elegance is hardly surpassed in the country. The cosmopolitan character of the community is seen in this school, the head-master of which is a Pole, sub-teachers Americans, the teacher of music an Irishman. English, Irish, German, French, Italian, and South Amer-

ican children are found in the classes. Notwithstanding the many nationalities, the grand machine moves without friction, accomplishing a mighty work for the millions of our land.

The city has a Normal School, one for the education of teachers; a high school for boys, one for girls, one Latin, eight grammar, twenty-four primary schools. In 1860 the number of children in the city under fifteen years of age was 12,116; the census of this year gives 34,720, — an increase of about three hundred per cent. Twenty thousand of these are being educated at an annual expense of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The principals of the high schools have a salary of \$2,500, gold; their female assistants, \$1,200. The principals of the grammar schools, \$2,100; sub-masters, \$1,500; female assistants from \$600 to \$1,000.

The course of instruction may not be as systematic in the United States as in Prussia, but it is less mechanical. The education received in Germany may be more thorough, but the American system is more elastic, and fits a scholar to adapt himself to any avocation.

Our visit to the Lincoln School is on a day when the scholars take part in a general literary exercise. They have two debating societies, and the question for discussion is whether Congress was justifiable in executing Major André. The disputants are only from twelve to fourteen years old, and, considering that the subject embraces points of military and international law, and is of a high polemic character, it is well handled. The superintendent and a portion of the school committee are present, — gentlemen who are elected by strict party vote. This method of choosing the guardians of our schools is one of the worst of our political practices. Not unfrequently men are elected who are unfitted to hold the position.

At the conclusion of the literary exercise, the members of the committee are called upon for speeches.

There are no foreign visitors present to listen to their rhetoric and oratory ; but if there were, they would not be likely to go home with exalted opinions of the tendency of the American school system. One red-faced, burly man makes a grandiloquent speech, eulogizing Nathan Hale, the patriots of the Revolution, and glorifying the American eagle. He does not lose the opportunity of throwing stones at England. It is a speech best characterized by the colloquial term "splurge," suitable nowhere, not even on the stump. The time has gone by for arraigning George III. and Lord North for their conduct during our struggle for liberty. It is neither politic, wise, nor honest to instil into the youthful mind animosity towards England or any other nation, especially for acts committed nearly a century ago. This is a speech by an individual, and we should be doing injustice to the community in allowing the impression to go abroad that all gentlemen elected to the guardianship of our public schools were given to making such harangues. "Whenever you see a head, hit it," is the rule at Donnybrook; and it is a poor rule that will not apply to America as well as to Ireland, England, India, or any other land. For this reason we speak just as freely of what we see in San Francisco as in countries the other side of the globe.

If this people have developed their material interests, they have not neglected the intellectual and moral. Churches abound. The pulpit oratory of San Francisco is not surpassed by that of any city on the continent. Sabbath schools flourish, not only in the city, but throughout the State. What other country has had such development? What other has such a prospect for the coming years?

What other can exhibit such variety of products.—

animal, mineral, and vegetable, — wool and silk, gold and quicksilver; wheat, wine, apples, pears, strawberries, melons, peaches, plums, oranges, lemons, olives, bananas? Here is a commingling of temperate and semi-tropical climes. The country is exceedingly fertile, the climate delightful, the scenery enchanting. And yet, looking out upon the fields on these autumnal days, everything is uninviting, — grass dry and withered, the summer flowers dead, the leaves of the live-oaks gray with dust, the ground harder baked than the brownest loaf that ever came from a baker's oven, the brooks dry, the rivers shrunken to rivulets, and the entire country has a thirsty look as if at its last gasp. But the rain will be falling a few weeks hence: it will pour from the clouds in December and January, and the ground will drink its fill for another season.

What a paradise this State would be to the poor wretches starving out a miserable existence in the cellars and garrets of our great cities! Here are millions of acres waiting for the cultivator. This soil has untold riches for him who will but cast in the seed. We look forward to the time when all over this western slope of the continent there will be farm-houses, villages, cities, schools, churches, and all the elements of a civilization which has already gained a lofty elevation, and is moving on to heights yet unattained.

## CHAPTER LX.

## YOSEMITE.

ABOUT one hundred and fifty miles southeast of San Francisco are those two wonders of the world, "the Big Trees" and the Yosemite valley. They are most easily reached by taking a steamer to Stockton, thence by stage up the San Joaquin valley. There are two routes by which Yosemite may be approached, but we would advise all tourists to go by Mariposa and return by Coulterville. The distance from Stockton by Coulterville to Yosemite is one hundred and twenty-two miles; by Mariposa, one hundred and forty-one; but the first view of the valley on the Mariposa trail is one which never will fade from memory. It is worth a journey across the continent to behold it.

It is a tedious and dusty ride over the plains. We cross the Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced Rivers, all affluents of the San Joaquin. Nearly all the towns through which we pass have a seedy look. They were thriving places fifteen years ago, when the miners were tramping over these hills and valleys. Now we see only here and there gangs of Chinamen at work in the sluices. They pay four dollars a month for the privilege of mining in these gulches, which have already been worked over several times; but each year brings new deposits of gold from the mountains, and as the wants of these people are few, they make a good thing of it.

Mariposa is a county seat. The town is situated on a hillside sloping west, with a main street, a hotel, livery-stables, stores, shops, drinking-saloons, a court-house, small





YOSEMITE VALLEY.



church, a quartz-mill of one hundred stamps, its engine motionless, its doors closed, and an atmosphere of dulness pervading the place. The people sit in front of the saloons, when they are not inside taking a drink, living on expectations, just as they are in every other played-out mining town in the State. They are discussing the future. The railroad is coming; crowds of tourists will be here; the quartz-mill will start again; new leads have been found; better days are at hand. So they comfort themselves.

Here we take saddle-horses, with a fifty-mile ride before us. The stage usually arrives early enough in the day to allow travellers to go on to Hatch's the same night. It is thirteen miles beyond Mariposa, in a dense forest of pines, which are six, eight, and ten feet in diameter, and some of them one hundred and fifty feet high.

In such a forest our host has reared his home. Nothing can be more delightful than, after a brisk gallop over the hills, to wash off the dust at the spring pouring out its crystal flood in rear of the house, sit down to venison steak and mountain trout, with whitest bread and preserved fruits prepared by the charming hostess; and then walk in the cool of the evening beneath the grand old trees, where the solitude is so profound, and there is such stillness in the air that you are startled by your own footsteps.

Another thirteen-mile ride in the morning takes us to Clark's, whose nearest neighbor is Mr. Hatch.

Mr. Clark is custodian of the Mariposa grove and Yosemite valley. We find his home a long, low building of rifted logs, a sitting-room with a great fireplace, where the pitch knots blaze in the cool evenings, with shadows dancing on the walls, bringing back the dreams and realities of boyhood days. Mr. Clark is out hunting grizzly

bears among the mountains, with blanket and knapsack, to be gone a week, accompanied by another hunter. To these woodsmen there is no pleasure in the world to be compared with this.

A party of Digger Indians have been out after a deer for our supper, and here they come with a fine buck.

An old squaw has lost a pappoose, and has put on mourning by smearing her face with pitch! To her it is as sensible and appropriate as it is for us to wear black crape or for the Japanese to appear in white.

It is five miles to the grove of big trees, though there are trees all around us which would be called big in the East. We climb a mountain, reach an altitude of seven thousand feet, our horses all the way plunging their hoofs into granulated rock, hardly enough decomposed to be classed as soil. A few minutes' ride down the south-western slope, and we are among the monarchs of the forest. They do not seem to be at first sight very much larger than the surrounding pines, and it is only by measurement and comparison that we can comprehend their magnitude. The great elm on Boston Common is between six and seven feet in diameter, but here are six hundred trees, the smallest of which is twelve feet in diameter, and the largest thirty-three! The measurements which give these diameters are taken one yard from the ground. Ten feet up they have diminished about one third, but above that hold their dimensions to a great height. One which fell many years ago, from which the bark has crumbled, is now thirty-three feet in diameter, and we can walk two hundred and fifty feet along that portion of the trunk which has not yet decayed. One board from this tree would be sufficient to wall in the side of a meeting-house. We might hew from this single trunk the hull of a ship of greater tonnage than the Santa Maria, in which Columbus crossed the ocean!



One larger even than the Mayflower of the Pilgrims! Sit down and look at the monster called the "Grizzly Giant." It is ninety feet up to the first limb, which is six feet and four inches in diameter! A limb one hundred and thirty feet from the ground has been broken off thirty feet from the body of the tree, and the fallen portion lies before us, eleven feet in circumference, or nearly four feet in diameter! There are thirteén of us in our party, and we all ride into the burned cavity of one tree still standing, and sit there upon our horses, with room for six or eight more!

The illustration below, showing the cavity, is engraved from a photograph, and is not exaggerated, or in any



ONE OF THE BIG TREES.

respect changed by the artist from the original in our possession; and yet this is a tree of medium size.



We ride thirty feet through the hollow trunk of a fallen tree, as if it were a section of the Thames Tunnel, or of a tubular railway bridge!

There is another grove in Calaveras County where the trees are loftier than these, but of less circumference. There are several other groves along the western slope of the mountains.

Our wonder at the magnitude of these trees becomes amazement when we look upon the cones produced by them, and find they are not larger than a hen's egg, and the seeds a mere speck. It would take a dozen of them to weigh down an apple-seed! Yet, enfolded in this little feathery cell, which our gentlest breathing will send whirling through the air, is another forest monarch as mighty as these around us. Drop it in the soil, and hundreds of years hence it, too, shall be just such a wonder as this, within whose trunk men may make their home. How wonderful the chemistry of sunlight and air and rain, that from a tiny germ can build such a structure! which can set its millions of pumps at work, forcing sap to the topmost twig, distribute it into the formation of fibrous bark, solid wood, and resin as clear as crystal, with sweet and fragrant odors! There are mightier sermons in these trees than ever were uttered by human lips. Centuries ago they were just thrusting their spires from the ground. What tides of human history have rolled away since then! They do not set us to thinking of what man has been doing, but of what the Almighty has done. These are the survivors of an almost extinct flora,— of the period of mastodons, megatheriums, and of bullfrogs weighing a ton. They seem to be out of place in the flora and fauna of these times, and more in keeping with the extinct monsters of those primeval years. While they remain they will be the wonder of the world.

We cross the south fork of the Rio de los Merced, —

the "river of mercy," — which has its source amid the gleaming snow-fields that lie around the loftiest peaks of the Sierras. Our path winds up the eastern side of the ravine till we reach a height of eight thousand feet, and from whence we look over the surrounding hills, covered with trees of such magnitude as can be found in no other portion of the world. What wealth of verdure in the cedars, as gigantic as those of Lebanon; in the pines, two hundred feet high; and in the slender balsam, whose silver-tipped leaves, waving above us, fill this temple of Almighty God with health-giving odors! The sunshine falls through leafy boughs across our path. The swelling hills lie all around us. We climb their slopes with such exhilaration of spirit as is experienced only when we leave the lowlands and rise towards heaven.

We descend into deep dells, exchanging the bright sunshine for twilight at noonday. These solitudes are never disturbed. Song-birds sing on the plains, but we do not hear the plaintive note of the sparrow or the cheerful whistle of Bob White in the depths of the forest. Quails have made their appearance round the dwellings of settlers in the valleys, but their swift wings never fan the air of these lofty regions.

There are voices in these solitudes, but they are silent through the summer days. By and by, when storms arise, they will join in such harmony as never yet pealed from organ, orchestra, or choir, in temple or cathedral reared by human hands. How sublime to hear the diapason of the storm thundering in the distant valleys, and reverberating among the mountains! There "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars." The lofty pines bend like reeds before the blast!

But all is calm and peaceful to-day, and, while our horses plod along the narrow trail, we indulge in such reflections as befit the hour.

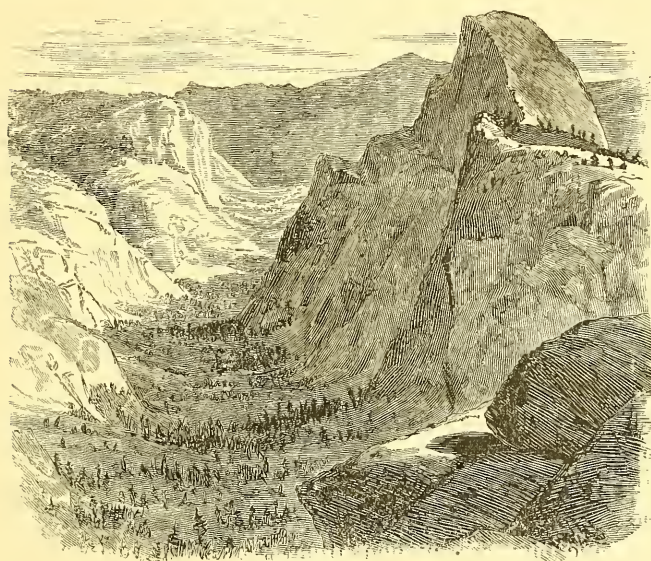
It is twenty-six miles from Clark's to the valley, and throughout the entire distance there is no house, nor do we hear the sound of the woodman's axe, or crack of the hunter's rifle, or low of herds upon the hills. There is not air enough to stir the quivering aspen. Amid such calmness and through such solitudes we approach the great chasm which the Almighty has cleft amid the mountains.

The Yosemite Valley is situated on the western side of the Sierras, about one hundred and fifty miles southeast of San Francisco. The loftiest peaks of the range are in the immediate vicinity. Before coming in view of the valley, we catch here and there a glimpse of the elevations beyond. The summits are rounded masses of gray granite. They are composed of solid rock, rising above the general level like the domes of a mosque above an Oriental city. But it is unfitting for us to institute a comparison between this architecture of the Almighty with that of Damascus or Stamboul.

The domes of St. Sophia and Suliman, so beautiful from the Bosphorus, so mean when we approach them, bear no more comparison to those of the Sierras than the card-houses reared by children bear to the city of London. The gray granite fashions itself into mansions, palaces, and cathedrals. Imagination pictures a celestial city above the clouds. The setting sun, falling on fields of gleaming snow, illumines its jasper walls and pearly gates with heavenly light.

Suddenly we find ourselves on the brink of an awful chasm. One mad leap of our horse, and we should fall three fourths of a mile! The heart ceases for a moment to beat. We hold our breath. The brain reels. No word of exclamation. Every voice is hushed. The soul stands in awe before this revelation of Omnipotence. This is God's work. Eternal might alone cleft the chasm, rived

the rock, and reared the lofty domes. So vast, grand, majestic, so filled with God's presence, is this cathedral of his, that we dare not speak. Hang over the chasm, if



SOUTH DOME, — 5,000 FEET.

your nerves are steady enough, and look into its depths. Those little green points, like plants just springing from a garden bed, are gigantic forest-trees. That foliage of brighter hue, no larger than a tuft of grass, is an oak, which has withstood the storms of centuries. That thread of silver winding through the valley is a river, which has poured its flood down a precipice twenty-seven hundred feet. The opposite wall of the chasm rises three fourths of a mile. It is a perpendicular rock, without seam or scar to mar its beauty.

Overwhelmed by the scene, we can only gaze as one



who has suddenly passed into a higher existence and beholds things "not lawful for a man to utter." We think of that holy city which Bunyan's Pilgrim saw beyond the river, from the Delectable Mountains. The sublimest imagery of the Revelation of St. John, portraying the transcendent glory of the New Jerusalem, alone is adequate to describe it. White clouds rest above it as the angelic host once hovered over the hills of Bethlehem, and sung the sweetest music ever heard on earth. The Merced, like the river of life proceeding from the throne of God, winds down from the celestial city making glad the peaceful vale.

Like the song of the redeemed is the music of the many-voiced waters, swelling upward through the evening air. We behold beauty, grandeur, majesty, immensity, and omnipotence, and hear the *Te Deum Laudamus* ever ascending.

There are eight persons in our company, and we join in singing Old Hundred; but how insignificant! The only fitting choir would be the whole church militant singing the Hallelujah Chorus of the Messiah!

The choirs are hidden from our view, but we can hear them chanting, as priests chanted in the temple service at Jerusalem.

"In his hand are the deep places of the earth,  
The strength of the hills is his also."

Night is coming on, and we work our way down the zigzag path. It is too steep for easy riding; if we do not dismount, the chances are that we shall be flying through the air and over the horse's head.

The ladies of our party are equipped for mountain travel. They have left all impediments suitable for parlor and drawing-room behind, and appear in short skirts, stout boots, thick gloves, and hats broad enough

to protect the face from the sun. Invigorated by the fresh air of these lofty heights, with spirits quickened by the wonders of the place, they go down the trail like light-hearted children enjoying a holiday.

From Inspiration Point the valley may be seen through nearly its entire length. A portion of the chasm lies west of us, but the most wonderful section is eastward.

A glance at the map on the next page will show the location of the principal points.

From the bend in the Mariposa trail to Mirror Lake the distance is not

far from seven miles. The greatest width is about one mile. The barometer gives the elevation of the Merced River, at the western end of the chasm, at four thousand and sixty feet, the Mirror Lake at a little more than four thousand one hundred feet. The Merced is about seventy feet in width, so clear that the finest particles of mica mixed with the pure white sand sparkle like silver in its crystal depths. Ferns, flowers, and grasses grow along its banks.

The pines are as lofty as those upon the hills. There

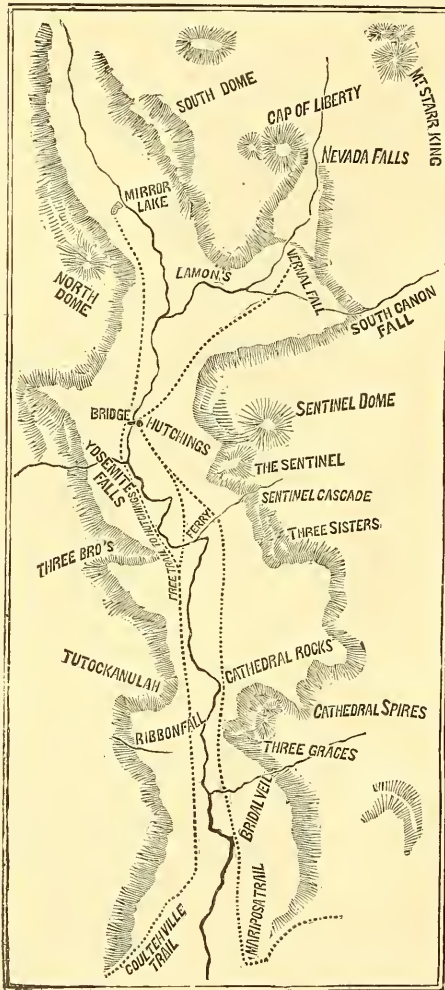


EQUIPPED FOR YOSEMITE.

are smiling meadows and glens, so sheltered by overhanging crags that it is always twilight in the mossy shade.

The valley widens as we approach its eastern end, and takes a form which may be likened to the outlines of a transept in some grand cathedral, and through it flows the main fork of the Merced. Going up this transept two miles and ascending two thousand feet, we reach the Vernal Falls, and beyond them the Nevada Falls.

A night's rest in the hotel kept by Mr. Hutchins, who spreads before us bountiful repasts of trout and venison, of blackberries and cream, and we are ready at an early morning hour to behold the wonders of the valley



YOSEMITE VALLEY.





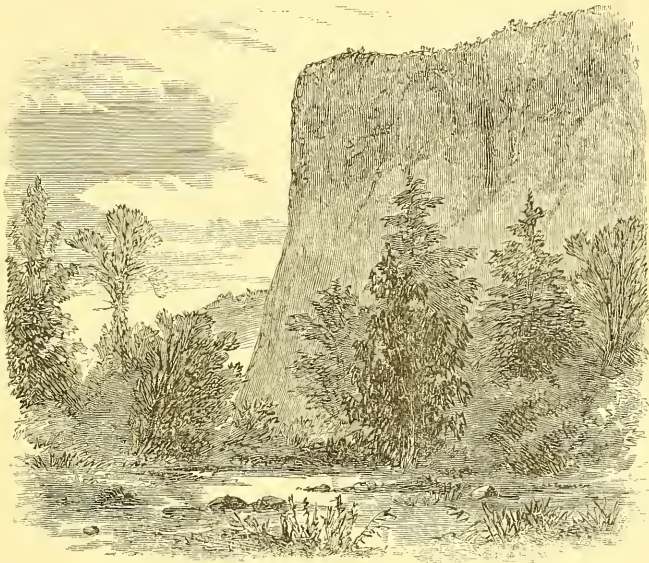
NEVADA FALL.





The pen cannot portray its grandeur. We attempt no detailed description.

In our journey to the hotel we pass Tu-toch-ar-nu-lah, the "Great Chief," or El Capitan. It is a cliff of solid



EL CAPITAN.

granite, without a seam, — rising perpendicularly from the meadow thirty-three hundred feet. The valley opposite is so narrow that, if some mighty convulsion were to send the Great Chief reeling southward, he would fall against the confronting wall. The Po-ho-no fall descends in silver spray, nine hundred feet from the edge of the rock into the chasm.

The Indians revered it as the "Wind Spirit," but Anglo-Saxon taste has discarded the appropriate name and christened it the "Bridal Veil."

All that is said of the beauty of the Staubbach — the

dust fall of Lauterbrunnen, the most beautiful of European waterfalls — can be said of this, and more, for this has a greater descent, a larger volume of water, with the added glory and grandeur of surrounding primeval forests. Simile and metaphor can convey no adequate conception of its ever-varying beauty.

λ Opposite the hotel are the Yosemite Falls. We gaze upward, vainly endeavoring to realize that the broad white stream has a descent of nearly twenty-seven hundred feet. Yet so it is. There are two perpendicular descents; the upper one fifteen hundred feet, the lower one four hundred, with an intervening cascade. The frontispiece of this volume is faithfully reproduced from a photograph, and gives the relative height and surrounding scenery. The reader will obtain the best conception of the depth of the chasm by the forest-trees. Those in the foreground are lofty pines, and so are those in the background, near the cliff. They are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height. Pick out the tallest, measure its height by the eye, then set it against the precipice, and see how little way it reaches up. It is no more than a yard-stick against the pine itself, or the highest reach of the upraised arm of a child against a church-steeple. It is only by some such standard that we can comprehend the height of this wall.

In the spring of the year, when the rains and the sun dissolve the snow upon the mountains, this cataract is a hundred times more majestic than in autumn. We have evidence of its power in the great boulders of granite around us, larger than a thirty-ton locomotive, which in years gone by came thundering down the dizzy height, snapping the largest trees as if they were but pipe-stems, and crushing and pulverizing the rocks. So the Almighty sets the forces of nature to grinding the solid granite into flour for human food, — the “River of Mercy”

λ

wafting it out upon the meadows, to be transmuted by golden sunlight and nightly dews into ripened wheat and purpling grapes.

Science is at a loss to account for the formation of this abyss. Was it chiselled out? Then what became of the chips? Or was there a falling in of the bottom, — a giving way of the props beneath? Omnipotent might alone could rend these miles of solid rock as if they had no more tenacity than pipe-clay, — the same Omnipotence which shields the sparrow and crowns the years with goodness.

Beautiful names the Indians had for these cliffs and domes. On the opposite side of the valley is Wah-wah-le-nah, — the Secret Hiding-Place. All Indian names of four syllables are accented on the third, as Min-ne-ha-ha, Altamaha. We have given a wrong pronunciation to Piscataqua; the true rendering is Pis-ca-ta'-qua. And so with Niagara, which if pronounced properly would be Ni-a-ga'-ra.

The three lofty cliffs which bore the sweet name of Wa-wa-le-neh are now known as the "Three Graces."

Upon the same side of the valley, a little farther along, are the cathedral rocks and spires, — outlines of buttressed walls and lofty towers, in which we may trace a resemblance to the façade of the minster of York or St. Gudule. Those edifices may be two hundred feet high, but these rise twenty-four hundred. Still farther along we stand amazed before the grandeur and beauty of the Sentinel Dome, an isolated rock, gray and hoary, its apex about four thousand feet above the floor of the cathedral.

In the wildest gorges there is only twilight through the brightest day. We look up to mountains rising five thousand feet above the valley, to gray domes, inaccessible to human feet, where the eagle builds his nest undisturbed, and where storms, tempests, and rolling thunder alone break the awful solitude.



Riding up the main valley to the place where the Merced mirrors the grandeur in a lakelet, we stand between the North and South Domes. The peak on the north side of the chasm is as symmetrical as the roof of St. Sophia, but half of the South Dome has been cleft away. Lay a round Dutch cheese upon a block, and cut it through at a stroke and the cleavage would not be smoother or more complete than this! It is straight down two thousand feet, and then slightly deflected twenty-five hundred farther to the level of the valley.

It is between five and six thousand feet from the lake to the summit of this riven dome. No exact measurement has been obtained, for it is inaccessible. Five thousand two hundred and eight feet make a mile. Measure that distance along the road, or think of the White Mountains as riven from the Tip-Top House down to the level of the sea, — the cut as sharp and clean as if made by one single stroke of the sword of the Almighty!

Such is the architecture of this cathedral. How insignificant and contemptible the grandest structures from human hands when compared with this! The apex of the dome of St. Peter's, the noblest edifice of Christendom, is about four hundred feet high, and men stand beneath it and gaze in wonder at the vastness and immensity, admiring the genius of Michael Angelo which could plan such an edifice. But what is St. Peter's to this? less than the little block-house reared by a toddling child upon the parlor floor.

Bring all the grand cathedrals of the Old World, with their wealth of ornate architecture, and frescoed walls, and what are they in comparison with this mountain edifice? Bring New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, — all the churches, warehouses, shops, stores, dwellings, — tumble them in, and it will not be half full!



THE CATHEDRAL.



Comparison, measurement, metaphor fail. We can only gaze in awe while in this temple of the Almighty, and say, with hushed breath,

“Lo, God is here! Let us adore,  
And own how wondrous is this place!”

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## CHAPTER LXI.

## SALT LAKE.

FROM the top of an overland stage-coach we have our first look at the chief city of the Latter-Day Saints as we approach it from the west. We behold a beautiful panorama. Northward is the Great Salt Lake, calmly reposing beneath an autumnal sky, not a ripple on its surface, not a living thing in its transparent waters; a solitude as profound as that brooding over the Dead Sea of Palestine. Eastward rises a mountain wall, white with snow at the top, with hues like the ever-changing aniline dyes upon the slopes and in the ravines and gorges. Southward is the Salt Lake valley, through which flows the Jordan, — not the stream dear to the Church Universal, but the Jordan of this Latter-Day Church, flowing through a valley ten or fifteen miles wide.

Before us lies the city, spread out upon a gentle slope. Many of the houses are surrounded by gardens, giving it the appearance of a large place, whereas the population does not exceed twenty-five thousand.

In the spring of 1847 Brigham Young, with one hundred and forty-three pioneers, started from Missouri to find a place far from civilization where the church established by Joseph Smith might have room for its full



development. They arrived in this valley on the 24th of July, the same year. They were one thousand miles from the nearest Gentile. Beyond them was the great unexplored desert, and still beyond was the Sierra Nevada, and beyond that was California. Gold had not then been discovered, or if discovered the news had not reached the Eastern States. Amid the seclusion of the mountains, at the heart of the continent, with room for expansion to Mexico on the south, the Pacific on the west, the frigid zone on the north, with the Rocky Mountains, that would be forever a barrier between them and those whom they deemed persecutors, the Saints determined to build a church and establish the State of Deseret, a religion and government both diverse and antagonistic to any existing ecclesiastical organization or republican order of government.

It was a forbidding prospect. This was a verdureless valley. The wild artemisia, which feeds on alkali, was the only growth of the plains. Along the river there were a few willows. Up in the mountains there was lumber, and when the spring rains came there was grass on the hill-sides; but the heats of July and August parched the ground and baked it into solid cake. Swarms of grasshoppers came from the sands and devoured all vegetation. But streams trickled from the mountain-sides, and the settlers saw that they could be turned to account for irrigation. Ditches were dug, potatoes planted, bricks moulded, cabins reared, a city laid out. Food became scarce, wolves, foxes, fish, sage-roots, seeds of the mountain pine, were consumed. The first grain crop was a failure. It was not more than six inches high, and the grasshoppers devoured it. Many settlers became discouraged and returned to Missouri, and others died. Then came the rush of overland emigrants to California. The gold-fever took away some, but those who remained had strong faith and zeal.

They had covenanted at Nauvoo never to cease their efforts nor relax their zeal till every man, woman, and child who wished to come should have the means of reaching Salt Lake. A missionary fund was established, and missionaries went out in 1850 to England, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and thousands of converts came trooping to this land. The missionaries went to the poor, the toiling, the hopeless. In this far-off valley there was no moneyed power to oppress them; no laws to grind them down. Here was freedom, work, plenty, comfort, — a blessed future for time, and in the bosom of the church bliss for eternity. They preached the new gospel. Revelation had not died out with the Apostles, but it was still continued through the servant of the Lord Jesus, that holy apostle and head of the church on earth, Brigham Young. Come and hear the tidings, be baptized for the remission of sins! Accept the bliss!

Is it any wonder that willing ears and consenting hearts were found when the attractiveness of this new Zion was preached to the poor, toiling, ignorant people of Europe? England at once became the grand recruiting-ground. Thousands who wished to come to America found that the church of the Latter-Day Saints had the machinery of emigration in operation, agents to help, steamships to carry them. The church was ready to advance money to enable them to reach the land blessed of the Lord.

Benefits for this life and special blessing for the life eternal were influential motives. The Welsh miner, who had groped for years in darkness in the collieries of England, here might walk over his own green acres. The men of Denmark, who found it hard work to keep soul and body together on the marshes of their native land, here could find ease and comfort in a genial clime. And if there were men with strong passions anywhere in the

wide world, here, in the bosom of the church, they could religiously gratify all carnal desire, and serve God acceptably while so doing.

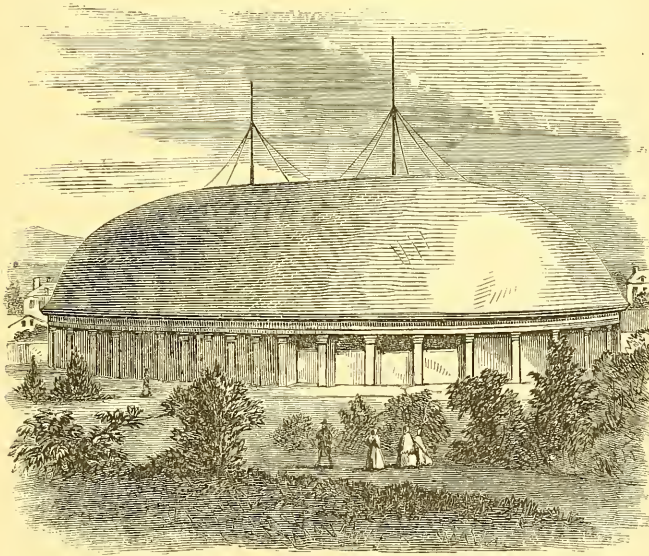
The church maintains a rigid police, — ordinary, special, and ecclesiastical. The ordinary and special police are appointed by the Mayor, Mr. Apostle Wells, — Brigham Young's right-hand man, chosen by him to administer secular affairs, — and hold their office at his pleasure. The ecclesiastical policemen are the bishops of the church. The city is divided into twenty wards, each under the superintendence of a bishop, who receives his appointment from Brigham. Subordinate to the bishops, and appointed by them, are teachers, who have each a small district. They make frequent visits to every family, catechise men, women, and children, not only upon doctrine and belief, but upon worldly matters. Their reports go to Brigham.

If a Mormon is disaffected, or indulges in religious doubts, he is at once surrounded with difficulties. Merchants do not care to trade with him. If a laborer, he will not be able to find employment. He must cast out his doubts, accept unhesitatingly the authority and dogmas of the church, and all will be well. There is law and order in Paris and in Rome. Louis Napoleon has his secret police, and so has the Pope. Brigham, combining the systems of Fouche, of the first Empire, and Ignatius Loyola, of the Order of the Jesuits, has law and order in Utah.

The theocratic state is a harp of many strings, and Brigham's fingers sweep every wire; or it may be likened to an organ, Brigham at the key-board, and every pipe responsive to his touch.

Near the centre of the city, on the west side of the main street, is Tabernacle Square, containing the old and new tabernacles and the foundations for the Temple.

The rounded roof of the new tabernacle, viewed from the outside, resembles a huge oval dish-cover. Approaching the city from the west, it is seen looming above all other edifices, and you think of a hotel dining-table, the great meat-platter with its cover in the centre. The building will seat fifteen thousand persons. At one end, raised several feet above the general area, are the seats for the prophet and his apostles and elders, also for the choir and orchestra. An Englishman is constructing a large organ, the pipes being obtained from Boston.



THE TABERNACLE.

“There is not a city in the world so virtuous as this,” is the remark of a prominent Mormon.

Certainly, the outside look is fair, and that form of vice known as the “social evil” is not so apparent here as in other cities. The Mormons would have us un-



derstand that their religion is purer than any other. They claim that it purifies society. In a book of sermons we find it was revealed to Brigham that the best service which men can render to God is the multiplication of the human race. As soon, therefore, as girls arrive at a marriageable age they become concubines. In other parts of the world misplaced affection, or a low sense of moral obligation, or poverty, leads many from the path of virtue; but here the church teaches that concubinage is ordained of God. To accept it is to glorify him; to reject it is to reject eternal happiness. A man may have a score of concubines; he may be old, hateful, repulsive, but for a girl to repel his addresses is to despise the gospel. Brigham consents, parents urge; there is the example of Abraham, Jacob, David, and Solomon. In the Sunday school and from the pulpit the doctrine of celestial marriage is taught; and so natural affection and the instincts of the soul alike are stifled, and the shrinking maiden is made a prostitute in the name of religion.

A few steps east of the tithing-office is a three-storied building, standing end to the road, large enough and long enough for a factory boarding-house. It has a steep shingled roof, with ten gabled windows on each side. On the balcony over the door is a crouching lion.

This is the harem. A covered passage leads from the ground floor to another building east, in which is the general business office of Brigham Young, and from which telegraph wires run to every hamlet in the Territory. Another passage leads to the private office of Brigham, back of which is his bedroom, where his concubines wait upon him, — Amelia to-day, Emeline to-morrow, Lucy the day after.

Brigham's lawfully wedded wife was Mary Ann Angell, a native of New York, the mother of five children, —

Joseph, or "Joe," as he is called at Salt Lake, Brigham A., John, Alice, and Luna. She married him while he was a young man, before he was a prophet, and with him accepted the revelations of Joseph Smith. She lives in a large stone building in the rear of the harem. Brigham does not often visit her now.

The number of his concubines is not known to the Gentile world. One report makes them seventy, another only thirty. It is probable that the larger number includes those sealed to Brigham for eternity and not for time.

His first concubine is Lucy Decker. She is the lawful wife of Isaac Seely, mother of two children; but Brigham could make her a queen in heaven, and so, bidding good by to Isaac, she became first concubine, and has added eight children to the prophet's household.

Her younger sister, Clara Decker, also aspired to be a heavenly queen, and became his second concubine, and is the mother of four children.

The third is Harriet Cook, mother of one turbulent boy, who does pretty much as he pleases. So does the mother, who, when in her tantrums, does not hesitate to send Brigham to the realm of evil spirits.

Lucy Bigelow is said to be one of the most lady-like of all the concubines. Mrs. Waite, wife of one of the United States judges of the Territory, who saw all of the ladies of the harem, describes her as of middling stature, dark brown hair, blue eyes, aquiline nose, and a pretty mouth. She is pleasant and affable.

Miss Twiss has sandy hair, round features, blue eyes, low forehead, freckled face, but, as she has no children, is not of much account in the eyes of the prophet. She looks after his clothes, sews buttons on his shirts, and acts the part of a housewife.

Martha Bowker is another of the same sort, quiet, neat in dress, motherless, and therefore of little account.

Harriet Barney, like Lucy Decker, left her husband and three children to become a concubine, that she might have exaltation in Heaven, but has not been honored in the harem, not having added any children to the household.

Eliza Burgess is the only Englishwoman in the harem, small of stature, black eyes, quick-tempered, the mother of several children.

Ellen Rockwood, daughter of the jail-keeper, is another of the unfortunate women, not having had children.

Mrs. Hampton, whose first husband died at Nauvoo, afterward married a man by the name of Cole, who left her at Nauvoo and went to California. Brigham, hearing of his departure, sent for the wife, who obeyed the summons and became a concubine, lived in the harem eight years, then was cast out by Brigham. She now lives at Ogden City with her son, Nephi Hampton.

Mary Bigelow is another castaway. She lived in the harem several years, but Brigham became tired of her and sent her away.

Margaret Pierce is another who, not having added to the glory of the prophet by being a mother, is of little account, though still in the harem.

Emeline Free, as described by Mrs. Waite, is the "light of the harem," tall, graceful, mild, violet eyes, fair hair, inclined to curl. She was a lively young lady, and Brigham fell in love with her. Her father and mother were opposed to polygamy, but Emeline had ambitious projects, accepted his proposal, and became the favorite of the harem. The favor shown her brought on a row. The other concubines carried this jealousy to such a pitch, that the prophet had a private passage constructed from his bedroom to Emeline's room, so that his visits to her and hers to him could be made without observation. She has contributed greatly to his glory in the future world by presenting him with eight children in this.

The poetess of the church is Eliza Snow, said to be quite intellectual. In one of her poems published in Brigham's paper, the "Deseret News," she thus exalts the Mormon religion : —

" We have the ancient order,  
To us by prophets given ;  
And here we have the pattern  
As things exist in heaven."

From which we are to understand that there are harems in heaven ! So the Turk believes.

Zina Huntington also writes poetry, and acts as a sort of governess to the numerous children of the prophet. She came to Salt Lake with her lawfully wedded husband, Dr. Jacobs. Brigham liked her, sent the doctor on a missionary tour to England, took his wife into the harem and became the spiritual father of her children ; made her his temporal concubine, that he might also exalt her to be a queen in Heaven. The doctor returned from his mission, apostatized, and went to California, where he now resides.

Amelia Partridge has added four children to the prophet's household. She is said to be of a sweet disposition, and is not jealous when the prophet turns his attentions to the other concubines.

Mrs. Augusta Cobb was formerly a Bostonian, became converted to Mormonism eighteen years ago, left her home, and accepted a position in the harem.

Mrs. Smith, a devout Mormon, wished to be sealed to Brigham for eternity, but the prophet did not care to make her a heavenly queen. He sealed her to Joseph Smith for eternity and to himself for time.

One "poor unfortunate," Clara Chase, became a maniac, and has gone where the wicked cease from troubling.

Amelia Folsom, a native of Portsmouth, N. H., is the mistress of the harem. She entered it on the 29th of



January, 1863. Her age is about nineteen, and the prophet's sixty-three. She has things pretty much her own way,— private box at the theatre, carriage of her own, silks, satins, a piano, parlor elegantly furnished. If the prophet slights her, she pays him in his own coin.

Such is an outline of this saintly household!— thirty women or more, and seventy or eighty children. Unless human nature is vastly different in Utah from what it is in other places, there must be many family jars. The outward appearance is that of a peaceable and orderly community, but if there is any of truth in common report, it is one of the saddest communities in the world.

In the Orient there is one institution which has long been established,— concubinage. The modern Turk, the Arab, Hindoo, Feegian, and the King of Ashantee, all follow in the footsteps of their fathers. They keep concubines by the score. The harem never has flourished under the Christian civilization of Europe, but it has been planted in Utah by the prophet and apostles of the church of the Latter-Day Saints, and is thriving with great vigor.

It is one of the anomalies of the nineteenth century. The author of "New America" would have us believe that polygamy at Salt Lake is peculiarly an outgrowth of American institutions; but the great body of recruits come from that author's own land. There is nothing in democracy any more than in autoeracy to grow such an excrescence as that of Utah. It is flourishing now, but slavery has disappeared from the land, and the time is not far distant when the country will be purged of polygamy,— by peaceful means if possible, by forcible if there is no other way.

## CHAPTER LXII.

## THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

IN July, 1862, Congress loaned the national credit to the amount of fifty million dollars to two railroad companies, — the Central, building east from Sacramento, and the Union, west from Omaha. The distance between the two points is one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one miles. The public had little faith in the enterprise, but there were some gentlemen who had taken long looks ahead, and among them Governor Leland Stanford, his brother Mr. Charles Stanford, Judge Crocker of Sacramento, Mr. Durant of New York, Mr. Ames of Massachusetts, who were ready to take hold of the enterprise. The Central Company was first organized. The gentlemen connected with it had already constructed a wagon-road over the Sierra Nevada range, and knew what difficulties would be encountered. Most people shook their heads at the undertaking, but the State of California aided it by a subsidy of \$ 1,500,000.

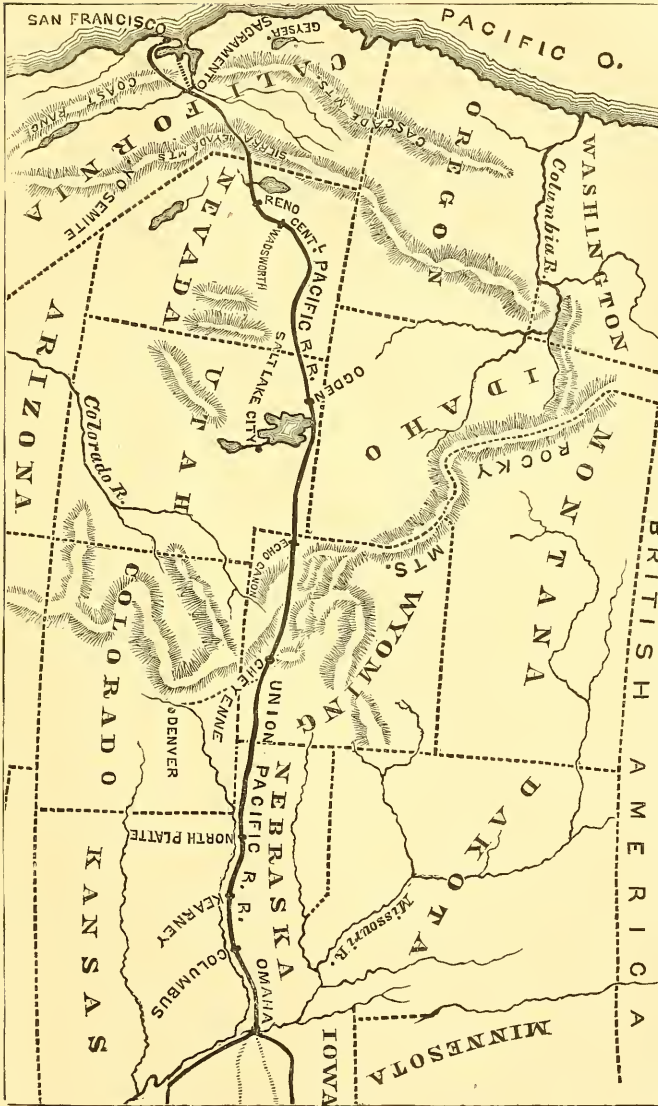
Work was commenced at Sacramento in January, 1863. The track was carried for a long distance on trestle-work over the low lands, which are flooded by the Sacramento during the rainy season. The foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada chain are reached at the little town of Rocklin, twenty-two miles northeast of Sacramento, at an elevation of two hundred and sixty-nine feet. From this point to the summit of the Sierras the distance is eighty-three miles, and the elevation overcome six thousand seven hundred and seventy-four feet, or nearly eighty-two feet per mile for the entire distance.

The ridge between the American River and Bear Creek, both tributaries of the Sacramento, is a series of hills, spurs, ravines, deep gullies, gorges, and precipices. How to get over or around them, hold what has been gained of elevation, fit curve to tangent and tangent to reversed curve, avoid rock-cutting and deep filling, projecting spurs on the one hand and deep ravines on the other, with curves of small resistance, were the grand questions for the engineers to whom the work was intrusted.

It was found that a uniform grade of eighty-two feet to the mile could not be had; that there were long reaches where a grade of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile, with frequent reversed curves, must be resorted to. Twenty years ago no engineer would have thought it possible to construct and work a road under such conditions. But the line is completed. It runs along the edge of precipices where we look down fifteen hundred feet into a dark canyon. It crosses ravines on bridges two hundred and sixty-five feet high, — loftier than Bunker Hill Monument by thirty feet!

In some places clay was encountered, of such a slippery nature that thousands of tons came down upon the track in a night; but patience, perseverance, and ten thousand plodding Chinamen overcame all difficulties. Thirteen tunnels have been cut through solid granite, that on the summit being one thousand six hundred and fifty-nine feet in length, another eight hundred and sixty-three feet, and the aggregate amounting to six thousand and fifty.

In addition, there is an immense amount of rock cutting along the mountain-sides, where gunpowder and nitro-glycerine have been freely used. Even in the earth excavations the contractors have found it profitable to blow up the hills, loosening tons of solid earth at a single discharge. To ride over this line, to see how the





work has been done, to behold the great boulders hurled into the valley, broken into fragments, and a solid, substantial, well-built road laid over the tops of the mountains, sets one to thinking that this must be the work of the Titans.

But all the construction material — iron, engines, spikes, implements, screws, nuts, bolts, shovels, spades, crow-bars, chains, car-wheels, glass, the thousand articles to be found in railway shops — had to come from the East by Panama or Cape Horn. Ships failed to arrive on time. Articles ordered months in advance were not at hand when wanted. The track-layers were out of spikes, the car-builders in want of bolts. Engines were not forthcoming at the time appointed. Carpenters, masons, bridge-builders, were not to be had. There was a deficiency of rolling stock, and the company could not transport its own material. The traders of all Upper California, Nevada, and Idaho were clamorous to have their goods transported before the winter set in. The steamboats from San Francisco to Sacramento were loaded to the water's edge with merchandise, the warehouses in Sacramento were filled with boxes, bales, and barrels, with machinery and furniture, which the railroad could not take away for want of cars and engines. There was an army of from fifteen to twenty thousand men out in the desert of Utah to be fed, besides thousands of oxen and horses. Every pound of grain, flour, meat, hay, everything consumed, had to be sent up from Sacramento.

To keep the army in rations, forward ties, timber, and iron, required an energy like that exhibited during the war by the quartermasters of General Grant's armies.

The snow region of the Sierras is about fifty miles wide. The deposition of moisture on the Pacific slope in winter gives a great depth of snow on the mountains. To make the line secure from avalanches, numer-

ous sheds have been constructed, which, if joined together, would make about twenty-four miles of sheltered way. They are built over excavations where the plough cannot throw the snow from the track.

Reaching the summit of the Sierras at an elevation of seven thousand and forty-two feet, the line follows down the Truckee River, into the great central basin of the continent, embracing the State of Nevada and Territory of Utah. A more dreary, cheerless region cannot be imagined. There are treeless wastes, barren hills, and wide plains, where the wild artemisia is the only vegetation. The streams are bitter. The ground is filled with alkali. The soil would be fertile were there water for irrigation; but from the eastern slope of the Sierras to Salt Lake there is only a dreary desert.

The road has been built by the Central Company from Sacramento to the town of Ogden, and from that place to Omaha by the Union Company, which was organized in July, 1864, and which has displayed an energy equal to that shown by the Central.

Work was commenced at Omaha in the fall of the same year. On the 1st of January, 1866, forty miles were open to travel; a year later, three hundred and five miles; on the 1st of January, 1868, five hundred and forty miles; and in May, 1869, the locomotive ran from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The line beyond Omaha lies across the treeless plain which extends to the Black Hills. To throw up the road-bed was comparatively an easy task, to obtain timber for ties was a more serious matter. The ascent is so gradual from the Missouri to the summit of the ridge which divides the Missouri slope from the great central basin of the continent, that the gain in elevation is almost imperceptible.

Geographers have described the Black Hills as the

backbone of the continent. Imagination pictures them as a lofty range of mountains, but they are hills rising from a plateau. Southward and northward from the summit we see blue mountains capped with snow far away, but the highest elevation on the line, eight thousand two hundred and sixty-two feet, is gained by a grade of ninety feet per mile, and that only for a short distance.

The village of Sherman, situated on the summit, is probably higher than any other town in the United States.

Westward of the Black Hills are the Laramie Plains, which have a general elevation of seven thousand feet above the sea; and farther on is Green River, running south, discharging its waters into the Gulf of California. Passing over the ridge beyond it, the line follows down Weber canyon to Salt Lake, and up its northern shore to Ogden, where Chinamen working eastward and Irishmen westward have joined hands in laying the last rail of a road which spans the continent.

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## CHAPTER LXIII.

### CONCLUSION.

ON the eighth day of May, 1869, the last rail was laid between the Atlantic and Pacific, and the locomotive ran from the Penobscot to the Golden Gate. Workmen extended the line eastward to the British Dominion, and the time soon came when Halifax was but six days from San Francisco. Thirteen days will suffice to bear the westward-bound traveller from St.

George's Channel to the shores of the Pacific. Now the Londoner, sailing east or west, will make Hong Kong in about forty-three days. A third of a century ago Dr. Lardner proposed to eat the first steamship which should cross the Atlantic, and now steam-ferries are established between all lands.

But a little longer time has elapsed since George Stephenson ran his first rude engine over a tramway; now Europe, America, and India are belted with railroads. Advancement is the characteristic feature of the century. Steamships and locomotives are giving new life to old nations.

Coal, the stored-up sunlight of a million years, is the grand agent. Liberty lights the fire, and Christian civilization is the engine which is taking the whole world in its train.

There are but three aggressive nations, — England, America, and Russia, — and together they are to give civilization to six hundred millions of the human race. England is already moving the dead mass of India; Russia is advancing upon Central Asia, and America, now brought in direct contact with China, not by force of arms, but by commercial intercourse and good-will, is to make her power felt among the millions of that empire.

After an absence of two years and five months, we have returned to our home, having lost some prejudices and gained new views. America does not possess all the virtues in the world. We have something yet to learn. If we have larger liberty than any other people, we must confess, on the other hand, that there is no city in any land so badly governed as the commercial metropolis of this country. We may revise our liberty without detriment to ourselves.

If, in the interior of China, there is a strong prejudice against foreigners, we are to remember that it has its



counterpart in California and Oregon. If we are saints, we shall do well to remember that it is saintly to observe the golden rule.

If we have something yet to learn, on the other hand America is the great teacher of the nations. The compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower is the world's charter of liberty. The thunder of Gettysburg is reverberating round the world. The people of Europe are keeping step to the march of the great Republic.

We have returned to America with a stronger love for its institutions and an enlarged conception of its future greatness. Our country is moving on as no other nation ever advanced, and the world is following in our path. Remembering what the Union has cost and what it is worth, we hail with swelling hearts our native land once more.

“ Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, — are all with thee ! ”









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